
Paradise Gained
by camerson1313

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About book:

Jesus is returning soon to restore the world to perfection. But what exactly is he coming to do? How will the universe be changed? And most importantly: what will our new lives be like? This is perhaps the most important question in all of Christianity, yet none have been able to provide a specific answer. That is, until now:

Paradise Gained is an epic fantasy novel taking place in the millennial kingdom: a universe run by God, where all wishes and prayers of all inhabitants are granted. Contains a real story with fleshed out characters and plot twists. Features extensive world-building across several planets, exploring potential societies formed by people living in a reality operating on a supernatural order rather than natural.

Enter the world of Heaven, except this time with an actually good and engaging story, endearing characters, accurate metaphysics, ambitious world-building, and correct theology. Nothing at all like Dante's Divine Comedy, which fails to demonstrate even the most basic understanding of the nature of reality, the afterlife, and God's justice according to the Bible.

Follow Pandora on her journey as she goes to school, makes new friends, listens to music, plays video games, visits new planets, and tries out over 100 new kinds of sex. Explore New Earth through her eyes as she experiences the vast wonders and pleasures of God's eternal kingdom. Though the world is unfamiliar, she has her best friend to accompany her whilst getting oriented to this new lifestyle, meeting many resurrected historical figures along the way.

The replacement for Dante's Divine Comedy and John Milton's Paradise Lost for the modern era. It is also a serious work of philosophy with commentary and rebuttals to many past philosophers. The main question the book explores is this: What would a perfect universe be like? What state of existence could be eternally sustainable for immortal beings? And how can the problems of nihilism and eternal recurrence ever find their solution? This book explores potential answers to all of those questions, and much more.

This book is the “gospel of the kingdom” Jesus spoke about. When he returns in the year 2028, nearly everything Pandora experiences is what you can expect your own life to be like, very soon. There is much to look forward to!

This book is just Part 1 of a much larger story that is still being worked on. Given the vastly different nature of Part 2, the urgency of the novel's message, and the time still needed to complete it, the author has decided to split the release into multiple parts so readers may get a taste of (true) Heaven as soon as possible.

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Chapter 0

A Boring Life

Life File: Pandora

Primary sex: Standard female
Body material: Standard flesh and blood
Age: 25
Height: 66"
Weight: 161 lbs
Race: Caucasian
Attractiveness: 7/10
Hair: Long, dark black
Location: United States
Income: $~26,000
Siblings: None
Parents: Estranged
Relationship: Single
Husbando: Levi
Friends: Zoey (deceased)
Personality: Demure
Religion: None/ atheist
Philosophy: Existentialism
Student: No
Profession: Woodworking/carpentry
Health problems: None
Food problems: Lactose intolerant, peanut allergy
Likes: Solitude, getting paid, building things, science, swimming, simulation games, pop music, having worldview validated
Dislikes: Confrontation, deadlines, children, thinking about her past, cooking, television, having work interrupted

The headlines were everywhere: “Jesus is returning for REAL this time, be ready!” On the news, on the internet, on YouTube's recommended, on the radio, and even on billboards and bumper stickers. Everywhere Pandora went, the annoying message was inescapable. She had encountered many zealots espousing this fringe theory on and off for the past few years, but now the day had finally come:

September 23, 2028. The final day of the Jewish Feast of Trumpets. The time where everything was supposedly about to change. And the hype surrounding this day had grown to a level far beyond any other event in history, even more than Avengers: Endgame. Pandora had never been religious, nor had she any reason to be particularly opposed to it. She just lived her life and did what was right in her own eyes. She was well aware of the social consequences for doing wrong, and so did the same generally good things as everyone else. She did her job, paid her rent, tried her best to be honest, occasionally donated to her favorite content creators, and other good things (or at least, not bad). And yet all the Christians she argued with online kept saying the same thing: “Nobody can be saved through their own righteousness.”

Her good works were the equivalent of filthy rags to God and were not going to save her; she HAD to believe that Jesus was her lord and savior, because nobody goes to the father except through him (John 14:6). “If you do not believe that I am *He*, you will die in your sins” (John 8:24). Some people even told her some additional requirements beyond that; apparently she also had to get baptized, AND go to a church building every week, AND study the Bible frequently, AND eat a piece of bread and drink some grape juice from a cup, AND give 10% of her hard-earned paycheck to her local congregation; all this for each and every week for the rest of her life. And if at any point she failed to do any of those things, then God was going to torture her in fire for all eternity.

“Wow, God sure is loving to do all that,” she sarcastically thought to herself. Indeed she had done absolutely none of those things, so if they were true, and Jesus were to return, she would be completely screwed; understandably this made her angry. Though she rarely got emotional when reading these comments directed toward others, it pissed her off when directed towards her specifically. Sometimes it was even enough to motivate her to respond. “If believing in Jesus is necessary to avoid Hell, then why would God make that truth so hard to know and accept? If God wanted us to believe he exists, then why did he design the universe to appear as though he doesn't? And why will evil people who believe be saved, but good people who never had the chance to hear will be burned alive forever? Where's the justice in that? Why would God have to torture unbelievers for all of eternity; couldn't he just kill them instead? What kind of God would be so stupid and narcissistic to do all this? It's complete nonsense! If that's how God is, I wouldn't want to be with him anyway. Luckily he doesn't exist though, because the Bible is a book of made up fairy tales accepted and popularized by ignorant, gullible people, and evolution has since become a well-established, abundantly researched and tested, scientifically proven FACT.”

These were the types of predictable comments she made, met with

equally predictable and stupid rebuttals. Pandora was well aware her arguments were derived from other more famous people, but she just couldn't help but parrot them. She agreed completely with most of their points; they were her true thoughts on the subject, and all she could do was testify of the truth she knew. “Better to tell a harsh truth than a comforting lie,” she thought.

Yet still, the comments she received in return were horrendously stupid, sometimes even disturbing. “How daer you queston God you ignornt mcker! You dont evin kno the Bible. evoltion is the rael fiery tail. Repnt now in the naem of Jesus Chrst!” Comments like these never bothered Pandora; in fact they were a source of great amusement. Knowing there were such stupid people out there made her feel that much better about her own life. She had her own fair share of struggles, some which left deep scars many years ago, but ever since moving out on her own had slowly begun to fade.

Pandora contemplated her loneliness, how long it's been since she last contacted her parents. How their last fight 5 years prior completely shattered their relationship. How she hadn't married or had children yet. How her best friend died from Covid 8 years prior, and she never attempted to obtain another one. Zoey was irreplaceable to her; if best friends could be that easily replaced, then it wouldn't truly be valuable. Any substitute would just be a cheap imitation, a betrayal even. But given how well she was doing on her own, she had no need of friends anyway. She was an ambitious and hard worker, and her job compensated well; at this point a relationship would only slow her down. Woodworking can often be grueling, but Pandora was the type who loved tackling difficult projects. Even though she was generally mildly depressed and just felt like going through the motions, at least work gave her mind a chance to concentrate on something other than herself (a godsend considering how boring she was).

Growing up in public school, she originally chose woodshop as her elective beginning in 6th grade, not knowing it would become her future passion. She still remembered the time when her class built their first wooden boxes, and once finished, the class clown Zoey proudly announced:

“Yo everyone, check out Pandora's box!” The pun was so obvious Pandora knew it would happen eventually, though the reality still flustered her. But everyone else seemed to get a good chuckle out of it, and from then on she had been ascribed the most honorable moniker of all: “box girl.” The title stuck to her like glue throughout all her years in school.

That was the event which first introduced her to Zoey, which later blossomed into a close friendship throughout the rest of K-12. Things were looking on track to start a career together. She knew woodwork didn't require a degree, so never planned on going to college or into crushing student loan debt (which was about to be wiped away for the great multitude who had). But then right at the apex of high school, right as she was about to graduate in Spring of 2020, the coronavirus ravaged the world and delayed her graduation. And during that time, Zoey caught a really bad case of it and died. So not only did Pandora lose her best friend whom she envisioned a future working together with, she then had to graduate alone without her, knowing her future would be difficult

and lonely. Her best friend whom she shared so many memories and struggles with, was gone forever. But for that friendship not to be in vain, Pandora had to keep moving forward, to shoulder that legacy throughout her career.

So that's what her job became: essentially building differently shaped boxes for people. Even at 25 she was quite the expert. Her daily routine consisted of showing up to work, doing whatever her boss Mike wanted, occasionally collaborating with Iris, Jeanette, or Frank, doing all the correct polite gestures expected from a functioning member of society, then finally going home to enjoy her other hobbies. Sometimes this meant going for a swim in her neighborhood pool, other times staying home and enjoying entertainment. Her choice of games was ever-shifting, and though her preference usually tended towards simulator games, her current obsession was playing Mass Effect 4 on Xbox Hypercube (a fitting choice since the true reapers known as angels were supposedly about to harvest humanity).

As a child she was often lonely, given she had no other siblings to talk to or play with. That's why her best friend's death was especially devastating. To cope through her childhood, she enjoyed playing The Sims and modeling her ideal family, a habit she relapsed to from time to time. There was something so empowering about feeling like a God in control of people's lives. Pandora could either give her sims everything they wanted, or make their lives a living Hell. Each save file was an entire different life. A different family. A different body. A different story. A different personality. Different likes and dislikes, and every other permutation of life's various settings. Her favorite version was The Sims 4: a game which played a large role in her life growing up as she and Zoey often played together, figuring out the funniest ways to torture their sims. Pandora also enjoyed many types of anime and movies, the typical entertainment enjoyed by most homo sapiens. Exactly why she enjoyed these things she could not explain, but she did nonetheless and that was that. They were her own personal tastes; it's just how life was.

These were the thoughts and beliefs Pandora held, according to her experiences and understanding of life. She knew her worldview was pretty basic, but hey, sometimes basic is perfectly fine. There are advantages to being level-headed and grounded in reality. While crazy may be more fun, it also carries too much risk, and Pandora was not one to take risks. Her fragile flesh form needed a constant supply of sustenance which required money, and was vulnerable to potential accidents at work, so being careful and level-headed was of paramount importance. Though if neither of those became necessary anymore, who knows what she could do?

Regardless, there were still societal expectations to keep up with, so that's what she did. It was almost time for work, and despite anticipating the world could end, Pandora thought it best to continue with her life just in case. After all the world was supposed to have ended dozens of times already: on May 21, 2011, December 21, 2012, September 23, 2017, and many other dates. All those predictions had failed, so why should this be any different? And her life was already perfect enough, so she didn't want it disrupted anyhow. Surely God could offer nothing to improve it further.....

Pandora ate breakfast, got dressed, headed out the door (locking it), started her car, then left for work. It was a typical boring drive as usual, and she followed all traffic laws save for the speed limit. Once she got to the shop, she carefully parked her fragile vehicle in line with the rest, then went to the break room for a hot cup of coffee (it was free there so she never bought any herself). Iris was there too, and to avoid an awkward silence, Pandora politely uttered, “Hey Iris, have you seen the new Marvel movie yet?”

The lethargic Iris yawned. “Not yet, I was planning to this weekend though.”

Embarrassed to go to the movies alone, Pandora had also previously schemed to get a colleague to go with her. With the perfect opportunity primed to seize, she carefully calculated her response to communicate this desire in a non-overbearing fashion (because in this fallen world, people couldn't truly communicate their real thoughts and desires lest they come across as too intense). “Well..... the weather's supposed to be good this weekend, so that *would* be a good time to go.”

Iris knew all this weather talk crap was just a cover-up for her REAL plan; she was quite aware of Pandora's social hint and planned to casually accept it. She would have responded with something like, “Hmm, well if you're free this weekend, maybe you could tag along with me.”

But fortunately for Pandora, the greatest event in all of Earth's history interrupted this trite conversation, for suddenly out of nowhere a great thunderous trumpet sound boomed throughout the air, and a bright flash of rainbow light illuminated the entire sky. Both of them rushed outside to see what happened, and witnessed what appeared to be a flock of humans floating above the local cemetery. After 56 seconds of bewildered observation, Pandora followed suit and began rising into the air.

The next few minutes were a blur; Pandora's mind and body were overwhelmed with sensations unlike anything she had experienced before. For one, the familiar force of gravity had stopped exerting on her body; she felt entirely weightless. And secondly, she kept ascending higher and higher into the sky, watching her hometown get smaller and smaller whilst the wind blew stronger and the temperature grew colder. Pandora had never gone skydiving, but she imagined it would be a similar feeling in reverse. Thirdly, she could see a giant silhouette of a man masked by clouds of shining light way off in the distance, and what appeared to be a giant castle directly above her in the direction she was heading. Fourthly, the landscape below had since become one giant burning inferno stretching all the way to the horizon; everything she had ever known was now burning to ashes right before her eyes. Fifthly, and perhaps worst of all, Pandora's iPhone 16 and Kia Sorento were left behind and now gone forever! Noooo!

All throughout this time, Pandora was screaming and breathing heavily, the whole experience too much for her mind to even process. As she rocketed closer and closer to the castle steps, an even more intense feeling of anxiety bubbled up in her chest. “What am I about to witness?” she asked to herself. The answers awaited her at the top.

Chapter 1

Initiation

Pandora reached the top, and the very first thing she saw was..... a line. Specifically, a line of people walking through large golden doors into a golden castle. Pandora herself was plopped at the end and began to follow suit. People of all types were there, marching one by one through the grand arched doorway. And above the entrance, in shining gold neon letters was spelled a single phrase: *House of God*. She now knew exactly what had occurred; Jesus had returned after all, and she was chosen to attend the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Though she never read the Bible, she at least knew about that.

As she walked towards the gates, a feeling of simultaneous dread and excitement pummeled in her chest. She looked around for Iris, hoping to at least have someone familiar to keep her company, but could not find her. Now that she thought about it, she didn't remember seeing Iris come up from the ground. She just remained standing there as Pandora floated away. Pandora peeked over the edge at the roasting inferno of a landscape below; wherever the coworker was, she was definitely toast. Pandora almost felt sorry, except that now thinking about it, Iris had always been kind of a b**** to her. Good riddance she's gone!

Pandora entered the mysterious building, which led straight into a large hallway leading to dozens of other large rooms. Her group in particular was all funneling into a room labeled “Orientation.” Pandora entered and found herself inside a massive auditorium where everyone was taking seats before a stage.

“What's going on here, a play?” the man in front of her joked aloud. Though with all the vast possibilities of things that could happen, a play would probably be a comforting thing to see here.

Pandora found an empty seat and took it, then waited for everyone else to do the same. Nervous, she reached for her phone, but realized it was no longer there. Crap, what was she gonna do now? How could she live without it? While Pandora sat there quietly panicking, the murmuring speculation of the other audience members continued for what seemed like 5 minutes. Then a bright and glowing entity emerged from the stage's side, floating hurriedly towards the center. “Is that Jesus?” the lady next to Pandora asked.

Pandora didn't answer, not only because she was clueless, but because

the entity began to speak:

"Hello, hello everyone! Attention! Sorry for being on time. I am Angel #5,612,740, but you can call me Swirlyz! I've been given the vital task of telling you all what's going on! I'm sure this must be a confusing time for many of you, so allow me to explain what's happening. First of all, know that there is no need to fear; you have all been chosen to enter the Kingdom of his Majesty. Because of the righteous lives you all have lived, the Lord will repay each and every one of you for all your diligent work, and show you the same love in return for what you have shown others. From now on, the suffering existence you have become accustomed to shall be no more; your lives are about to become far better than you ever thought possible. First things first: it's time to go enjoy your wedding feast! One of the best things to calm your nerves is to eat a fine meal, and there has been a meal prepared specially for each and every one of you in honor of your marriage. You will find the food here to be a bit different than what you're used to..... Anyway, the banquet hall is out the auditorium and to the left. Just follow the hallway to the very end and you'll end up there. When you do get there, feel free to take your seats and eat whatever you desire. See ya later!"

And just like that, the angel vanished into thin air. His entire speech must've taken only 50 seconds, but all the relevant information was delivered so it's okay. Everyone left the auditorium and headed to the banquet hall as instructed. Along the way the place's architecture demanded to be seen: There were swirls and arches and pillars, orbs and hexagons and rectangles, domes and distortions and spirals, and many other appealing designs all in columns of shifting 4D fractals. It looked kinda cool, and others were blown away, but Pandora didn't care, as such basic things were child's play for an omnipotent being who could do anything. It would take a lot more than that to impress this jaded cynic. In fact, curing her cynicism would itself be a miracle comparable to curing the blind. Can God at least do *that*? Guess we'll just have to wait and see.

They reached the banquet area. Now, Pandora knew what a hall was supposed to look like, but this "hall" was more like a gigantic airspace of floating tables. They were layered not just in rows and columns, as a typical room would be, but in vertical stacks as well. As far as the eye could see, there was an an endless cuboid tessellation of banquet tables with chairs lining the sides. Each chair had a name written on it, reserved for each special individual in attendance (as everyone in Heaven is a VIP). Pandora stepped out into the open airspace, which would normally cause her to plummet to her doom, except that here steps and platforms made of condensed clouds appeared beneath her feet wherever she stepped. She continued walking on air until she found it: a chair with her own name inscribed on it, as if the host had reserved it specially for her. Grateful for the special treatment, yet still confused why she was even there at all, Pandora took her seat. Not like she had a choice anyway; it was clear this was the next thing she had to do. As soon as she sat down, a menu materialized right in front of her. Finally, something familiar! Ordering food was something Pandora was an expert at. She looked over the options:

Entrees

1. *Sweet & Tangy Paradise Delight*
2. *Scrumptious Peanut Butter Sourdough*
3. *100 Ft. Cheese Jenga*
4. *Black Hole Burger*
5. *Sauteed Wooden Board*
6. *Forks n' Ketchupperoni*
7. *Lucky 777 Spicy Television*
8. *The Meaning of Life*
9. *Supah Awesome Mega Powah!*
10. *The 10th Incarnation of Justice.*

Sides

1. *Fried Cloud*
2. *Mashed Crystals*
3. *Bad Advice Rice*
4. *Spinning Spinach*
5. *Chopped Chalk*
6. *Bitter Buttered Book*

What the Hel? This menu makes no sense! Pandora thought to herself. Truly, she had never encountered so strange a menu in her life. Regardless, there was a void in her stomach which only a black hole could fill; she decided to try the Black Hole Burger with Fried Cloud, and planned to order when the waiter came around. Wait a minute, would there even be a waiter? It suddenly dawned that no human would be waiting her, nor was there even a kitchen anywhere nearby; how was the food supposed to get to her? Her question was answered when the platter instantly materialized before her. Spontaneous food generation? How cool! This was easily the fastest service Pandora had ever received. Unfortunately as soon as it appeared, the black hole's gravity instantly took effect and sucked in every object in the vast open space in a matter of seconds, leaving nothing left. No tables, chairs, food or nothin', drawing the attention of all humanity to stare her way. What on Earth were you thinking, box girl!?

Luckily brand new replacement tables miraculously materialized so the feast could continue, and the black hole's effects on surrounding matter was disabled. Still determined to eat, Pandora picked up the miniature black hole and shoved it into her mouth. The consistency was unlike anything she had ever consumed before, so strange it cannot even be described in words. But it tasted out of this world and left a void in her stomach, so there were no complaints there. The menu reappeared. She was still hungry, and would have really liked to try the “100 Ft. Cheese Jenga,” but she knew her stomach wouldn't be able to handle so much lactose. Tossing the thought aside, she continued browsing, but then had a sudden realization. Wait a minute, she just ate a freaking BLACK HOLE. Her stomach can digest black holes! So surely by comparison, lactose wouldn't be a problem, right? Might as well give it a shot. She mentally ordered the Jenga, and before her spawned a giant tower of carefully stacked cheese

squares; one touch and it'll all fall down! Pandora's old body would've definitely got a stomachache from this, but luckily her new body had no such troubles as she consumed the whole thing. Then she contemplated the peanut butter sourdough, and figured she might as well try it too. Ever since the age of 10 she had suffered from extreme peanut allergy, and had not been able to consume anything peanut-related since. Excited to have that freedom once more, Pandora took a bite, and for once didn't suffer anaphylaxis! It also tasted absolutely incredible. Excited that she could now eat anything she wanted, Pandora proceeded to try out every other item on the menu, eating more in one meal than she ever had in her life. Course after course, entree after entree, her appetite seemed bottomless. Why was she not getting full? Not that she was complaining, because it allowed her to continue tasting the delicious food. It would seem that at least some bodily pleasures still exist.

Speaking of pleasure, Pandora suddenly became conscious of her private area. Would it still be there? Out of intense curiosity, and a little bit of panic, she moved her hand towards her crotch, expecting to feel nothing. But she discovered that there was, indeed, still a slit there. Her fingers could still go up deep inside, and it still felt pleasurable. Relieved, Pandora removed her fingers. Good, so we still have sex after all. This was one of the most important things Pandora feared would be taken away or diminished in the afterlife (but the truth would be quite the opposite, as she would later find out).

Pandora decided she had enough for now. Just because you *could* eat forever doesn't mean you'll always want to. She finally looked up and around at everyone else ravenously consuming their meals. It appeared that each individual had a different menu, for their meals were all different than the ones she ate. What were they thinking about all this? She stared and admired the scenario playing out around her, still not quite able to believe she was there at all. According to everything she heard from Christians, she should be burning in hell right now. She had actively opposed God and Christians her whole life, so why would her enemy decide to shower her with all these gifts? What had she done to deserve such hospitality? Surely there must be some catch to it all....

Suddenly a new sound filled the air: music. She hadn't noticed it was missing before, but now that some was playing, the mood shifted dramatically. No more was it a room devoid of sound save for the smacking of lips and murmurings of guests, but now a royal procession fit for a king; an experience designed to communicate nothing but sheer majesty and power. Though Pandora didn't know at the time, the song was actually the opening theme song to the anime D_____A Q____T. But she was not impressed; she sat and listened to the manipulative triumphant-sounding melody while refusing to partake in its emotion. Her cynicism kept her unphased by it. After that another song played, sounding like O_____K – Resonate. When finished, a bright flash of light appeared in the center of the room, with the silhouette of the Son of Man beaming forth from it. Then God himself spoke in a firm, but benevolent tone:

"THIS IS MY SON IN WHOM I AM GREATLY PLEASED. HEAR YE HIM."

Oh dear heavens' gracious goodness, there he is! The Messiah, the one

true God, the savior of humanity. The one whom Pandora had doubted and ridiculed many times in her life. The one whose very existence she had denied. But now the reality had set in, and he was standing (well, floating) right before her very eyes! And she wasn't even being judged for it! Huh?

“Yooo! What's up everyone!? Who here's enjoying their meal so far!?”

Everyone unanimously shouted in approval, as if they had all won the lottery. Today was the greatest celebration in all of human history, so how could they not? The cheering lasted for several minutes. Once settled, Jesus resumed his speech:

“Hello my beloved brothers and sisters, long have I waited for this day. This meal was designed to be an appetizer for the buffet which is about to become your new life. I know you all probably have many questions to ask regarding your past life, but those will have to be answered on an individual basis. I look forward to meeting all of you personally in the near future. For those who were suddenly whisked away up here from your life below, most of you probably know what is going on now. As for those who just died a few moments ago and wondering what is happening, I'll give you the short version: depending on the time you died, it has been anywhere from one year to several thousand years since. It is currently year 6000 from the creation of the world. You all have been saved from death, and I'm the cool Messiah guy who paid your sentence; nice to meet ya! If you don't know what any of that means, or why the wait has been so long for this day to come, you can learn all about it starting tomorrow. Several teaching resources will be made available which shall explain everything. Classes begin tomorrow at whatever time you feel like attending. Or you can skip it completely, who cares? The choice is yours. 8 days from now will be the Day of Atonement, where we shall all get married and you'll be officially judged righteous before my father. It'll seem a bit like a wedding and court case hybrid, but it's really more of a ceremony than a trial, given there is 100% chance of being judged innocent. But it's still an event which must take place to fulfill the words of my prophets. After that, you will have 4 more days here until we return to Earth. Then that's when your REAL life will begin. After you finish eating, please head to your dorms for the night. Tomorrow will be your first full day in Paradise, so sleep tight! I'll be meeting with you individually throughout this upcoming week. 'Prepare to meet your maker,' that's how the saying goes, right? Well then, guess I better prepare to meet my brothers and sisters; it goes both ways y'know!”

And just like that, the Messiah vanished into thin air (that seems to be how people make their dramatic exits around these parts), leaving everyone to their own devices. Presumably he went to be with his new wife, whom he just married. A few portals opened up leading to what was probably their dorms for the night. After a bit of silence the chatter resumed, everyone excitedly discussing their thoughts on what just happened. Some continued eating their infinite buffet, while others got up and left to their dorms. Pandora was among the latter group; she needed some alone time to further process the recent events.

An hour ago she was just driving to work, and now she was eating black holes at floating tables in a sky castle crowded with people from her history books. Pandora entered the portal, which led to some kind of fancy hotel-like area. She passed through the hallways, with doors lining each side all the way down. Unlike the tables, these weren't marked; everyone just seemed to enter whatever room they felt like. Pandora picked room 1705, finding it to be another giant hallway-like area with fancy king-sized canopy beds lining the sides all the way down. There were probably 200 beds total in this room alone, and the hallway she came from looked to contain about 200 doors (and that was just one of several different floors). It would seem that quite a large number of people were saved, way more than Pandora, and indeed most people there expected; another fact which would take time to wrap her head around.

She walked down the tunnel-like room until she found a bed that captured her fancy, but was a little disappointed that it was surrounded by several other people, giving her no privacy. She assumed she would have her own entire room. However, as if God foresaw this plight, the bed's surrounding curtains were programmed with several amazing features. They could harden and soften, flip between completely translucent or opaque, and even block out sound from both inward and out. So despite being surrounded 8 ft. in all directions, Pandora could still have complete and total privacy. She climbed in bed and made it completely opaque and soundproof, isolating herself, and laid down to contemplate the day's events. Her mind went through all the psychological rationalizing one typically does upon having their life completely uprooted. God is real after all? The world has ended? She was saved? This is Heaven? The things Christians told her were false? She has to attend class tomorrow, despite being rid of school for 8 years? And not just the theological stuff, but her everyday life too. Her house was reduced to ashes, her workplace gone, no money, no taxes, no grocery store, and everything else she was accustomed to, now just relics of the past. There would be no going back to that lifestyle, ever.

But if all that stuff is gone, what else is there? Where is there to go, what is there to do? What the heck is she gonna be doing tomorrow, or next week? Next month, next year, next century, next millennium? What about a million years from now? A billion? Trillion? $6.84 \text{ X } 10^{512}$? She's immortal now, so there will be no end to her existence, ever. Are beings like humans really cut out for such eternal existence? For once, Pandora thought death might be a good idea after all.

These thoughts raced through Pandora's mind as the realizations of her predicament hit her like a truck. This process would typically keep a person up all night long (though technically night never came here). However, Pandora soon noticed the bed also came with a remote control which forces the bed's occupant to fall asleep instantly, allowing a custom sleep duration up to 144 hours. An instant sleep button? Perfect! Pandora would much rather dream than deal with this reality. She turned the dial to max and pressed it, and collapsed into unconsciousness.

6 Days Later

Pandora's consciousness returned to her. It was now the morning of 9/29/2028. The dorm was empty; she was there alone (or perhaps the other occupants were set to invisible mode). It took her a moment to remember she was now in Heaven, not her old Earthly house. She then recalled what happened before passing out. Had she really slept for 6 days? Already that's the longest nap she'd ever had, shattering her previous record of 8.3 hours. Dang, what had she missed during that time? She recalled the thing Jesus said about attending some angel lecture. Oh no! She had missed 6 whole days of glorified life education! Is she gonna get points deducted for that? Perhaps an absentee mark? Probably not; God doesn't seem like the type to enforce such nonsense. The classes weren't required in the first place, so theoretically Pandora could stay in this room all month. She had already skipped the first 6 days, and come to think of it, didn't feel like dealing with anything today either. There was nothing here she desired anyway. The savior of the world had returned.... so what? Without her best friend or favorite hobbies, she had nothing to live for. And all those things were now gone forever. So no, Pandora didn't care what some dumb angel had to say; anything at all would just be dead words to her. It would be much more convenient to skip the process entirely. The instant sleep button gazed at her with temptation once more. Her hand moved toward the remote, her finger within an inch of reaching it when suddenly the entrance door swung wide open. The startled Pandora glanced to see who had entered, and that startle quickly evolved into panic, for it was Jesus Christ himself! Pandora clumsily reached for the sleep button, only to find it had been disabled. With no way out, this atheist was forced to finally meet her maker.

Jesus patiently strolled toward her, seemingly in no hurry at all. **"Hello Pandora, how are you doing this wonderful morning?"**

"Umm..... fine. I was just..... I was.... trying to get some more sleep...."

"Why choose to sleep when you can be awake?" he asked kindly.

"Tch, I don't know!" Pandora snapped. "I.... I guess I just don't wanna deal with anyone right now."

Jesus thought for a moment. It was clear this child was on edge, and he didn't want to agitate her further. **"Hmm..... that makes sense. I can imagine how shocking this must be to you. Many of the others are confused as well, but that's exactly why I instituted the angel class system. They're here to teach you everything you need to know, and answer any questions you have to ask."**

"I already finished school 8 years ago, no way I'm going back to that prison. Besides, couldn't you answer people's questions yourself?"

"I could, but something tells me you don't wanna be speaking to me right now."

Pandora sat still in silence, avoiding looking at him. He was right; she didn't want to speak to anyone at all right now, especially him. She knew full well that the only reason she was saved was because of his sacrifice, but that doesn't obligate her to have to *speak* with him. She wished he would just

disappear and never show up again. Who does this guy think he is anyway? Barging in all uninvited and pretending to be her friend?

After a minute, Jesus spoke once again in a consoling tone. **“Whatever you wish to do, you are free to do. If solitude is what you truly want, then by all means you shall have it. My kingdom shall never deny a child's desires. However, there is one more thing I'd like to leave you with, which is actually why I came here in the first place. A little gift to help lift your spirits.”**

Jesus grew a small smirk on his face and then vanished, leaving Pandora to her thoughts. Whew, finally the strange man had gone away. The conversation was much shorter than she expected; there were a thousand ways she envisioned the dialogue would go, and that was definitely not it. Lashing out at her freaking SAVIOR? Really? (To be fair she was still sleepy, cranky and confused). But Pandora didn't have much time to regret it, for about 10 seconds later she heard footsteps barreling down the hallway; some unknown entity was coming straight for her room. The footsteps slowed as it approached. Pandora witnessed its entire entrance through the door: first a foot, then an arm, and finally its whole body. It was tall, it was slender, it was young, it was female, it had long curly blonde hair, it was..... Zoey!?

Instantly, Pandora's eyes lit up for the brightest time in 8 years. Was it really her? Or just someone similar? It's been so long it was hard to tell. But the first words out of her mouth removed all doubt.

The girl strutted toward her with a huge grin on her face. “Hey there Box Girl, hope you didn't miss me too much.”

“Zoey?” Pandora sat staring at her dumbfounded. She'd been gone for so long, the idea of actually seeing her again didn't even occur until now. She had always rejected the idea of a future resurrection, so to see it happen to her own best friend was a delightful surprise. For once she was glad to be wrong! And unlike Jesus, this was one person she actually wanted to see.

“I've been wanting to see you for the last 6 days, but you were asleep! I tried waking you up but that Jesus dude said the sleep was absolute. But while you were out I managed to get an action shot. See? You look just like a cute wittle baby!” Zoey pulled out her phone to show the embarrassing photo (too bad Pandora didn't solidify the curtains first).

Pandora looked at the photo, and sure enough, there she was passed out in the fetal position, even sucking on her thumb (no doubt Zoey's funny idea of “posing” her). Pandora blushed; now she has to make a comeback. “Ummm, you do know that *you're* the one who's been dead for 8 years, right? I also got.....” (Pandora was about to say she had photos of Zoey's dead pale corpse taken at her funeral, but paused after remembering she didn't have her phone anymore). “I mean, it's like you're a zombie come back to life or something!”

Suddenly a brilliant insight flashed across Pandora's mind. “Oh! OHHH! Yes! From now on, you are Zoey the zombie. Or 'Zombey.' How's that?”

Zoey looked surprised her usually dull friend had made a clever remark for once. “Huh, that actually sounds pretty nice. Sure! I'm Zoey the zombie, the undead freak who got killed by a tiny little virus.”

Despite 8 long years of separation, Pandora's relation to Zoey remained just as fresh as the day she died (especially from Zoey's perspective, to whom subjectively only 2 weeks had passed since their last encounter). Throughout their entire friendship Pandora had never been able to make a good nickname for her. Box Girl was pretty much impossible to top. She had considered Zombie before, but it wouldn't make sense because Zoey was not undead. But now that she was, it was finally time for revenge. “Alright then Zombey, what do you want from me? My brain? I guess I could give you half; that way we'd finally be the same size.”

“Hey, I'm not that dumb! Just because I'm blonde?”

“How about blonde zombie?”

“Oof, don't go too far or you might hurt my feelings.”

“Zombies don't feel pain, so I'm sure you'll be fine.” (she was right, Zoey's new glorified body was incapable of feeling pain). Although this conversation was cringe, it didn't matter to Pandora because she was just happy to see Zoey alive again. This was still all a shock to her. But she was being unusually clever today; even Pandora herself was surprised at how witty the words coming from her mouth were (a little helpful feature of the Holy Spirit making social interaction better). But then she noticed something else: the rectangle in Zoey's hand. “Wait a minute, how do you still have your phone?”

“Funny you should ask, that was the very first thing I did. The instructor angel guy taught us how to bring back possessions from the old world. I've been looking through the photos to make sure everything's still there. I also got my laptop, TV, PlayStation, all my games, and a bunch of other stuff. And you wanna know the best part? Infinite battery! No plug-ins needed ever again!”

“I really need my phone back too. How do I get it?”

“You'll have to come to class with me, they have a machine that brings stuff back from the past.”

“What are the classes like? Are they boring?”

“OHH no, it's not like old school at all; It's actually really fun! We've just been playing games and eating food mostly. The lecture only lasts 10 minutes and we get an optional handout quiz thing. The 1st one basically said our new lives will be a direct continuation of our previous, and that's when they showed us how to bring our stuff back from the past. Then we learned about the new Commandments since the old 10 are done away with now. And yesterday we learned about the 7 creation day stuff and why he had to wait to send Jesus until this year. It blew my mind! Did you know about it? I bet you couldn't wait for me to return, huh?”

“Well, actually I..... kinda..... didn't believe it.”

“WHAAT?? HOW?”

“I dunno, I just assumed it was another nonsense doomsday craze that would pass by.”

“Still a slow learner, I see. In that case, you really should have gone to yesterday's class. Swarles explained everything. We also got this handout thing for homework, but I didn't do it.”

“Can I see?”

"Sure." Zoey handed the paper to Pandora. It was a simple 13 question quiz:

1. On the first day of creation, God created light and called it good, then divided light from darkness. Which event in Earth's 1st millennium fulfilled the dividing of light and darkness in creation day 1?
   A. Cain's murder of Abel
   B. Adam and Eve learning the difference between good and evil
   C. The birth of Seth
   D. God taking Enoch away

2. On day 2 of creation, the Earth was still covered in only water, and God placed a layer of space separating the waters into upper and lower layers. Which event in Earth's 2nd millennium fulfilled this event?
   A. The birth of Abraham
   B. The birth of the giants/ nephilim
   C. The divergence of languages after the tower of Babel incident
   D. The global flood which drowned all of Earth's surface and sky in water

3. On day 3 of creation, God separated land and sea. He "parted the waters so that dry land appeared." Which event in Earth's 3rd millennium fulfilled this event?
   A. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah
   B. The 10 plagues sent upon Egypt
   C. Moses parting the Red Sea
   D. The giving of the 10 Commandments on Mt. Sinai

4. On day 4 of creation, God created all the celestial bodies in the universe, most significantly the "greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night." Which event in Earth's 4th millennium fulfilled this event?
   A. The lives of Jesus (the light of the world) and John the Baptist (the witness bearer)
   B. The construction of God's temple in Jerusalem
   C. The Babylonian captivity
   D. Israel's division into 2 separate nations, one greater and one lesser

5. On the 5th day of creation, God created 2 kinds of life: aquatic creatures that live in the sea, and birds that fly through the air, which were then instructed to multiply and populate the Earth. Which event in Earth's 5th millennium fulfilled this event?
   A. The division of the Roman Empire
   B. The founding of the Roman Catholic Church
   C. The sending of God's life giving Holy Spirit on Pentecost
   D. The invention of Norse mythology's underworld concept of Hel

6. On the 6th day of creation, God created the beast of the field, made man in his own image as both male and female, and gave them dominion over all the Earth. Which event in Earth's 6th millennium fulfilled this event?
   A. Humanity's widespread population of the whole Earth
   B. The Antichrist.
   C. A human incarnation of the Holy Spirit, reflecting the image of God, whom God supernaturally turned both male and female and gave authority over the world.
   D. The catholic church.

7. On the 7th day of creation, God ended his work which he had made and rested on the 7th day. Which event in Earth's 7th millennium fulfilled this event?
   A. Last week
   B. Jesus's return
   C. The end of the world
   D. All of the above

8. God declared the end of time from the beginning of time (Isaiah 46:10). In other words,

he revealed the timing of the end within the 7 day creation story. True or false?
A. True
B. False
C. Neither
D. Paradox

9. What year did Jesus die?
A. 28 A.D.
B. 33 A.D.
C. 4000 A.M.
D. Both A and C

10. What year did Jesus return?
A. 2028
B. Unknown
C. 6000 A.M.
D. Both A and C

11. Isaiah 46:10 stated “A day with the Lord is as a thousand years.” Hosea 6:2 said “After 2 days he will revive us, on the third day he will raise us up, that we may live in his presence.” Putting these verses together indicates what?
A. Jesus returned 2 literal days after his ascension.
B. Humanity was resurrected after Jesus was in the grave for 2 days.
C. Humanity was resurrected 2000 years after Jesus's death.
D. 2001: A Space Odyssey

12. The regathering of the scattered Jews back to Israel from around the world was predicted by Jesus in Luke 21:24, and was fulfilled on May 14, 1948. Everyone flew away at Jesus's return 80 years later. Which verse in the Bible foreshadowed this?
A. Psalm 90:10
B. Psalm 90:10
C. Psalm 90:10
D. Psalm 90:10

13. Are you happy that Jesus returned?
A. Yes
B. No
C. I don't know

“Huh. Interesting.” Pandora said.

“Oh, and you should probably have this too. It's kinda important.” Zoey handed her a copy of the 13 New Commandments list:

The 13 New Commandments

1) Thou may not wish to become God.
2) God may not cease to be for any length of time.
3) Life cannot be created or destroyed, except through natural reproduction.
4) No living thing may die without future resurrection.
5) No living thing may suffer without consent.
6) Thou may not alter another's will without consent.
7) Thou may not override another's body or mind settings without consent.
8) Thou may not universally alter the laws of logic, mathematics, physics, or chemistry.
9) Thou may not time travel to the past or create parallel universes.
10) Thou may not know the difference between good and evil.
11) Thou may not resurrect the wicked.
12) Thou may not impose limitations for more than 1 year intervals without an exception.
13) Any and all wishes which do not violate the above commandments shall be granted.

Pandora just barely finished reading, before a bell rang signaling the next angel lecture about to begin: DING!!

“Already? Crap, we gotta get going!” Zoey exclaimed. Pandora still didn't want to go, but voicing this objection wouldn't be appropriate now. To be with her best friend again; that's all she really cared about. And if that meant going to class together, so be it. She followed Zoey as they made their way to the heavenly classroom, which was already full of hooligans. On the board was the title for today's lesson:

Angel Lecture #7: Jesus Terminals

Pandora and Zoey sat together, giddily talking about _____ until the Angel came in. He rambled on a bit before getting to the actual meat of the topic, which went something like this:

“If you wish to contact the King in person, you may access him at any time via the nearest Jesus Terminal. Given the logistics of managing a planet full of several billion people, it is not possible for the singular Messiah to have private contact with everyone all the time, even though as an omnipresent being, he can be in infinite different places at once. But not everyone will want to spend all their time with him; for the vast majority, the only reason to contact Jesus is either because they have a question to ask, or a wish to be granted. This can also be achieved via prayer, but the physicality of a Jesus Terminal provides a sense of presence that prayer just doesn't have, hence why you may prefer that method of contact instead.”

The angel wrapped up the lesson by handing out a homework paper, which Pandora tore to shreds and tossed out the window. The pieces floated down to the still-burning hellscape below. Now free from class, Pandora met back up with Zoey outside.

“See? It was fun, wasn't it?”

“Eh, I don't know. Do you know how long it's been since I've even been in a classroom?”

“Oh yeah, I guess for you it's been a long time, huh?”

“8 years ago.”

“Dang, that is long. Do you still remember the time when-” Zoey started to reach into her pocket, then remembered something herself. “Oh yeah! Do you still wanna get your phone back?”

“Nooo, I'm perfectly fine without my phone. It's not like I'm used to having it on me every second of the day and I'm freaking out that it's gone.”

“I know where we can get it back, follow me.” Again Pandora followed Zoey to another classroom; this one was devoid of hooligans. Instead there was just some large weirdly-designed contraption in the back, which looked like half photo booth and half steampunk dollhouse. Zoey took her straight towards it.

“Here we are: behold the TATER TOT.”

“Uhhh, the what now?”

“It's the good old TATER TOT, are you deaf?”

“What's it do?”

“You'll find out. First, just think about your phone and how badly you want it back.”

Pandora imagined the succulent, ergonomic handheld device as its rubber-textured casing gripped her dainty hand. How many fun games there were on it, that exquisite quad-view camera, and that sweet, sweet internet access. “Okay, I got it.”

“Now pull this lever.” Pandora pulled the lever, and the machine started whirring ridiculously loudly. It was doing..... something, but Pandora wasn't sure what. She observed it whilst waiting for it to do its thing, and noticed a faintly spelled name at the top. It read: Temporalizing Alternate Timeframe Extraction Relay: Transtemporal Object Transporter. Oh, so that's where the name comes from. Ding! The machine stopped whirring, and the curtains opened up revealing a platform with..... Pandora's phone on it! She reached out and took it, turned it on, and browsed through to make sure all her apps and data were still there. Everything was somehow intact; it was exactly the same as 7 days ago.

“Everything good?”

“Yeah! It's all here!” The joy within Pandora's heart could not be overstated. Long had she feared, and many Christians believed, that if the world were destroyed that all technological progress made throughout history would be eradicated. But that appears to not be the case.

“So, do you still play Bloons?”

“Kinda. Not really. Except I do play.... OH man, hang on.” Pandora opened the Spiritnet browser and searched for Mass Effect 4, then showed it to Zoey. “Since you weren't here when it released....”

“WHAT!? They made a 4th one!?”

“Yup. It was announced in 2020, not long after you died.”

“Well crap, guess I need to play it then.”

“How about right now? Since you got your PlayStation, we could just bring back the game and play it.”

“Yeah, let's do it!” Zoey went up to the TATER TOT and pulled the lever, and a brand new copy of Mass Effect 4 emerged in pristine condition. Zoey held it up like an idol, mesmerized by its amazing cover art. Once thoroughly basked in its glory, the 2 went back to Zoey's room. They crawled in the bed and shut the curtains, ensuring total isolation. The TV and console were already set up; apparently Zoey had been playing games for the last 6 days. She hadn't lost the motivation for it the way Pandora had.

Zoey booted up the game, excited to begin a whole new galactic adventure. And for the first time in 8 long years, Pandora finally enjoyed a full day of gaming with her best friend.

Chapter 1.1

Atonement

Pandora awoke from her slumber, finding Zoey laying next to her. The 2 of them had fallen asleep sometime during the night. A game over screen remained on the TV; did Zoey conk out in the middle of combat? Pandora took out her phone and noticed the time. Oh crap, today's angel lecture was about to begin! Pandora shook Zoey to wake her up. Instantly she sat up, completely alert.

"It's class time, isn't it? Let's go!" And so the 2 climbed out of bed and headed to angel lecture #8. Once again the classroom was already full of hooligans, so they had to sit separately. Shortly after, the angel floated in and began speaking.

"Hello everyone. As I'm sure you all know, the Day of Atonement begins tonight. This is the time when your sins shall be officially purged from your mind, and your very nature will be altered. I have been tasked with explaining all the minute details of this transformation, so please listen closely. Here is how tonight's schedule will play out." The angel pulled up a diagram showing all the steps for the atonement. "Everyone will individually go up and lay on the altar, and Christ will drench you in his blood. This blood will then seep into your body, merging with you on the inside, altering your DNA and bodily structures to become like his glorified body.

"To understand how your new bodies will differ from your current ones, it's important to first know about the 3 types of substances that exist. Though technically idealism is the one true metaphysical view, that's way too complicated to explain here, so I'll keep things simple for your intuition. We'll begin with the first 2: mind and matter. Matter is pretty simple to understand, it's just the various physical substances which make up all objects, including your body. Mind is a bit more complex. When I use the term 'mind,' I am referring to all forms of consciousness, both individual and collective, local and universal, human and animal. In short, mind is that which perceives reality. It is everything that interprets and processes information, and is the foundation of all your own experiences. You are all minds in a world made of matter. Makes sense, right? So then, what about this 3rd substance I mentioned?"

The angel pulled up another diagram of 2 different human forms: one of the old body, and one of the new. "The 3rd type of substance is *bodies*: the intersection of mind and matter. They are classified differently because it is the

only type of thing that *feels*. Pure mind thinks, but does not feel, and pure matter neither thinks nor feels. But a body *does* feel; it is a substance all to itself. As the bridge between mind and matter, they are indeed a very special component of the human being. But how, you may be asking, will the new body be different than the old? I bring your attention to this diagram."

He pointed to the body on the left. "This is the old body. It is made of fixed matter, with a mind placed inside it. And whatever body it was, the mind was completely and utterly subjected to its flesh, unable to alter anything about it. The body behaved of one accord, and the mind another; internal organs behaved independently of its owners wishes. If the body was in pain, there was nothing that could be done. If the mind wished to transform it, it was helpless to do so. In other words, the primary characteristic of the old body was mind being powerlessly subjugated to matter.

"But for the new body, the inverse is true: *Matter* is now subject to *mind.* Whatever a consciousness thinks, that matter will reshape and reform according to its will. This applies equally to individual atoms as it does to cells and DNA, allowing reprogramming of the tissues and body shape to anything the owner desires. God himself is the power which enforces this dominion, the universal consciousness which acts according to his children's wishes. Pray, and you shall receive. Imagine, and it shall become real. This was the power Christ possessed while on Earth, now granted to you. Your body is yours to mold how you see fit, and experience whatever you want to experience. All of matter exists for your pleasure, forevermore."

A surge of excitement grew in Pandora's chest. Really? *All* of matter exists for her pleasure? And she can change her body however she wants? Does that mean..... could she, perhaps..... see what it feels like to have a male body? Now there's one mystery she'd been curious of her whole life. If all this is really true, then perhaps her deepest fantasy could become very real, very soon. Tonight's gonna be fun!

The angel pulled up another diagram, this time zoomed in on the new body's brain. "Now, from this diagram it might appear that the body is all that will be changed. But that is not so; in fact, the greater transformation will be that of the mind. This cannot be overstated. Your very perception, your manner of interpreting and interacting with reality, will be fundamentally altered in a way that words can't do justice. The structures of your brain will be redesigned and rewired to constitute a new *type* of perception, not completely different than now, but enhanced enough that you will notice a change. Your ego and identity will be diminished, yet not altogether removed. You'll still be you, complete with memories and free will, yet no desire or capacity for evil. You will be connected to universal consciousness, seeing others as extensions of yourself rather than independent, separate minds. You will want to be involved in the lives and happenings of others, and play your part in the story of reality. Everyone will love and care for you, and you will love and care for them. No longer will loving others require effort; it will be as natural as breathing. You will be just as comfortable and carefree around others as alone. There will be no more concept of privacy, because you do not need it, nor will you desire it. Your mind will

become strong; you will feel no shame, guilt, or regret. You will be perfect."

That was the end of his lecture, for after those final words, he turned off the presentation. "Alright, that's enough talking. It's time for the ceremony."

Another angel stood up. "Everyone, please follow me to the Atonement Room." The glowing creature led them through the hallways of Heaven. Along the way, they passed by the gigantic throne room of God, where the glowing white figure and throne were already surrounded by 4 strange creatures and 24 elders singing his praises. Phew, thank goodness! That means Pandora wouldn't have to do any praising herself. It was all taken care of by them, which is probably for the best since she was adept at neither singing nor harp playing. Her attempts at worship would probably just ruin it; best to leave that to the religious folk more qualified for those important tasks (actually there were many Christians who were perfectly willing, but sorely disappointed God only had a measly 28 slots, which were all already filled).

Pandora's whole group funneled into another auditorium-like area, only this time the stage had a large sacrificial-altar looking table in the middle: the altar of atonement to purge all sins from the world. And there in the center was the Messiah himself, ready to enact the ritual of salvation. After a brief speech, the ceremony began, and he called the first person up to the altar. One by one each person came up to have Christ's blood applied to them, forgiving all their sins past and future. After about 40 people, it was finally Pandora's turn. She obediently went up to the stage, and Jesus held her hand while gently laying her down on the altar.

"It's okay, Pandora, just lay still while I make you whole again." The savior stabbed himself in the stomach, twisting its wooded-hooked handle to ensure its sharp metal pierced the bloodiest organ in his body: the heart. His chest split open, and out of his pumping, throbbing heart chamber a flood of blood gushed out, oozing out onto the table and spattering Pandora's entire body til it appeared as a painted red statue. It was even more blood than the time Zoey lost her virginity, like, waaay more blood (though this was a virginity lost all its own, for it would be humanity's first time inhabiting spiritual bodies). The blood seeped into her flesh, merging their genetics, and her blood became type I, for immortal. Once fully absorbed, Pandora's new body radiated with light, and the Father approved her righteousness. Like Jacob and Esau, her unrighteous self was mistaken for the righteous one, and she received her unjust inheritance. Once the glow faded, she stood up as a new creation. A brand new woman.

The ritual had transformed Pandora's body and mind once more, with a sensation even 100X better than before. Now she felt REALLY good; it was as if all her guilt was washed away, and there was never ever ever going to be anything to feel guilty about ever again. Zoey was still in the group waiting her turn, but when Pandora looked back to her, she couldn't tell who was the real Zoey, for every single person's face appeared the same, as if everyone in existence was equally her best friend. Perhaps even more intimate than that, for Pandora also felt an intense love for them beyond all reason. She had the urge to go around and hug every single one of them, and tell them how amazing and beautiful and special they are. A constant surge of pure boundless love energy

electrified her entire essence; Pandora's heart of stone had been replaced with a heart of love (or more accurately, her amygdala and frontal lobe were reprogrammed to a disposition more naturally inclined toward showing and receiving affection without inhibition).

Wait a second, that means her body just underwent another transformation! Does she still have it? Pandora stuck her hand down there again; yup, still there. Of course, that would make sense, because through what other means would she be capable of expressing the highest act of love possible? And more importantly: *receiving* the highest act of love possible with the opposite kind, as would soon be hers. Or so she thought, until Jesus closed with these words: **"Now then, you all have your glorified bodies. But I'm afraid all supernatural powers will remain disabled for the next 4 days until we return to Earth. This is not to be restrictive, but to build anticipation for the Day of First Wishing. On the night you enter your mansion, there shall be a special event: make your first prayer wish to God, and when you wake up, you shall have it. This will be the only time ever for it, so think carefully what you will wish for these next 4 days."**

Awww, another 4 days? Pandora was hoping to do it tonight. Oh well, we can wait.

"Wow. So what are you gonna wish for?" Zoey asked.

"I don't know. I'll need to think about it."

"Same. Anyway, let's head back. Think I can finish the game before we leave?"

"You probably can if you play all day."

"Great, let's go!"

And so Pandora remained with Zoey, catching up on their friendship while bonding and laughing over the epic space opera sequel. After 4 days straight of nonstop action, she managed to complete it just in time.

"That. Was. AWESOME!"

Zoey thought the game was incredible. But little did she know how much more awesome her own life would become in a matter of hours.

Chapter 1.2

Mansion

Finally the day arrived: The Feast of Tabernacles, wherein all humanity would finally be given their new homes. No longer temporary booths, but permanent abodes fit for habitation. Pandora and Zoey rushed to the meeting area, where everyone else was gathered for the grand return to Earth. The fire which cleansed the Earth had gone out, and the surface already regenerated back to a glorious green world; all the nasty effects of climate change had been reversed in mere days. With this Edenic paradise restored, it was time for the Messiah to lead the way home. He showed up riding on a white horse.

"Alright everyone, it is time for us to head back down to Earth, where your mansions await you all, fully constructed. I have a strong hunch you'll love them. Also before we leave, our God has one final command to issue to every single one of us. Father, would you mind saying it?"

A booming voice from the glowing throne shook the castle. ***"Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the whole cosmos, and have dominion over every star and planet, and every living creature, and all that exists."***

Jesus clapped. **"Alright, you heard the man. Let's go and populate the universe, beginning with Earth!"**

"Yeah!!!"

The clouds parted, and the entire castle began descending. Below them was Earth. Not the Old Earth that once was, nor the burning Earth as Pandora has last seen it, but an entire newly restored planet lush with vegetation and lakes as far as the eye could see. And scattered throughout were several urban cities, pre-made and fully built for settlement. As they descended, some people began floating away, scattering over the Earth to find their settlement of choice. But many others, including Pandora, stayed as their carrier transported them to one city in particular, a massive glowing cube encompassed by 12 gates made of various gemstones: New Jerusalem. After the long descent, everyone began funneling into several portals which took them directly to their new homes, opening up a different location for each person.

"Well, I guess here's where we split up."

"Yup, I can't wait to check out my new mansion. I hope it's huge!"

"Maybe we could meet up tomorrow?"

"Yeah! I'll come visit your house. Then we can play more games!"

"Okay, I'll look forward to it!" And with that, Zoey vanished through the blue portal to some unknown location. Pandora followed suit, and ended up inside a new, unpopulated room decorated with various furniture, TVs and computers. There was an electronic-filled fancy kitchen, stairs leading up to the 2nd floor, and doors leading to several other bedrooms. Woah, this place looks..... it looks like the dream home Pandora had envisioned in her mind years ago! Everywhere she looked, it was all perfectly arranged the way she wanted. Finally, no more must she live in a tiny, cramped, dust-filled and decaying apartment room. She had a whole new house, all to herself! And it's absolutely free! This really was like a dream come true. The new home owner inspected everything from floor to ceiling, taking in the fact this is where she'll be living from now on. Hooray, now she has enough room for friends and visitors to actually stay with her! She fantasized about all the future sleepovers and parties she would have. However, it appeared her first guest would be arriving much sooner than expected, for out of nowhere, Jesus suddenly appeared.

"Aghh!"

"Haha, hello Pandora, didn't mean to startle you."

"What are you doing in my house?"

"Nothing special, just wanna see how you're doing. After all, tonight's gonna be your first big wish in Paradise. Are you excited?"

"Um, yeah, about that. I was wondering something. Can I..... um..... would it be possible to....."

"Change sex?"

"What? No! That would be ridiculous! Ahaha, haha."

"The answer is yes. You can. If that's what you desire."

Pandora just stood there staring off into space, twirling her hair, trying to act disinterested. Meanwhile Jesus admired her bashful reaction.

"Too good to be true?"

"....."

"....."

Neither of them could bring their self to speak further on the subject, for not only was it too good for truth, but too good for words as well. Truly it is the case that all life's greatest pleasures are too great to distill in words, yet God allows all of them nonetheless. God is all good, all loving, and all truth; perhaps that is why the truth always turns out better than any falsehood or distortion. Oh God, how good you are.

".....I see. Then I will leave you to enjoy yourself. Do have fun." Messiah #1 vanished, leaving Pandora to make her wish. Dang it, why'd he have to appear now? All that did was make it awkward. If he really cared, he would just stay out of her business. But oh well, he's gone now, so.....

So now apparently Pandora could have anything she wanted. *Anything.* Just make a wish and poof, it will happen. She now had free access to a magical sky fairy Godfather there to grant her every desire. But what exactly should she wish for? It's her very first wish in this new world, so it should be something special; something cliché like changing sex would simply not do, as that's what everyone else was probably doing. But is the desire to not be cliché stronger

than the desire to quench this most compelling curiosity? Come now Pandora, there's no need to be so stubborn. You know you want it, so why deny it? She tried thinking of any other thing she could want more, but nothing came to mind. Becoming a male was the most exciting thing that could happen to her. If even for just one day, that's all she wanted. Just enough to satisfy her curiosity. And so with her deepest wish all set, she got in bed and lay til she fell asleep.

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Pandora, in which he altered the XX chromosomes into XY for every cell in her body, as well as replacing her female organs for male ones, her long hair for short hair, and changing the shape and contours of her body to match the new DNA. After 6 more hours of sleep, she would get to see the results.

Chapter 2

A New Body

Pandora woke up not only to a brand new day, but a brand new world in a brand new body. As her mind woke up and her eyes adjusted to the light, she grunted a small “Ughhhh.” Except the voice that came from her mouth was not familiar. It was deeper, *much* deeper, like the voice of a man. This startled her and woke her up fully. She quickly felt her chest, only to discover there was nothing there. As she moved, her shoulders also felt weird, like they were further apart than usual. And what's more, the very texture of her skin felt different, like less friction. She looked down at her legs and saw they were quite hairy, and her arms as well. Excited, she jumped out of bed and ran to the mirror, and sure enough, the face staring back at her was not her usual womanly self, but a handsome and slender young adult man; her very first male form. It wasn't exactly how she dreamed of looking as a guy, but still good enough to admire: his eyes were sharp and narrow, and deep blue. He had a soft jaw and straight cheeks, thin pale lips, medium wavy black hair, and a slender nose. His body was also fit and slender, only slightly muscular, and about 6 feet tall.

“Woah, I'm hot!” Pandora said to the reflection. She took a minute to admire himself in the mirror, appreciating his new physique. It was a little bizarre to see someone else's reflection, but also exhilarating. She was now someone else! So cool! But she was also still herself, for only the vessel her consciousness inhabited had changed. The spiritual entity known as Pandora had not changed one bit. This entity could now *control* this new vessel with its mind, a mechanic which had been commonplace its whole life, but now felt foreign operating this new corporeal form. Like software transplanted in new hardware, it would take a while to get used to it. As the entity analyzed it, it became clear that the name Pandora would no longer fit its new form. She, no he, no *it,* would have to come up with another label. The male figure uttered a few possibilities.

“How about I call you.... Pandolan! No..... Panpolo? Pandork? Pandemon? Pandemonium? Hmm.... how about..... just Pan? Yeah, that's it! Just Pan!” He did a little twirl, examining the body all around. “Hello my name is Pan, nice to meet'cha! I'm big, I'm strong, and I'm gonna impregnate you! Oh wait, is pregnancy still even a thing anymore? Not for me it ain't! Yeah baby! No wait..... No baby! Or Periods! Yeah!!!!”

Thus the saying came to pass: there is no more male or female in Christ

Jesus (the bifurcating “or” had been removed). Pandora was quite excited about her new predicament. After admiring her new physique and facial features for several minutes, the time had finally come to bring out the big thing (hopefully). Pandora had been feeling it since she got up; something was different in her crotch area, something bulging in her pants, something very hot and lewd. She had occasionally wondered what it would feel like to be a man, but always passed the idea off since it was impossible. It was just a dream – a fantasy – not something which could ever become real. And yet here the fantasy was, real as real could be. And with this new reality facing her, Pandora was nervous to touch it. What would it feel like? What would it *look* like? The knowledge hung between her legs just waiting to be known. Bracing herself, Pandora stuck her hand down her pants and felt a strange new sensation. She could feel it fully: a squishy, stretchy, malleable mass of folded skin protruding from her crotch, which she could squeeze tightly between her fingers. As she held it it began to grow, and went from a squishy mess to a hard rod she could firmly grip her hand around. Once fully erect, Pan dropped his pants to get a better look; it flopped upward as the tension released, revealing his new male genitalia in all its masculine glory.

There Pandora was, standing naked at the mirror with a thick extra appendage where her female parts used to be; no longer was there a hole to stick her fingers in, as it had been replaced by this monstrous thing (circumcised as per her request). She slowly lifted it up with her manly hand, concentrating on the new feeling. She could not only feel her hand touching *it,* but *it* being touched by her palm. She ran her fingers up and down, feeling the skin move as it skimmed the surface. Then she gripped it around and glided the skin up and down the shaft, savoring the feeling of each movement. She felt the tip, how it was more sensitive than the rest, and the tiny hole at the end. She felt the base, how firmly mounted it was to the rest of her pelvis. And once getting more comfortable, she proceeded to inflict it with all manner of increasingly more intense stimulation. Her curiosity and aroused state compelled her to flop it, rub it, smack it, bend it, twist it, jerk it, lick it, stretch it, and more. Technologically, it was more advanced than anything humanity had invented. She stood up and shook her body, feeling it flop around wildly. That was the best word to describe it: floppy. The laws of physics jiggled it around with each little movement. She went around her house swiping it across all manner of household objects, feeling the unique textures of each one. From the table, to the toilet, to the carpet, to the curtains, each texture was an incredible new sensation. Now she finally understood why guys did that; it was nothing more than an overwhelming animalistic desire to stimulate the snake, an epic quest to satisfy the curiosity of unknown feelings induced by the horni. In that regard it was much like how she used to stick random things inside her hoo-ha, but the feeling itself was now completely different and came from a different place, seemingly from *outside* her body. No longer did things fit inside her, she fit inside them. No object in her house was safe, for she made sure to violate every single item. She grabbed a roll of toilet paper and stuck it in. Why? Pandora couldn't explain, all she knew was that it was a hole that needed to be filled. The hole *existed* to be filled, as if

it were its entire purpose. And her own life's purpose was.....

Once accustomed to the main member, Pan remembered the other members of his extended family jewels. His focus shifted to them for the first time, and his meaty fingers began fondling them. They too were a mixture of squishy and hard, surrounded by an elastic and folding flesh-sack of skin. She could wrap the skin around her fingers, and even make a “hot dog” out of her wiener and buns. If only there was someone around to eat it.... But first Pandora wanted to perform a little experiment, to finally experience the feeling she had always been curious about.

“Alright, now let's see how much this really hurts,” his voice said. All throughout her life she wondered how painful a blow to the organs was. It was obviously extreme based on the reactions she'd seen, but without any herself, having the experience firsthand was impossible, even for curiosity's sake. But now that she *did* have some, the perfect opportunity lay within her grasp. Just one hit should be enough, just to *know* what it is like. Enough to answer the question somatically rather than intellectually. Pandora's curiosity could not be quenched until it was done, so she firmly gripped her fleshy gonad sack in her left hand, and raised her other fist into the air. She raised it to the maximum height it can go, then, after a bit of hesitation, and fully braced to endure the intense pain, slammed it down onto her exposed organs, aaand..... nothing. No pain of any kind. It felt as though she just barely pressed them. Not painful, just a normal sensation of touch.

“What? That's it? That didn't hurt at all!” Pandora was confused. There was definitely something missing. Something precious. The knowledge of pain, where was it? Was her new body incorrectly programmed? A glitch in the brain? A missing nerve connection perhaps? She gripped them again and punched them even harder. Again and again, over and over, she pounded her external eggs into oblivion. But the pain never came; her balls would not bust. Then she remembered that one verse from the Bible which stated the next world would have no more pain, and everything clicked. She tried other things which were supposed to be painful, forcefully pinching, cutting, stabbing, and scraping other parts of her body, yet felt nothing from those either. And where any cut or bruise would've been made, it just instantly healed before her eyes. The truth was evident: this was not a mistake. God had removed the ability to feel any discomfort whatsoever. Pain itself was no longer a concept that existed anywhere in the universe. Pandora would never have the chance to experience the sensation, *ever.* Her knowledge will remain forever incomplete.

“Well that's disappointing.” Ah well, it doesn't really matter. Pain was a horrible thing I guess, so having it gone is probably for the best. Pandora wasn't gonna let this minor inconvenience stop her from exploring the other wonders of the male body. There were still thousands of other things to try! Now that she was a bit more familiar with the genitals, it was about time to move on to the next milestone: masturbation! There was a sense of pressure inside her pelvis, like something that needed to be squeezed out. Or wait, no. This wasn't arousal. This was around the bladder.... she needed to pee? All right, first time peeing in a male body, how exciting! She couldn't wait to try it while standing up. She

walked around to the bathroom. Where's the toilet... oh there it is. She didn't need to pull her pants down like normal because her body was already naked. She lifted the seat up and aimed the fleshy tube toward the bowl. She relaxed her pelvic muscles and began to feel the fluid flow through her, all the way from deep inside, through the pipe and out the hole. Wow, what a weird feeling! Pandora savored this as well, starting and stopping multiple times to feel the fluid's movement. After a minute it was all over; her body was relieved. Pandora was sad the experience was so short. But then, as if God knew what she wanted, a screen suddenly emerged on the wall. There were buttons for various settings, such as adjusting the speed, pressure, and total time of flow (up to a whole day). There was also a reset button which would automatically clean any spills, and could even change the type of liquid that came out! What?

Her curiosity and lewdness getting the best of her, Pandora set the flow time to 10 minutes with medium pressure and speed, and just like that, the pressure in her pelvis returned. She released again, and this time the flow didn't stop so quickly. It just kept pouring out of her, while she felt the incredible sensation stirring the inside of her fleshy pelvic tube. And with the reset button rendering spills inconsequential, she was no longer constrained to the small window of the toilet seat. So she left and began waddling around the house, spewing forth a golden fountain everywhere. On the floor, on the walls, in the sink, on her bed, on the couch, and everywhere else she felt like leaking onto, the fluid gushed out from her built-in water gun. This caused her entire house to smell like urine, a spill far worse than her pet dog Anubis had ever made. Once the 10 minutes were over, Pandora felt more relieved than any other piss she took in her entire life. But this smell..... it was normally gross, but her current sense of smell had been altered to not really identify it as unpleasant. It did still smell similar, but it didn't *disgust* her anymore, as that sense too was now removed from her psyche. Regardless, Pandora still didn't wish for the mess to remain. She pressed the reset button and poof, just like that, the entire spill and stench vanished. It was as if it never happened at all, and the laws of causality now existed for amusement rather than consequence.

Alright, so now that's out of the way, perhaps *now* we can move on to the main event. Pandora was now even more aroused than before, her meat stick was as hard as a real stick. Sure, she now knew what it felt like for fluid to stream out of it, but the muscle contractions and orgasmic sensations were still a wonderful mystery to solve. Pandora went back to her bed and lay down, then, gripping her meat firmly, began gliding the skin up and down around the inner spongy structure. The skin stretched, folded and coalesced with each stroke as it reached the tip, and back into place at the base. And the balls jumped and bounced as the attached skin was yanked about. It felt good. Just so, so good. Pleasure encompassed the entirety of her appendage from the tip to the base, and a little into the pelvis (though nowhere near as deep as her female form went). As she pumped up and down, she realized how much simpler it was to manage than her female parts. Truly even the standard penis is a conveniently shaped tool for pleasure (though Pandora would later discover that the more advanced variants trade off convenience for even higher pleasure).

The longer she went, the further the ecstasy radiated inward, though the most intense spot was still concentrated along the main member. Pandora almost couldn't believe what she was feeling. I mean, finally! She's got an awesome dick of her own! “YES! YES YES YES! THIS IS AMAZING!” She shouted over and over while enjoying the exotic new sensation; a feeling that was now hers to indulge whenever she wanted. Why God never granted this ability in the Old World, she'll never know.

Eventually her body reached a threshold where the feeling became more intense, more encompassed. Pandora feverishly pumped it over and over, desperate to feel the white stuff come out. Any moment now the prize would shoot out, the due reward for all her hard work. But wait, where was she going to shoot it? She hadn't considered that, but it was too late now; this train was not slowing down for anything. The feeling grew, and grew and grew, and then... climax! Like a good story after the rising action, everything had built up to this singular moment, a moment of intense action and pure cathartic release. It came upon her much faster than her female form took. Pandora's insides convulsed uncontrollably, waves of pleasure pulsating throughout her body and mind. With each convulsion a new pump of goo shot out all over her stomach. She could feel it all: the muscles contracting inside her pelvis, the flow of liquid through her meat tube, the warm and sticky liquid gluing to her body, the rush of oxytocin through her brain, everything all unleashed in one great storm of pleasure. Awesome!

After calming down, Pandora stared around in awe at the mess she had created. A puddle of white goo had pooled on her abdomen, and flowed down to the surrounding sheets. It had a strange smell, not quite good or bad, but something which she wasn't sure should go in her mouth. She had always been curious what it tasted like, and briefly considered trying it, but decided that would be a bit too weird to try right now. What a strange experience the whole thing was. But at least now she knew what it felt like for guys, and that's all that mattered. Pandora got some paper towels and cleaned up the mess manually (though it also would've been just as fine to press the reset button). As she did, a few remaining drops dribbled from the tip, which she had to squeeze out like a tube of toothpaste; it was imperative to extract every last drop.

Once she squeezed out all the goo, the member went limp, and Pandora realized her exhaustion. Her body's throat felt thirsty, so she decided to go to the refrigerator to get something to drink. She opened it, and there was nothing there. Drat! How was she supposed to quench this thirst? Well as it turned out, the glorified body did not require sustenance like the old one. Upon having nothing to drink, Pandora's thirst instantly satisfied itself. The feeling simply vanished, as if she *had* drank something. But this felt cheap, and somewhat strange to her. No no no, this simply won't do. Thirst was quenched by ingesting liquid, that's how the mechanic is supposed to work! Pandora needed to go to the store to buy some drinkable liquid herself. But there were a few issues with that plan: One, did grocery stores even exist in this world? And if so where was the nearest one? Two, Pandora had no transportation or money, how on Earth was she supposed to get there? Come to think of it, nobody else had transportation

either, so it's not like she could get an Uber. Was she really expected to walk all the way there? As Pandora stood staring blankly at her empty fridge pondering these questions, a thick purple smoke began filling it, obscuring her view. She backed off in surprise. Seconds later the smoke disappeared, and it had magically been filled with all kinds of stuff: Food, drink, and condiments galore! Finally having some grub, Pandora's body's natural thirst mechanic became reactivated, so that it could be satisfied the *right* way this time. She really felt like having a glass of milk, and perused the shelves for the thick white liquid. She managed to find a gallon of *banana milk* and poured herself a glass.

Now, Pandora knew very well what banana tasted like, as well as ordinary milk. So she had some idea what it should taste like when blended together. However, this particular drink tasted NOTHING like that at all. It had a very strange taste, a bit too salty for her taste bud set. It was strangely similar to the smell of the liquid just expunged from her own body. There's no way she could gulf this down normally. She planned on dumping it down the drain, then remembered she has a glorified body capable of reprogramming itself to her desires. She wished for a different sense of taste and, just like that, her tongue felt a strange tingling sensation while the buds were altered. Once it subsided she ingested the milk again, and to her surprise it now tasted delicious! Still a little weird, and still not normal milk, but pleasant nonetheless. She would have to find out where this stuff was made and get some more.

Alright, so now Pandora's thirst had been quenched properly..... now what? Surely there's got to be some other new functions of this body. She knew it could change sex, but what else could it do? Can she transform into anything whatsoever? Where's the instruction manual on how to operate it? She really had no idea what to try next. Instantly a computer appeared with a software called “Build-a-Body,” which displayed a giant list of options with highlighted suggestions. What's this? Apparently her body could transform into *any* type of material in the universe. She could become made of wood, water, fire, rock, ice, metal, flesh, electricity, light, sound, fabric, plastic, rubber, plutonium, anything. Each of these materials was listed, and when tapped, opened up a widget with many more options. Things like duration, delay, density, weight, size, proportions, gravity, durability, and a preview button to test the settings out. There was even a custom character creator which offered infinite variability of facial and body designs! The sheer amount of options was overwhelming, where to even begin? Pandora decided she'll experiment with it later; for now, let's continue testing out this basic flesh male build! She really wanted to masturbate again, but this stupid refractory period repressed the desire. On the computer she opened the window for her current body, and changed her emotional state to horny. Instantly, her pelvis was refilled with sexual tension to be released again. And you know what? Let's just go ahead and click that check mark enabling multiple orgasms, because that's what she was used to, and was a great mechanic mysteriously absent from the male body in the Old World. Pandora fully intended on pleasuring herself all day long. What else was there to do anyway? Go to work? Go to school? Mow the lawn? Pay her bills? All of those obligations were gone; she was home free! There was literally nothing else to

do, so might as well masturbate. Pandora stripped completely naked once more and laid on her fancy soft king-sized bed. She had only just begun pumping herself when suddenly, the doorbell rang.

What's this? Who on New Earth would be wanting to see her now? Pandora clumsily put her clothes back on and went to the door. Unfortunately it had no peephole, so she had to open it to see who it was. The door swung open..... Zoey!?

Zoey's eyes looked hopeful for a second, then turned glum upon seeing who answered. Her eyes darted around awkwardly while talking. “Umm, hi, is Pandora here? Jesus told me this was her address, but I wasn't expecting her to be with a guy so soon....”

“Zoey, it's me! I'm just a dude right now!”

It took a moment for Zoey to comprehend that statement. “Wait, you mean, *you're* Pandora?” she asked in disbelief.

“Yeah! I just woke up in this body, and I've been playing with it all morning. Peeing is a lot of fun, and orgasms feel waaaayyy different. In fact I was just masturbating when you knocked, wanna see my new dick?”

“Ummm, yeah! Sure! It's just... you look different. Like, my mind is finding it hard to accept that you're her. You're not kidding?”

“Alright then I'll prove it! I'll just transform back. Let's see.... how to....” Pandora pondered for a moment, then figured she could try praying to God directly. This would be her first prayer ever. “Um, hey God, could you let me have my old body back for a minute? I kinda need to prove my identity to Zoey. Uhh.... Amen.” And just like that, light shone forth and enveloped her like a magical girl transformation scene, and she magically transformed into a girl once more. The comfortable self she was always used to.

“Oh, so it really is you. Being a guy was the first thing you wished for?”

“I know, I know I'm weird and pathetic, but I really just wanted to try it out. Don't tell me you aren't curious either!”

“The thought did cross my mind, but I dunno. Just felt kinda weird. But check this out, I painted my nails a new color!”

Pandora inspected the nails, which appeared to be some shade of purple, but a different purple than anything she'd ever seen. It seemed kinda glowy, almost *more* purple than purple, but somehow also not purple. “What is it, some type of neon purple? Or violet?”

“Close. It's a type of violet, but a special kind. It's *super* violet. You might even say it's.....?”

“Ultraviolet?”

“Bingo! I wanted to see what it looked like, so I asked God to expand my visual perception, and wow, the world looks totally different now! I thought my vision was normal, but turns out, I was colorblind the whole time! We all were and just didn't know it!”

“Huh, that's pretty neat,” Pandora said. At any other time the prospect of expanding her color horizons would probably be quite interesting. But right now, her body was still preoccupied by the tantalizing pleasure of novel

genitalia, the ghost of an extra appendage which shortly before gave such intense delight to her pelvis, now filled by the void of femaleness. She was aching to grip it, to hold it in her hand again, to play with it and continue the fun which was so abruptly interrupted. Why should she have to repress this incredible desire for the sake of entertaining Zoey's preferred topic of conversation? What a boring social convention! Zoey's presence now was just an obstacle. Unless..... she too would be willing to play? Perhaps they could enjoy sex together for once! To be fondled by her best friend, now that would be epic!

"So..... about seeing my new dick....."

"Um, yeah! Let's see it!"

"Okay, one sec." Pandora turned away and closed her eyes. "Um, God, could you transform me back into a guy now? Zoey knows it's me, so....." Instantly her body morphed back into a male form, and she could feel it all as it happened. Pandora looked at Zoey, who was staring back at her male body's attractive face, gesturing to its pelvis area. Pan gripped the jeans on his waist, unbuttoned and unzipped, and finally pulled them down. There was still the underwear, of which Zoey was staring intently at the bulge within. Pan then gripped the underwear and shuffled them down his legs, revealing his hot male member. Zoey stared at it intently.

"Woah, that is a nice dick..... Can I touch it?"

"Well yeah, that's what it's for."

Zoey reached out and grabbed it, feeling it all up. Pandora felt the sensation all over while Zoey rubbed it, gripped it, pinched it, and messed around with it. She also touched the balls, cupping them in her hand, stretching the scrotum, and basically all the same things Pandora herself just did. But it was different having someone else touch them; being at the mercy of her best friend's curiosity was about 10,000 times more tantalizing. Zoey picked up the pace, and pumped it up and down quickly. She had shifted from mere curiosity to actually trying to make it spurt. "Wait Zoey, let's go to the bed."

"No need, just do it here."

Pandora wanted to insist, but hearing those words just aroused her even more; at this point she wouldn't even make it to the bed before cumming. Which she did. All over Zoey's face. She licked it up with glee.

Pandora was surprised she consumed it, despite having established the new body no longer required sustenance. "So uh..... how's it taste?"

"Pretty average." Zoey still remembered the flavor from her 4 different times in high school.

"What about yours?"

"My cum?"

"No, your male form. I'm curious to see what you'll look like."

Zoey hesitated. "I dunno..... that seems kinda....."

"Come on, don't be a chicken!"

Zoey sighed. "Okay, fine." (she had to at least pretend to not care). "God, turn me into a guy."

Pandora watched as her best friend's form quickly shapeshifted in real

time. The transformation only took 3 seconds as every aspect of her body morphed and reshaped into a stout, masculine build complete with blue eyes, a mildly chiseled jaw, and stubbly facial hair. “Woah, you look nice.”

“I do?” His deeper voice vibrated while his hands felt around.

“Can you feel it down there?”

“I feel..... something.”

“Well come on then, pull it out!”

Zoey stood up and pulled her pants down, unveiling the new member which she'd never had before. She gripped it and started feeling around, squishing and swaying the sack around with it as Pandora watched along, mesmerized. “Ohhhh, so this is what it feels like.”

“Lemme touch!” Pandora now returned the favor, stroking her friend to feel as good as she did. But instead of her face, just let it shoot onto the ground as Zoey's body trembled so hard she nearly fell down. “How was it?”

“Oh my God.”

After that the 2 lost all control and went to the bed together, and started experimenting with their newfound bodily appreciation. With 2 primary females at play, it was time for some epic yuri. Zoey in particular got extremely into it as they tried all sorts of things.

“Look at us, we're both guys now! Let's try doing the gay thing!” They touched their wieners together, but it didn't feel all that pleasant. So then they switched back to female, and rubbed their clits on each other. It felt slightly better, but was still massively inconvenient to get precise.

“Huh, that's weird, why isn't it working?” Well gee Zombey, I dunno. Maybe they're just not made to go together! If you wanna have gay sex then just, like, use your tongue or fingers or something. (Little did they know they could've had a flat array of 20 clits designed to rub very easily, but humanity had not yet imagined the many radical new sex types made possible through custom DNA programming).

“I know! Maybe I could stick it up your butt!”

“Eww, gross. No way.” Pandora had long regarded such acts of sodomy to be both disgusting and despicable.

“Fine, then we'll just take turns. You be the guy first since you love it so much.”

And so the 2 best friends copulated for the first time, under the new freedom granted in Christ Jesus. Why do it just one way when you can do both? They swapped sex multiple times, each taking turns penetrating the other, the built up tension of a 7 year old friendship finally expressing in the physical act. With no more need for repression, they let themselves go wholeheartedly and without reservation. Zoey even made her cum turn ultraviolet to make Pandora's insides glow, because that's what best friends are for.

“Hey! You're gonna get me pregnant!”

“No it won't, the angel said pregnancy won't happen without a permit.”

“Oh, okay.” Pandora was relieved she would have no ultraviolet baby.

Long had the union between male and female been a foreshadow of the reunion between God and humanity. Before, a dichotomous separation was

necessary so that the union could serve as a symbol. But with the fulfillment now manifest, the need for differentiation had become obsolete, and the 2 sexes had become one within each individual. No longer was one male *or* female, but male *and* female. As Galatians 3:28 said: there is no male or female in Christ Jesus, for all were now one. No longer was each a half, for all have been made whole. This resulted in a counterintuitive brand new metaphysics of gayness which would take Pandora some time to wrap her head around:

Gay Chart:

Old Sexuality

	Male	Female
Male	Gay	Not gay
Female	Not gay	Gay

New Sexuality

	Male + Female
Male + Female	Not gay

But even if the old metaphysics still applied, it would not be wrong, because morality was defined by the 10 Commandments, which were now done away with, for all had been fulfilled (Matthew 5:18).

Once both friends were satisfied, they relegated back to their default female forms, and Pandora finally broached the question that had been on her mind the whole time (mainly because throughout their whole session, she had no idea what name to call him).

"Hey, so what's *your* male name gonna be? Mine's Pan."

"You know, I was thinking Zach, but that sounds too normal and boring. I want something more unique."

"It's still gotta start with a Z though, right?"

"Yeah, let me think for a sec." Zoey bit her ultraviolet nails while pondering deeply, fidgeting to come up with a name. After about a minute, her face lit up with an epiphany. "Aha, I got it! How about Zed?"

"Zed? Seriously?"

"Yeah! It's got a nice edgy feel, don't you think?"

Pandora tried saying it more. "Hmmm, Zed. Zed Zed Zed. Okay, yeah that's kinda cool."

“Anyway, how about we get out of here?”

“To go where?”

“The city! I saw tons of other stuff on my way here, like restaurants.”

The thought of more juicy, heavenly food got Pandora's appetite going, and she agreed. They started for the door, but on the way, Pandora stopped for one last look in the mirror. “You know what? How about I just.....” She made a quick prayer, and grew from C cup to D cup. There, that's much better. “Alright, I'm ready!” Pandora left with a smug look on her face.

Chapter 3

The City

Oh boy, the so-called great and beautiful New Jerusalem. With what Pandora was about to witness, she would've mistaken it to be the greatest sight she ever saw. But this lack of perspective would become apparent upon seeing the even greater things which awaited her in the future. Nevertheless, this is where she would walk around in for the next few hours, so let's just pretend it's great.

Outside of Pandora's house was a sprawling metropolis of extravagant beauty. A multi-layered anti-gravitational tesseract of buildings extending as far as the eye could see, like a Mario Kart 8 track. It spanned many miles in all directions, including up and down, which could be seen through the translucent glass-like pavement of the connecting streets. The radiance of the city was further enhanced by the ability to see ultraviolet and infrared light, as the 2 new colors reflected into Pandora's eyes. The beauty of this new color couldn't be explained in words; perhaps that's why it was said to be beyond description.

The city was not laid out like a grid, as many others were, but sprawled out in every random which-way defying gravity. You could not tell which way was up or down, for each building had its own orientation in space. Some appeared upside down, some sideways, some below you from above, and some were even inside out. They came in all shapes and sizes, and each had a different purpose similar to the Old World. Each looked beautiful in its own way. Some were made of gold, some were crystal, some were brick, some were metal, and so on for various other materials (even ones typically not used for construction). And each was adorned with all manner of decorations according to their inhabitant's preferences. Pandora's own house was decorated with her own interests, lavishly displayed for whoever passed by. At least finding people with similar interests would be easier now.

Streams of water flowed throughout the city: the river of life, which had special properties uncharacteristic of regular water. It was not affected by gravity, and flowed in a perfect laminar stream winding and twisting through the airspace. The water did not naturally flow directly to each building, but any person could wish for it to flow to them, and do anything they wanted it to do. You could drink it straight up, make it become a shower stream with any flow pattern or pressure to stimulate your genitals, form thick fog or clouds of any shape, and even transform into root beer. This was freely available for all who

desired to use it, including Pandora should she choose to. But this was unlikely, for she was having too much fun with her resurrected friend.

The city was bustling with glorious people: the sounds of footsteps of those that walked, the humming of those that floated, the flapping of those that flew, and the shouts of joy and laughter of those having fun (which was everyone). It was peaceful and sunny, the perfect temperature, and not a fear in the world of any crime or stigma to be judged by. All forms of social anxiety and taboos were things of the past, nor was there any such concept as "proper behavior." People were now their true selves without a care in the world, and this showed in their fashion. The city's inhabitants wore clothes of all kinds, from feathered tops to steampunk vests, gothic dresses, ripped punk jeans, ancient togas, top hats, medieval cloaks, hot pants with tank tops, high heels, boots, running shoes, flip flops, crocs, swimsuits, fancy suits, flowing white dresses, hijabs, taqiyahs, priest-wear, standard t-shirts with all manner of logos, and more. People from all time periods were walking about all at once, and the culture clash was unlike any other (it was only the first day in Paradise still, so further evolution of fashion had not yet occurred). There was an individual for every variety of clothing, and even no clothing at all. That's right, some chose to walk around completely naked! But hardly anyone noticed, for nakedness was not an issue in this world. It was just as acceptable a fashion choice as any, no better or worse, and the ones who did felt no shame at all. But it was not as though the concept didn't exist; you could still point to someone and say "that person is not wearing any clothes," but it was now just a matter of fact statement rather than a shocking sight, as the emotion of shame was absent from the brain. Many enjoyed their newfound liberty and walked around proudly showcasing their birthday suit (after all, this was everyone's first official day of being born again). And a few were already trying out new body materials. Everything was going perfectly fine and peaceful. But then, out of nowhere, some annoying sounds of a street preacher came shouting from the golden sidewalk.

"Repent! Accept Jesus as your Lord and savior, and you shall be saved!"

The duo approached the strange, delusional man, and the snarky Zoey straightened him out. "Ummm, you do know we're *already* saved, right? That means there's no need to keep this preaching thing up."

"Huh? What ever do you mean? I'm just trying to save your soul!"

"Well you're doing a pretty bad job, because Jesus already did."

The man pondered. "Oh, you're right! I am terribly sorry. It's just that I spent my whole life doing this, so I'm not sure what to do now. This is all I know."

"I guess you'll just have to find something different then. Like a job."

"But, what kinds of jobs are there to do in Heaven? Anything we wish for instantly materializes, so it's not like we need to work anymore. Farming, cooking, cashiering, manufacturing, it's all obsolete now!"

"Perhaps you'll just have to invent something new then."

"Very well, thank you for your wisdom, I shall go find something better." The man left, embarking on a quest to find a job of actual value.

Although it would take several decades for humanity to figure out what these new kinds of jobs would be, and for the New Earth culture to sprout from its current embryo.

Pandora and Zoey resumed walking the streets, enjoying the sights and the craziness, laughing and giggling and joking about all manner of things. With their newfound abilities, there were all sorts of new activities to do for all eternity. But even eternity must have a starting point; what to do first? It doesn't really matter since no activity is inherently more "special" than any other, they're all just "different" things to do. Nevertheless, Zoey knew exactly what she wanted.

"Okay, so I'm not really 'hungry' or anything, but that ice cream's telling me it wants to be eaten!" She pointed to an ice cream shop down the street.

Pandora's first instinct was to remind of her lactose intolerance, but remembered it was cured. Oh yeah! She can finally eat ice cream again! Pandora agreed, and the two ran to the shop like giddy children, expecting to speak to the owner or employee, except in this world no human had to maintain anything; God himself sustained the supply infinitely. They could eat whatever they wanted in whatever quantity. The shop was massive, with 500 different flavors in all. Pandora couldn't decide on a single flavor, so she got one scoop each of 50 different types. Zoey knew which flavors she wanted: cookie dough and caramel, so she got 25 scoops of each to compete with Pandora. Like many best friends, any shared activity such as eating quickly spiraled into a competition.

"I bet I can finish first!" Zoey challenged.

"You're on!" The 2 then devoured their giant bowls of soft, cold, milky matter in a lactosian race to win. Food contest, hooray! Normally ice cream would melt in the heat after a while (especially in the time it took to consume such an ungodly amount of it), but now God held back that physical process to maintain its consistency to perfection. Also, eating this amount of cold food would usually cause a brain freeze, but their glorified brains were immune to such pain. And their glorified throats, mouths and teeth were likewise immune to cold pain, not that it didn't still *feel* cold, but it was no longer intense enough to warrant discomfort, nor force them to slow down or stop. Also without the worry of stomachache or lactose intolerance, and a perfect glorified digestive system, there was little need to fully chew either. Pandora averaged a new bite every 3.2 seconds, and Zoey every 3.5 seconds (though her bites were larger). In the end Zoey finished a whopping 20 seconds before Pandora.

"Dangit, you beat me! Should've known I couldn't compete with a Zombey."

"Nuh-uh, that only applies to brains and human flesh."

"So you wanna eat my brain too, huh?"

"What? No! Well actually..... maybe later...."

With bellies full of ice cream, they left, and continued walking around the city. Again they passed by numerous naked people as they strolled through a garden-like area filled with grass and trees. Here there were many cute animals such as dogs, cats, and hamsters, as well as more creepy ones like snakes, bees, wasps, spiders, roaches, mosquitoes, scorpions, leeches, ticks, and lamprey; all

the wonderful creatures of God's creation. Many of them were having sex, and Pandora and Zoey sat down to watch the incredible display of love. 2 little doggies were going at it with everything they got.

"Awwww, look at the cute little doggies!" Zoey shouted.

"Looks like they're having a good time. Keep goin' little buddy! You give that doggy what it deserves!" The male doggy howled in gratitude. Indeed he was panting heavily, tongue hanging out of its happy canine face while the female took it like a champ, also panting heavily. The cats were also going at it, as well as the snakes, bees, and scorpions. Oh hot diggity dog, it's so wonderful that these naked creatures just copulated whenever and wherever they felt like with no concern for the gazes of passerby. This same newly acquired ability would prove especially useful for humans: a unique type of creature that can praise God for things that make them happy. Indeed, Zoey was very grateful.

"Hey Pandora, I got another challenge."

"Alright, hit me."

"Strip completely naked, right here and now."

"What?"

"Come on, look around! Other people are doing it! Let's join the fun!"

Pandora thought about it for a second. "Okay, but only if you do it too."

"Deal."

"And we have to go somewhere private first."

"How about over there?" Zoey pointed to a thicket of trees.

"That'll work, I guess."

The 2 walked to their destination. With no one else around, Pandora felt a bit more comfortable. But now came the moment of truth and dare, and she had no intention of falling back on her word. Steeling herself, Pandora grabbed the bottom of her shirt. Zoey followed suit. "On 3, okay? 1.... 2.... 3!" And in one swift motion, the 2 removed their shirts, exposing their bare breasts to the world. Liberated from the oppressive confines of clothing, the nipple had been freed (though it was also possible to remove them completely, leaving just the 2 smooth mounds with no pink part).

Next, the two grabbed their pants and panties together. Zoey counted down again, "Alright, 1.... 2..... 7..... 9..... 3!" The two dropped their pants in perfect unison, as Pandora was used to Zoey's eccentric timing. Legs lifting out one at a time, the garments were discarded and left alone, no longer hugging their owners' beautiful bodies. Then they caught on fire and burned to ashes, leaving no chance of putting them back on. The smug look on Zoey's face declared her prayer was answered.

There Pandora stood, boldly naked in the middle of the clearing. Her crotch exposed, the personal area which belonged only to her, was now plainly visible for the whole world. And yet, she was not embarrassed. Not even a hint of shame afflicted her mind, for this was the world as it always should have been. Her first time naked in public, her exhibitionist virginity had now been taken; she would remember this moment forever.

Zoey was clearly excited too. "Woah, this feels kinda nice! I can feel the breeze through my labia, can you?"

“Yeah I feel it too.” Pandora never considered the idea, but now that she could finally experience it, the wind itself was somewhat stimulating on her erogenous zone, like the very light touching of fingers. A similar feeling grazed her nipples. Perhaps it was God's fingers touching her; he is everywhere after all. Pandora took a few steps forward, spreading her legs out slightly as she walked to feel the wind better. She also walked with her legs closed tight, feeling and watching how her pussy lips undulated in turn with each movement. Any guy watching her would surely have his day enhanced by her sight. Unfortunately the nearest crowd of strangers was 1000 feet away, too far to catch a good look.

“Hey, let's go meet those people over there!” Zoey said. She began gleefully strutting toward them, purposely swaying her hips to make her round tits bounce as much as possible. That show off, how Pandora wished she could be like that. But her current personality mode was still cautious and modest, not an ideal fit for the current situation. She tagged along behind her, walking modestly and occasionally covering her crotch instinctively, before remembering that she isn't actually ashamed and is just psychologically stuck in old habits. There was no need to cover it, no need at all. In fact, since this walk will take a few minutes, why not pass the time by fingering herself on the way? She stuck her fingers in and rubbed the inside flesh around to keep herself entertained. Not enough to climax, just to feel good. This method of walking was perfect for shifting one's focus away from existential dread, at least for a little bit.

Eventually they reached the group; it was 3 guys and 2 girls, all naked just like them. They were having sex on a giant bed in the middle of the street, which God had conjured for them as the golden pavement was too hard to lay upon. When they saw the duo, one of the guys motioned for them to come over. “Yo, check out these babes!” he said.

“You 2 looking for some fun?” the other asked.

Zoey did not hesitate. “Why yes, in fact we are. Wanna feel up my hole, hot stuff?”

“Woah, you're a brave one aren't ya?” His eyes turned to Pandora. “And what about you sweetheart, you want your hole filled too?”

Pandora nodded. She was horny and craving a dick. Because why not have sex when there's nothing better to do? Is there really anything better than sex anyway? No, no there isn't, so let's go ahead and do that.

Pandora and Zoey joined the group, increasing the fivesome into a sevensome. Now there were 4 girls and only 3 guys; to compensate, one guy turned his nose into a penis for Jenny to ride, and was able to both penetrate her and eat her out at the same time.

“What? You can do that?” Zoey asked.

The pussy-muffled man responded with something like “Mmfghm.”

“I wanna try that! Here, stick it in me.” Jenny got off, then got off for Zoey to get on to get off. Zoey spread her lips and descended upon the man's face, his nose-cock piercing her girl hole and tongue flicking her clit; it's 2 types of sex in one! Zoey moaned in pleasure, feeling overwhelmed by the double sensation. Meanwhile Pandora was making an ahegao face while riding his

normal crotch-centered prick. The whole group enjoyed their mini-orgy for about an hour, and Pandora finally understood what it was like to be a dog. Woof woof!

Afterward, Pandora and Zoey parted to resume their tour of the city. And though Pandora did feel good from the encounter, it still didn't quite satisfy her deeper inner longing. The hole in her crotch may have been filled, but not the one in her heart. What she really wanted was someone close to her, someone whom she could have all to herself, someone to know and love and play with and cuddle with and live with every single day. But none of those guys fit the bill for that, they were just a fun little romp. Pandora would have to explore a lot more to find her true soulmate. If only she had a little.....

Anyway, as they were walking, one particularly majestic sight caught their attention: a ginormous, glowing rainbow tree shimmering in the distance.

"Woah, is that what I think it is?"

"I think so. But it's so far away; it'll take an hour to get there."

"Not if we do this!" Zoey braced herself, then jumped up, and instead of falling back down, remained levitating effortlessly in midair.

"Woah, how do you do that?"

"It's just the standard jump and float method. Try it!"

Pandora imitated her, jumping into the air but not coming back down. A strange feeling emanated from within her body. The sensation of gravity had ceased: zero-G. Up til now there was not a moment in Pandora's life where her body wasn't touching the ground or being supported by some kind of solid matter. But now there was nothing but air, no forces pressing against her at all.

"I'm- I'm floating!"

"Yeah you are, now let's go already! I wanna see it." And so the 2 began their planeless flight. This too was new, as Pandora felt the wind blowing against her entire body in addition to her weightlessness. It took about 4 minutes to fly all the way to the tree, and as they got closer, its brilliance only became more detailed. The tree's leaves radiated with every color of the rainbow, and even every color *not* part of the rainbow, such as infrared and ultraviolet. And the fruit which grew from it followed the same pattern; it's shape and size were somewhere between that of a peach and an apple, and appeared as a spectrum of color from low frequency at the bottom to high frequency at the top. Although for each month it grew a different kind of fruit, this month's variant was known as the "prism fruit." Other months yielded alternative fruits with different tastes, textures, colors and patterns. Some had already created nicknames such as "psychedelifruit" and "kaleidonana." Though prism fruit was the official title.

The 2 floated down to the ground before the tree, looking up and admiring its massive stature among the hundreds of others also present. Here it was: the Tree of Life. The tree from which, if Pandora should eat the fruit thereof, would inherit true immortality and never die. Once you take it there is no going back; no possibility of becoming mortal ever again as the fruit contains supernatural biological DNA nanotech to reprogram cells to halt the death process. Zoey's mind was made up; she had already died once and had no intention of repeating the experience. She confidently walked up to the tree and

reached out to grab a fruit.

"Wow, so pretty! I wonder what it tastes like." Zoey took a bite, and made a face that looked just like an orgasm. "Mmmmm, ohhh, so good."

"How is it?" Pandora asked curiously.

"Like a mango but way better."

Huh, that's a bit of a strange comparison, but also probably accurate. After all everyone knows that mangos are the most delicious of all fruits. Zoey reached out and grabbed another one, handing it to Pandora.

"Here, try it!"

Pandora accepted the fruit. She held it in her hand, examining all its properties. Even at arm's length she could still smell it, and indeed it smelt exquisite. Pandora would have liked nothing more than to just take a bite and be done with it, obtaining true irrevocable immortality. However there was just one problem: she couldn't bring herself to eat it. When she tried bringing the fruit to her mouth, her hands started shaking uncontrollably and would not come closer. What.... what is this sensation? Does her body not want it? She then tried a workaround by dropping the fruit straight into her mouth. But when positioned above her head, her hand just refused to let go. And she tried all sorts of other methods: tossing it from afar, eating it straight off the ground, having Zoey shove it in her face, etc. But each time the fruit got within a foot of her mouth, it was as if some invisible barrier showed up to block the way. Taking a bite was simply impossible. Why? What on New Earth was happening?

"Are you just messing with me?" Zoey asked.

"No, I'm not. I really really want to eat it. I don't get why it just....."

"Hmm, maybe we should call Jesus? He might know what's up."

"Yeah, good idea. Let's call him."

Zoey prayed a quick prayer, and within 10 seconds, they saw Jesus descending from the sky straight to their location.

"Hello my sisters, what ever is the matter?"

"Um, well.... it's this dumb fruit. It just won't go in my mouth no matter what I try!"

Jesus paused for a bit, as if in deep thought. **"You mean, the fruit itself is resisting you?"**

"Yeah, that's exactly it. Do you know what the problem is?"

A grim expression grew across his face. **"Yes..... I know what it is."** Again a long, thoughtful pause, this time over 20 seconds of silence.

"Well, what is it?"

Jesus took a deep breath, steeling himself to deliver the news. **"Well, I can explain it, but first I must tell a bit of backstory. You see, the Tree of Life is no ordinary tree. It is connected directly to the the father, and possesses a sort of "consciousness" of its own. It can detect a person's true spirit, and discern whether that individual truly desires to have eternal life or not."**

"Okay, so.... are you saying that I *don't* really want eternal life?"

"I don't know, do you?"

"Umm, well yeah. Maybe....."

“Or sorry, what I meant is: do you have a reason?”

“A reason like what?”

“Your reason for living. If you have one, speak it aloud to the tree, and it shall grant you access.”

“Well that's easy. I want to..... I want to..... Um.....” Huh, Pandora had never really considered that. Such questions seemed like pointless thought experiments since she'd always believed life was finite, and so never took it seriously. But now that immortality is for sure possible..... what does she even want to do? What does she *really* want to exist for? As Pandora pondered, the others patiently waited in silence for her answer. She wracked her brain trying to think of a reason – any reason at all – yet in the end was not able to think of one.

“..... I see. So *that's* the problem.”

“What is?”

“**There is a rare spiritual condition which afflicts .1% of souls. It's called *conditional immortality,* and it's a particularly nasty disease. I believe you may have it, so as your great physician, it is my duty to inform you of its symptoms.”**

“Is there a cure?”

“There are multiple cures, but the best one is something only you can provide for yourself. Conditional Immortality is a fatal condition where the subject will only choose immortality if certain conditions are met. They have either a specific desire, or list of desires, and will only agree to immortality should those desires be fulfilled. Should it ever become apparent their desires are impossible, or that they shall never get what they want, they would immediately choose to die, as total nonexistence would be preferable to an eternity of disappointment. And among this group, there is a particular subset known as *aimless wanderers.* These are those who have no desires at all, or else are clueless as to what it is they want. They are a subset because the results are the same: in both cases, the subject is incapable of receiving what they want. The final stages of terminal CI manifests as total apathy, as there is no possible thing which the victim would ever truly want, therefore death is preferable. This is the wisdom of the Tree of Life; all who eat of it must have reasons to exist and potential for happiness.”

“Okay, so basically all I have to do is find something to live for, then I can live forever?”

“Yup, that's it.”

“But can't you like, see the future? Don't you know if I'll eat it?”

“Indeed, I do foresee that one day you shall eat of it. But I cannot tell what your reason will be; you must find it on your own accord. I will pray for you, that you may find your reason by the end of the millennium.”

And on that remark, the Messiah floated back up to Heaven. Pandora stood in deep thought, internalizing his words. Really? She can't eat it unless she finds something to live for? No, no! She doesn't want to die! All it is is just one little thing. *One* thing to live for, and she can eat it. Surely there's gotta be something..... A storm of thoughts kept whirling inside Pandora's mind, never

finding solid ground. Meanwhile Zoey kept rambling about stuff that eluded her perception. Seeing she wasn't responding, Zoey came up and grabbed hold of her shoulders, shaking her back and forth.

"Box girl! Are you in there?"

"Yeah yeah, I'm here."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"No....."

"Okay, let me restart. That Jesus dude said you can't live without a reason, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"So to find a reason to live, what better way than to use your special talent? You know, like your favorite hobby? "

"I don't have any hobbies. Or talents."

"Not even woodshop?"

"That was 8 years ago, I stopped liking it a long time ago."

"Okay, so that just means you gotta find a new one. Is there anything else you're good at?"

Pandora contemplated yet again, this time a little deeper. "I guess I'm pretty good at masturbating."

"Yes! That's a talent!"

"No it's not....."

"Yes, it is! Look it up online!"

Pandora obeyed and took out her phone, then opened the Spiritnet app. Zoey watched from behind as she typed. But instead of looking up her ridiculous suggestion, instead decided to search "How to find my talent." The top search result was a local advertisement, which Pandora tapped on:

Jerusalem's Got Talent! Come Show Yourself! 10/18/2028

"How about we go to this? We can see what talents other people have, maybe find something new there."

"Oh yeah, great idea!"

"Plus, I'm curious to see what other things this new body can do. Maybe they'll perform some crazy new things."

"Alright, it's a plan. But what else are we gonna do until then?"

"Let's just go sign up for now."

They embarked for the designated sign-up place, passing through the rest of the garden the Tree of Life was in. As they strolled through, they passed by a certain dead-looking tree sealed off and locked in a cage, with warning signs everywhere. A dark aura emanated from it: a pulsating black, purple and red energy force like dark fire enveloping the entire cage structure. Basically, every sign which could possibly indicate you do NOT want to eat from this hideous and scary thing. But Pandora felt a strange allure to it, as if beckoning her to come. Zoey's words began drowning out as her trance intensified, and she found herself slowly shuffling towards it. She heard a voice: Eat me.... eat me..... eat me..... She was almost to the gate when a hand grabbed her shoulder.

“Hey, are you okay?”

Pandora awakened from her stupor. “Uh, yeah? I'm fine.”

“You sure? It looked like you wanted to actually eat that nasty thing.”

Pandora glanced back at the tree. “No.... I don't.”

“Well come on then, let's get to that sign-up!”

The 2 departed from the disgusting tree. Though as they were leaving, Pandora could've sworn she glimpsed a little snake crawling around the outskirts, a singular serpent trying to slither in as though it were its entire life purpose. What was it doing? Eh, probably nothing.

They followed the GPS to the sign-up area, and came across a group of men and women sitting around, joking and drinking a smoothie of some kind. Zoey approached them and blurted out the first thing from her dead zombie brain. “Heya people, what's that there drink yer all drinkin'? It looks like cum!”

One man answered. “Aw this? We got it from that stand over yonder.” He pointed back. “It's a smoothie generator of some sort, that makes all kinds'a berry flavors; y'all two sexy ladies look thirsty for a good drinkin' I must say.”

“Oh you noticed? How does my body look?”

“As good a figure as I ever saw.

“Thanks! Anyway, my friend here and I are looking for the talent show sign-up. This the place? It looks kinda empty.”

“Yup, this is it. We're still just gatherin' participants, and an audience tuh show off tuh. Y'all interested in performin' live? Y'all can participate if ya like, or just come sit in' watch.”

“What kind of things can we perform?” Zoey asked.

“Anythin'!” the man exclaimed. “This ain't like the old world where ya gotta have a special talent for people to appreciate ya, we just wanna give ery'one a chance in the spotlight, to be the star ery'one loves and showers with praise.”

“Wow, that sounds so cool! I already know what I would perform; come on Pandora, let's go to it! When will this concert be?”

“Well, it ain't really no concert, but it'll start in 2 weeks, 12:00 sharp.”

“Perfect, we'll be there!” Zoey shouted in finality. Pandora nodded in agreement. Despite not saying anything, she actually did want to go and was happy about the arrangement.

“If y'all don't wanna wait the whole time, y'all can just use that booth over yonder to sleep til then.” He pointed to a building called *Gary's Graveyard.*

“That's a neat idea. Maybe we'll do that.” Pandora agreed,

“But first, we're gonna go get us some smoothies! Right friendo?”

Pandora nodded. With their plans all set, the duo headed for the smoothie stand. There was a dispenser with many buttons, one for each flavor, and a stack of cups on the side for filling (only supremely large giant size, cause who in their right mind would settle for anything less?). Clearly the proper thing to do was dispense the fluid into the cup. But Zoey had a different definition for proper, and positioned her mouth underneath to drink straight from the source. She set it to strawberry flavor, and the pink fluid gushed forth violently into her mouth as well as all over her face. It got into her eyes, but didn't hurt for obvious

reasons; all it did was give her milky vision for a while. While her vision and taste buds recovered, Pandora followed suit and drank a huge stream of smoothie in one go, blueberry flavor. Her body turned off the need for swallowing so it could all just pour in, inflating her stomach like a smoothie balloon. It tasted and felt soooo good, like a foodgasm induced by berry-flavored cum. Both of their cravings were satisfied, but it wouldn't feel right if they didn't use it the proper way, so they filled supremely large giant cups for the road, which floated behind them as they walked hands free. Also, they could've just drank this same thing straight from the river of life, but that idea had not crossed either of their minds yet. In this world where ideas were everything, unless you had the thought you could not receive the pleasure from it. What other pleasures have they not even begun to fathom? How long would it take to experience every single one? Would there even be an end to it? If only there were a book with lots of suggestions for things to try in Heaven, Pandora would've had an easier time coming up with stuff. Anyway, with bellies full of smoothie, now came the time to rest in peace.

"Pandora, snap out of it! Look at this place, it's sooo creepy!" Before them was *Gary's Graveyard*: a cemetery where people could go and lie down in graves to be buried. Each grave had a time marker on it; some specified a specific future date, and others had a countdown clock displayed, not on a screen, but the very stone matter of the tombstone itself reshaping to form the numbers. A giant sign out front provided instructions:

Gary's Graveyard

Welcome to Gary's Graveyard! Can't wait for something to happen? Eager to see the future? Just sleep the time away and be then instantly! Here's how it works:

1. *Select the time and date you wish to wake up.*
2. *Lay down inside and fall asleep.*
3. *Wake up at the time specified.*
4. *Enjoy the future!*

"Ha, figures you would like this place, being a zombie and all. Home sweet home, am I right?"

"Aghh, stop it!"

Pandora smirked. "And this time you'll at least have some company."

"The best company an undead freak could ask for. Alright, now let's lay down and die!" The both of them found their own empty graves and laid down inside. Pandora thought about the time she would wake up: October 18, 2028 at 11:50 PM, and the casket automatically closed on her, blanketing her in the covers of darkness. Being buried alive was a fear she had many nightmares about before, but this was actually quite peaceful, like an isolation tank. If anything went wrong, she could just phase through the ground. She would wake up and go to the talent show with her best friend, and totally not get trapped inside forever. Right? RIGHT!?

Chapter 3.1

The Talent Show

After 2 weeks, Pandora resurrected and woke up to a shining and sunny Wednesday. Next to her, a zombie with bedhead hair was also crawling out of her grave, mindlessly grunting and craving flesh.

“Ughh, I'm hungry. Need sausage. Now. Ughhhh.”

“No time to eat Zombey, we gotta go now!”

“Ughhh, just a few more minutes.”

If that happened they would be late, so Pandora prayed she would be raised from the grave. “Dear God, can you please wake Zoey up? Amen.” And just like that the zombie sprung up and burst into a spontaneous dancing craze. Because when the dead come to life, they will dance.

“What are you doing Pandora? We gotta go now!” She then began sprinting down the street toward the location, where a large crowd of people had gathered. Oh, and Pandora followed her too, not running out of breath or getting tired because that was also a thing this new body didn't suffer from. Once they reached the crowd of people, they weaved their way toward the center to see what was going on. The host dude with the southern accent was setting up a microphone, looking just about finished. Pandora conjured a chair with her mind and sat in it, inspiring Zoey to do the same. They also conjured some soda and popcorn to consume while waiting. After 2 minutes and 12 seconds, at precisely 12:00 PM, the man finally started his announcements.

“Good mornoon y'all, and welcome tuh whatever the heckling heckler heck thing this is gonna be! Seems we gathered a total of 25 people, that oughtta be enough. Righty then, who wants tuh come up here and do somethin'?” Everyone in the audience raised their hand. “Wow, all of ya huh? Looks like we're gun' need a sys'em of choosin'! Righty then, let's try this: Father, please give ery'one a number, amen.” Instantly a scrap of paper with a number appeared in Pandora's hand, reading number 24. Zoey got number 5.

“Aw man, why do I have to be so far back? And you, what the – how did you get so lucky?”

“Zombies first!”

The founder man resumed his speech. “Now that y'all have numbers, let's git this show rollin'! Come on up number 1!” He then exited the stage, and a Mexican dude replaced him.

“Hola! Hoy me convertiré en un afroamericano!” And just like that, his skin color changed to dark black, and his appearance changed to reflect his new race. Everyone clapped for his bold display. “Gracias, gracias!” He left the stage and went on to enjoy his life as an african mexican.

Next up, the 2nd person came on stage: an old lady who appeared about the age of 84. She prayed aloud, “Lord, please make me young again.” And just like that, the wrinkles in her face, the varicose veins in her arms, the hunch in her back, the stiffness in her joints, and the whiteness of her hair all began to fade, transforming in real-time back to her younger teenage self. It was like a stop motion video in reverse. She then ran around doing cartwheels on stage, demonstrating the free-spirited and energetic nature of youthfulness, and the audience became further energized by the rejuvenating display.

Next the 3rd person came up: a man with a thick beard. He prayed something quietly to himself, and a big wooden dresser appeared. It looked to weigh about 300 lbs. Then the man reached out with one hand and picked it up, light as a feather, and threw it across the street like a baseball into a stranger's house, crashing through the walls and windows as heavy objects do. Then he picked up an entire 5,000 lb car and tossed it up into space, orbiting around Earth. The man had super strength, a powerful superpower; what a super display! Is it possible for Pandora to learn this power?

As each person got up and performed, a new philosophy of talent became apparent. All the activities which had previously been reserved for those with special talents and abilities, and which required many thousands of hours of dedication and hard work to hone, were now made blanketly available to nearly everyone. And even talents which were *not* previously possible were now available to everyone. This produced the effect of rendering the talented obsolete while elevating the mediocre up to their level. Now everyone was special.

Next the 4th person walked up, and Zoey tensed with excitement. A naked man with a circumcised penis spread his legs before the audience and swung it around for all to see. Then he said a prayer “God, please restore my foreskin,” and it instantly regrew out from the shaft. He then jerked it a bit, enjoying the new sensation he never got to in the previous life. Then he left, and the still-naked Zoey got up to take her turn.

She walked up on the stage, tits freely bouncing around. She turned to face the audience, holding her boobs up for them to see, and uttered an utterly udderly statement. “My big juicy tits are pent up with milk, they feel so full I'm afraid they're gonna burst. The milk needs to come out, but I don't like wasting precious resources, so would anyone here like to help me drink some?”

The crowd had cheered for every previous contestant, and the trend continued as they shouted “Yeah, give us your milk! We're thirsty!”

“Thirsty you say? Awww, don't worry, mommy will take care of you. Feel free to drink all you wish!” Zoey then squeezed around her nipples, and a flow of milk began streaming out from them, flowing throughout the air straight into the thirsty audience's gaping mouths. They drank her milk ravenously, savoring the taste and consistency. The taste of the fluid entered Pandora's knowledge too, along with the fulfillment of Isaiah 66:10-13. Once her milk

supply ran out, Zoey gave one last bow, then jiggled back down the steps with slightly lighter milk jugs. Then number 6 came up and made some remarks.

"Wow, that was the most refreshing milk I ever had. Thanks mommy! I hope I can make you proud!" He then transformed into a baby, fell to the floor, received applause from the crowd, and crawled off stage babbling something like "Bahabablablabaha! Aaaghgh!"

Each contestant got up on stage and performed their unique trick, showing off some of the cool new things possible with their new body. By number 21, the anticipation in Pandora's chest began to grow (not that old sense of nervous anxiety, just, anticipation, like positive excitement). Number 21 prayed for a movie theater to appear, and a giant building erected from the ground behind him, fully functional. "With this, now I can go watch all my favorite movies, and you can too!" He left for the theater, and some audience members followed. Only 2 more contestants left. Pandora could feel her time approaching; her turn was near, and she knew exactly what she wanted to do, though perhaps it was a bit too lewd, and people might think her strange for doing it. Masturbating on stage was quite a daring idea, but Zoey had already done something lewd and was applauded, so it shouldn't be that big a deal; perhaps they would cheer for her as well? She'll never know unless she tries!

Next something unexpected happened: Contestants 22 and 23 stood up at once and walked on stage together! They stood still briefly, then reached out to touch each other's fingers, and a strange distortion effect enveloped their hands. The effect dissipated, revealing their hands had merged into one! They then walked into each other and merged fully, becoming a singular conjoined body of flesh. The audience clapped for them/ him, and the 2 headed, 3 legged bodily mass bowed before walking off stage. Alright, next up is Pandora!

Box girl got up and walked on stage, still completely naked and super horny. It was time: she was going to open herself to the world. Her body quaked up the stairs, each shaking step a foreshock of the main convulsion. Pandora got on stage, grabbed a chair and put it behind her, turned towards the audience, and spread her legs wide for all to see. Her gaping pink curtain parted in half, revealing a dark flesh hole of folding skin which the audience stared into with fascination. They were watching, oh yes, they were watching her hole with great interest, eager to witness an arousing performance. Pandora sat there for a good minute, acclimating to the situation. One audience member was impatient and shouted, "Yo girl, are you gonna finger that pussy or what?"

Another person also piped up. "Yeah, we wanna see you feel good!" And before she knew it, the entire audience was shouting a bunch of requests, each one encouraging and lewd in its own way, ending up in a single unanimous chant: "Rub that pussy! Rub that pussy! Rub that pussy!" The crowd cheered for Pandora like a sports team – the new sport of live masturbation – and she was the fan favorite.

Pandora inserted her fingers, stirring the inside of her wet female crotch hole. Around and around, in and out, the motion of her fingers stimulated her sensitive area while the crowd watched and cheered: her devout subjects, all worshiping this beautiful goddess as she performed her holy ritual. The feelings

buzzing around Pandora's soma were intense, a combination of normal arousal combined with imagining the audience's perspective of her. Her position must look quite lewd from their view. Everyone was counting on her to put on a good show, and disappointing them was not an option; sexual performance is serious business! Pandora continued stimulating herself, moving her fingers in and out, rubbing her clit, stretching her labia, and everything else involved in pleasuring a female body. The feeling of pleasure grew and grew, becoming increasingly intense as the sensation overloaded her body and mind. Just a little more until she would cum. Almost there.... reaching the edge..... and then.... climax! Pandora's body shuddered and convulsed with waves of pleasure, the feeling amplified by the crowd's love being showered upon her as they cheered her on. She knew them, even as she was known, for they saw her as she truly was. Pandora knew she was loved by all. Yes, loved, just like the feeling flowing through her body. The very concept of love itself was manifesting as a physical sensation, and Pandora wished it would never end. But after a minute of calming down, the time came for her exit to make way for the final contestant. She sat back down next to Zoey, excited for feedback on her performance.

"So, how'd I do?"

"OMG, you looked sooo adorable, everyone loved it!" Those words meant the world to Pandora. At last she had finally found her special talent. Not everyone could look so cute whilst engaged in the act of self-love, but she could. Pandora felt proud.

"Think we should sign up for the next show too?"

"That'd be great, but I have an idea: you should find a partner! That way next talent show you can have sex on stage! Having a partner is better than being alone."

Huh, that's actually a pretty good idea. Now that she mentioned it, Pandora felt a certain hole in her being. Not the kind meant for sex, but for the person who could give it; she desired a lover, someone who could love her and live together, always there by her side throughout all of life's experiences. Her romantic partner, her soulmate, her other half, someone who would truly understand her and accept her for who she is. The only question is.... who? Who could fulfill that role in her life? If only there was someone close to her, someone who knew everything about her, someone who accepted her just the way she was. Someone who loved her with all their being.

Hmm, wait, don't tell me! Could it perhaps be... Zoey? Nah, that wouldn't work out. Everyone knows that a romantic partner must be the opposite sex from your original sex. Gender bending only changes the body, not the mind. Even if Zoey became a guy physically, she would still be "a girl in a guy's body" mentally, not truly a male in spirit. If it were possible to change the original mental sex then everything would be fine. But that moment was defined at conception, set in stone. Even time travel could not change it, as it would still be chronologically forward in the mind's continuity. In that case, the only way to change it would be to.....

To fill this void in her heart, Pandora had the epiphany to ask God for a love interest. Every other wish so far was granted, so surely God could make

someone fall for her. She went to the nearest Jesus Terminal to put in a request for a love interest. “Hey Jesus, I want a lover. Can you gimme one now?”

An answer appeared on screen: “Build-a-Lover. 487 Requited Blvd. Open 24 hours.” Perfect! Let's head there now! The duo headed to the institution of lover making. There was nobody at the desk, because of course nobody works anymore. The lover designer machine was just sitting there waiting for its customer. Pandora approached it and examined the screen. There was a list of customization settings, which Pandora filled out according to her preferences. There was additional space to add any custom options she wanted, and also a face customizer to shape his appearance to anything she desired. After 3 minutes of careful consideration, the face and list were complete:

```
Name: ???
Sex: Male
Age: 25
Height: 73"
Weight: 171 lbs
Race: White (British)
Attractiveness: 10/10
Body: Thin but muscular
Hair: Medium wavy black
Birth Location: England
Income: $999,999,999
Siblings: 2 brothers
Parents: Orphan
Relationship: Single
Children: None
Friends: 1
Personality: Reclusive but confident and eloquent
eccentric genius with romantic ideals.
Religion: Doesn't matter
Student: No
Profession: Detective/ Spy
Health problems: Lovesick
Biggest fear: Disappointing his woman.
Likes: Science, sex, love, spending time with his
woman, RPGs and simulator games.
Dislikes: Being apart from his lover.
Dom or sub: Dom
```

Defining the parameters of one's new love interest was something Pandora had never done before, and it made her feel more than a little weird. Then again the first time doing anything new usually feels weird, but something was *definitely* not right about it, like implanting Frankenstein's monster with the biggest dicked corpse you could find. Pandora's request was unashamedly creepy. But if it's all for the sake of true love then who cares? Does it really matter? The only reason it would be wrong would be if the *end result* somehow negatively affected

someone, which shouldn't happen from this. Plus this would be a glorified man with a perfect life in a perfect world; tragedies in this world were literally impossible, and nothing ever went wrong, ever. So what could possibly....

"Hello Pandora. I've been meaning to.... that is to say, I would like to.... I was wondering if you....."

Pandora whipped her around to see what stranger had mentioned her name. There he was: the creation which she herself had designed. He was even more attractive in person, and his nervous stuttering was kinda cute. But something about him also seemed fabricated, like a Ken doll. Was this even a real human being, or an entire newly-generated entity God materialized just for her? Did he exist beforehand? If not, where did he come from? An eerie feeling came upon Pandora, like she had just done a crime against nature. This guy, this *thing,* was madly in love with her, and now she had to deal with it. That is unless he came with a warranty. Did he? No idea.

"Ummm, hi! Who are–"

"Okay, I'm just gonna lay it all on the table. I've been wanting to tell you for the longest time, but... I LOVE YOU! I love you so much like you wouldn't believe! Every day all my thoughts day and night are about you and spending time together and having a family with our twin children named Don and Dawn and cuddling and playing and working and watching movies together and cooking delicious meals 10 times a day in our giant isolated Swiss alps mansion on the mountain top viewing all the beautiful valleys below. Please go out with me!"

Okay, now Pandora was officially regretting her decision. No no no, this is NOT the correct way to build a relationship! It has to be done the right way! First you're supposed to meet a total stranger, then you spend time with them, realize you like each other, develop chemistry together, then start dating, then eventually get married and live together. THAT'S how love works. Or at least, that's how it *used* to work. It could be totally different now, I don't know. All I know is that *this* it NOT gonna work! Pandora turned back to the screen and hit the CANCEL button. Instantly the guy shut up, and looked around all confused.

"Huh? What happened? Did everyone leave all at once?"

Pandora had no time to answer, for she and Zoey bolted out of the room before he could complain. They ran as far away as possible, several blocks before stopping. "Dude, what the Hel was THAT?" Zoey said.

"A lover?"

"Yeah, ya *think?*"

"Or a mistake. I'm starting to think I maybe don't need one."

"Maybe you just gave it bad parameters. Let's try something else."

"NO! No, no thank you. I'm good now."

"You sure?"

"I'm..... yes."

"Great! Now then, where to next?"

"I don't know. I kinda just wanna go home."

"Your place or my place?"

Huh, Pandora hadn't considered that. “You have a place?”

“Yeah yeah, of course!”

“Is it bigger than mine?”

Zoey hesitated. “It's..... pretty big.”

“I don't actually care about the size. Let's go! I wanna see it.”

“Okay, follow me.” Zoey led the way, the both of them floating through the city. Pandora admired the views along the way, but Zoey seemed deep in thought about something. After 5 minutes of flying, they arrived at the edge of the yard. But once there, Zoey grew even more hesitant. Pandora started walking up to the house, but its supposed owner just stood frozen in place.

“What's wrong? Are we going in?”

“Ummm, well you see, it's complicated.”

Pandora chuckled. “Complicated? You mean you can't open a door?”

“No, not that. It's just..... this is my parents' house.”

“.....Oh.”

Pandora knew Zoey's parents very well. She had fond memories of them, how nice and accepting they were every time she came over. A great many meals were had at their house. She and Zoey would play games and work on schoolwork together there nearly every week. Once she even brought her first wooden box there and showed it off, and they too came to call her by the nickname. But never as an insult; that's how it came to be a term of endearment.

“The thing is, it's not that I don't want to see them. But I know for them I've been gone 8 years. So I'm not sure how they'll respond if I just show up randomly.....”

“Zoey! Are you kidding? They'll LOVE to see you!”

“You think so?”

“I KNOW so! You have no idea how devastated they were when you died. At your funeral, they were crying so loud I could barely hear the priest talk. Your dad was so distraught he threw up on the front aisle. Then after you were buried, your mom took me home and let me have some of your stuff. She just sat and grieved while I put stuff in boxes, saying I could take anything. She said..... she said she wanted to forget everything about you, because the pain was too much to think about.”

“Oh God, that's awful. What about you? Did you cry?”

“I did, but nowhere near as much as them.”

“Okay..... Then that means you'll have something to relate to them about. Maybe ease them into seeing me again.”

“Is that why you wanted me to come?”

“Yeah.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“I need you to go up first and knock. I'll hide around the corner, then you bring them around to see me.”

“What? No! You need to be there with me when they answer.”

“I can't. It's too much.”

“But if I do it alone, they won't–”

“Please?”

Pandora considered for a moment. “Okay fine, but you better be ready.”

“I'll never be ready.”

The 2 walked up the lawn towards the door. Somehow it seemed much bigger than before, perhaps because the size of the task had now grown a million times larger. Zoey stopped around the corner by the garage, and Pandora went up to the door alone. She took a deep breath and contemplated what she would say. She rang the bell.....

Sounds of movement stirred inside, and the muffled sound of a voice. Anxiety rose up in Pandora's chest. She wanted to run away, but her best friend was counting on her, so her feet stayed firmly planted. Then the door swung open, and Pandora saw the surprised face of her best friend's father for the first time in 8 years.

“P- Pandora?”

“Yeah.....”

“Pandora! What are you doing here?”

“Umm, well you see, there's something I need to show you. A present.”

“Yes, yes, come in! This is quite unexpected, but you're welcome here anytime!”

“No..... You need to come out here.”

“What?”

“Just come out here! The present is out here!”

Zoey's father instantly had a hunch of what this present might be. Without hesitation, he followed Pandora around the corner, with more fervor in his footsteps than ever before in his life. “Zoey?” He turned the corner, and standing right before his eyes was..... a bunch of empty space.

Pandora was equally surprised. “What? She's supposed to be right here!”

“Zoey? Zoey, where are you?”

No response.

“Come on Zoey, you promised!”

A small voice was heard from above. “I'm up here.”

Pandora and her father looked up, and sure enough, there was Zoey peeking out from behind the rooftop.

“Well what are you doing up there? Get down here!”

“I- I can't. I don't....”

Since she wouldn't come down, he went up. Without hesitation, he floated up onto the roof, picked her up, and hugged her tightly. At this point, Zoey's mom also came out. “Babe? What's going on? Is it a visitor?” She turned the corner and beheld the sight: Pandora standing there awkwardly, and her husband and undead daughter on the roof.

“Honey, she's back! She's alive again! We were so worried you were lost. We looked all over but couldn't find you, but now you're..... you're here!”

“Yeah, I guess I am, haha.”

“Oh baby, daddy's missed you so much,” he sobbed while hugging her tightly. Her mom also floated up to the roof, joining the group hug.

The next moments were filled with tears of relief and joy. Their baby

girl, their love, their pride, their joy, unjustly ripped from their lives, now restored. They hugged and cried for nearly 20 minutes, processing the return of their daughter while catching up on the past 8 years, telling how empty their lives and house felt after her death. Once their emotions calmed down, they went into the house to continue the reunion. Upon entering, both Pandora and Zoey immediately noticed something.

"Woah, what happened to the house?"

"The old one was burned up!"

"Oh yeah."

"We loved the old layout, but always wanted to expand it a bit. God must've known that, because this is the new one he made for us. I think it's much better than the old one. Do you like it?"

"I love it!"

"If you like this, wait til you see your new room. Come look!" Mom escorted them to Zoey's new room, excited to finally show off the chambers they had proudly prepared. They arrived, and Zoey found it already decorated similar to her old room. There was a bed, a dresser, a mirror, and a sick gaming desk setup with dual monitors and powerful bass-boosted speakers; even better than what Zoey had before. She turned on the computer and messed around with it for a few minutes, testing out a couple basic things. It was even powerful enough to run Crysis 4. Zoey was grateful, but the whole situation still felt a bit strange. Mainly, why was all this already set up before they even got there?

"So..... you knew we would come here?"

Zoey's mom spoke. "We didn't know, but we did have a hunch. We thought it best to have ready just in case."

"So that means I can stay here?"

"Of course! This is your room now, do whatever you want with it!"

"Ehehe, okay I will. But first I'm..... kinda hungry."

"Me too." Pandora agreed. Their stomachs growled.

Zoey's dad answered. "We got pizza in the fridge. That sound good?"

"Yeah!" they agreed. And so they all went to the kitchen and baked the pizza, continuing to catch up on everything that happened. While waiting for the oven, Zoey came up with a rather special question:

"So, what was my funeral like?"

Zoey's dad paused to think. "Um, let's see, it was..... sad. Nothing but sadness, despair, and darkness. Like most other funerals."

"Were there flowers on my casket?"

"Yes, beautiful white orchids and lilies."

"What about on my grave?"

"We..... we never went back after the funeral. It was too painful."

While recounting the events, a memory surfaced in Pandora's mind. "Oh! Hey guys, I just remembered something." She took out her phone and opened the photos app. "Check this out. I took this picture way back then." Everyone drew near to view the photo. It was a picture of Zoey's lifeless, pale, rotting, embalmed corpse, with eyes closed and hands over her chest.

Zoey's parents looked at it in morbid shock, reliving the trauma.

Meanwhile Zoey herself was fascinated. “No way, you took a picture of my dead body? That's gnarly.”

“I uh.... wanted to keep the memory.”

Zoey's dad cleared his throat and spoke, trying to change the subject. “So girls, what have you been up to? Why'd it take you 2 weeks to finally come here?”

Zoey gave a recap. “We've done a few things. On the first day we had ultraviolet sex with each other, then went to get some ice cream, then we walked around naked and had an orgy with a group of strangers. Then we went to the Tree of Life, and I ate the fruit. But Pandora-”

“Oh? You already went and ate it?”

“Yep!” Zoey said proudly.

“That's great, honey! We just went there 6 days ago, so that means, now we're all immortal! Death separated us all once before, but never again.”

Mom interjected. “Yes, that's right! You girls' friendship was cut short. Pandora was so depressed after you died, we let her have most of your stuff. Pandora, do you still have it?”

Box girl shook her head. “I think it was all burned up in the fire.”

“Ah shoot. Well, I guess it doesn't matter. Zoey's back, that's the important thing. And now you'll both live forever! What do you 2 plan to do?”

“Well, that's the thing. It's true that I'm now immortal, but uh.....while we were there, something else happened.”

“Oh, yes, sorry for interrupting. Keep going.”

“I managed to eat the fruit, but when Pandora tried to eat it..... it just wouldn't happen. Like, the fruit resisted going into her mouth. So we asked Jesus what was up, and he said she needs to find something to live for before coming back. So it was only me who ate it.”

“What? Pandora, why didn't you eat it? Do you not want to live?”

“I DO want to live. The tree just thought I didn't. It's a bunch of crap.”

“Well then, let's try and brainstorm. What things are there to live for?”

“Pizza's worth it!” Zoey's dad blurted.

“I think we need something more important than that.”

“What about love? Or family? Pandora, have you visited your family?”

She shook her head. “Actually no. I don't even know where they are.”

“You don't? Well shoot, there's your problem! Family is essential to have a meaningful life. I bet if you found them that tree would deliver its fruit straight to your door.”

Pandora's eyes sunk, and some painful memories returned. All that sounded good in theory, but they didn't know what her parents were really like. She hadn't even thought about them in so long. The way they treated her growing up, all she wanted was to shove them out of her memory forever. The problem was the way they treated her. Her dad was a severely addicted alcoholic, and while he had never mistreated her when sober, often lashed out when drunk. He would barge into her room and shout all sorts of mean things, throw things at her and beat her. Then when sober again, he didn't even remember it, and after being scolded, broke down in tears and apologized,

saying he never meant any of it.

As for her mother, she too didn't treat her very well, but more through neglect than outright abuse. She worked 8 hours a day, and was often stressed after getting home, only to have to deal with her drunk husband. She basically pushed Pandora away as much as possible, only doing the bare minimum parenting such as cooking dinner. Even then, they never ate as a family; Pandora would only sneak into the kitchen to get food while her parents were in their rooms, and take it back to eat in solitude. There was no love in her house, only apathy and fear. She moved out the first opportunity she could afford to live on her own. And honestly, given all their horrible sins, they were probably lost forever anyway. Just another reason to forget them as much as possible.

"I don't..... think they're even here." Pandora mumbled. Her somber tone dampened the mood.

"You mean they were lost? Are you sure?"

"Not 100% but, it's highly likely."

Zoey was also sad. "Awww, but if your parents are gone, we won't be able to have sleepovers at their house anymore."

"Yeah, well, I guess that just sucks then. What do you want me to do about it?"

"Well, for starters we don't even know for sure they're lost. Maybe we can ask Jesus where they are?"

"I don't feel like talking to Jesus again."

"But he would know!"

Zoey's mom interjected. "Hey, girls? We have a Jesus terminal back in the guest room. If you're not feeling it face to face, why not try messaging him there?"

Pandora thought this to be a good idea; at least she wouldn't have to deal with his talking. She agreed and went to the terminal. Zoey lurked behind as she typed on screen: "Where are my parents?" For the response, the terminal opened up an app called "Person Locator," which had a search bar at the top. Pandora typed in her mother's name and clicked search. Now the moment of truth: the locator zoomed in on a place deep underground, over 600 miles below New Earth's surface. And labeled above it was a name that shuddered Pandora with dread the moment she read it:

Hell L.....

"Welp, that's it then. I knew it."

"Oh, **** man. I'm so sorry." Zoey said.

Pandora exited out of the app and left the room, and Zoey followed. They went back to the kitchen where her parents were.

"So? Did you find them?" Zoey's mom asked.

"Sure, we found them alright. If by finding out they're lost somehow counts as being found."

Zoey's mom gasped. "Oh, so they're gone after all? That's awful!"

Pandora scratched her neck. "Its..... not that bad actually. I mean, I

never really cared for them anyway."

"Oh, you didn't?"

"Not really. Well, I mean I *used to.* Things were fine right up until graduation. But after that, things just....."

"Didn't go well?"

"Yeah. Didn't go well."

"Do you feel sad over it?" Zoey's dad joined in.

"Eh, I wouldn't say *sad.* More like..... I dunno. I don't think I'd be happy even if they were saved."

"Hmmm, well you know..... If you'd rather move past it all, you could just delete all your memories of them."

Pandora looked at him. "Wait, you can delete memories?"

"Sure can. Anything that's bothering you, you can just forget about it. I think it's a pretty merciful feature of this new mind. Just sayin', if you ever feel like there's-"

"I'll do it."

"Oh you will?"

"Yeah, I'll do it here and now. The sooner they're gone, the better."

"Well alright then, let's watch and see what happens!"

Pandora stepped back and took a deep breath. Here it is, the moment where she finally forgets all her past traumas. She closed her eyes and began praying. "God..... if you're..... if you're there, I have one request. It's about my parents. I want to..... forget about them. Like, literally everything. Their names, their faces, all the activities we did together..... basically, I just don't want to know anything that would make me sad anymore. So please, wipe my mind of all of it."

A strange feeling aroused within Pandora's brain, as God systematically scrubbed every neuron connection she had requested. The wistful memories of her beloved progenitors were erased one by one, until there were none left. The whole process took about 10 seconds, after which Pandora remained standing, staring blankly into space.

Zoey was concerned. "Uh..... Pandora? You okay? Hello?"

"Huh? Oh, yes. I'm fine."

Zoey sighed in relief. "Phew, that's good. For a second I thought you were a goner. Do you still remember them?"

"Ummm, remember who?"

"Nothing! Never mind."

For Zoey, things only seemed mildly amusing. But for Pandora, it was like she never had any parents at all. Parents? What are those? God spawned me out of thin air, just like Adam and everyone else! People aren't born from other people, how could anyone be gullible enough to fall for that?

Zoey was greatly pleased her best friend was made happier; perhaps now they could enjoy some gaming together without this parental melodrama crap. "Hey box girl, how about we head to my room and play some games?"

"Yeah! Let's play some Mario Kart!"

The 2 went back to Zoey's room, where she pulled out her Nintendo

Switch and Mario Kart 8. Both of them kept playing, over and over again, race after race, although it had been 7 years since Pandora had played the game. Meanwhile for Zoey it was less than a month, so her skills were sharper. She ended up winning about 90% of the races. Eventually they went online and competed with others, where Zoey's win rate dropped to a measly 10%.

"Ha! Take that Zombey!"

After several hours of playing, Zoey's mom knocked on the door.

"Yeah?"

She entered the room. "Well well, looks like someone's having fun!"

"Argh, Zoey keeps beating me!" Pandora said. Zoey's mom watched and waited til their game was over, then spoke.

"Okay, so, girls? I have a suggestion. Mind if I tell you?"

"Yeah, what is it?"

"I've been thinking..... Would you like to go back to school together?"

Zoey turned around. "Huh? School?"

While they were conversing, Zoey's dad also entered the room, sitting on Zoey's bed. "That's right. You two had so much fun together, I think it'd be good for you to return. Except this time, Zoey can finally have her graduation! You 2 can walk up the graduation isle together!"

Pandora was a little perplexed. "Hang on. You mean there are still schools in Heaven?"

"Well yeah, of course there is! Where else would all the new children go during the day?" Zoey's mom hypothesized. Indeed, the sudden lifestyle upheaval for those still in school was a shock, so they decided to continue attending in Paradise. Already many schools had been erected for continuity of daily schedule, and others to test out new, experimental subjects.

Zoey's dad also had some input to give. "I hear lots of people like going just for fun. They say it's for the 'complete school experience,' a chance to re-enact the Old World's school setting as a much better version. Since it's free for everyone, and the grading scale isn't strictly enforced like it used to be, now it's pretty much just all the fun stuff without the bad stuff."

Pandora contemplated. "Huh, that does sound kinda fun. Zoey, what do you think?"

"I'd love it! Where do we go to enroll?"

"I heard a new school just opened up a few days ago, in a little experimental suburb area about 150 miles from here. It's a high school type school, not middle or elementary."

"Or college!" Zoey's dad added.

"Right. I also think it said classes starting next week. That's just 3 days from now, so if you want it, y'all better go there soon."

Zoey threw her controller down and stood up. "Sounds like we better get on it then! Let's go enroll there, right now!"

The School

After the long 150 mile drive which Zoey traversed in under 10 minutes with her Ferrari, they arrived. Pandora and Zoey straddled up the stairs and opened the glass doors to the front office, which was completely empty save for one person. Seated in a chair behind the desk was a middle-aged woman, complete with glasses and bunned-up brunette hair. A name tag rested on her desk: Priscilla. Upon seeing the 2 enter, she glanced their direction.

"Hello, is this where to enroll? My friend and I would like to attend this school."

The desk lady's expression lit up, and her jaw dropped in awe, as if the reason for her existence was finally justified. "You would? Really? YOU REALLY WANT TO ATTEND MY HUMBLE LEARNING INSITUTION!? WHY OF COURSE YOU'RE WELCOME! PLEASE OH PLEASE ENROLL HERE! HERE'S THE PAPERWORK, HURRY AND FILL IT OUT! LEARNING IS FUN! YOU'LL BE SO HAPPY BEING HERE, I PROMISE, I PROMISE!"

Pandora backed away slowly. Oh great, an overly excited desk lady, she thought. But the words out of her mouth were quite different: "Yeah sure, we'll fill it out."

Pandora hated paperwork, and wished for nothing more than it to just magically fill itself out. God instantly filled it for her, and she handed it back. "Here's your stupid paperwork."

Overly excited desk lady accepted it. "Excellent! Welcome to Unbound High School! I am the school's headmaster, Priscilla. Classes begin in 3 days, see you then!"

The 2 exited the building, walking back down the steps. "Well that was easy." Pandora said.

"She seemed a bit eager, don't you think? Almost like a psychopath."

"I wouldn't worry about it, that's just how principals are. You pretty much have to be one to run a school."

"Ha! True dat! Anyway, what are we gonna do for the next 3 days?"

"Well for one thing, I think we should move closer to here. 150 miles is kinda far to drive every day."

Zoey thought for a moment. "I know! Let's conjure new houses here!"

"Right here? I'd rather not be *right* next to the school."

"Right. How about.... 6 miles from here?"

"Why 6?"

"I dunno, it just feels right!" And so they got back in the Ferrari and drove til they found an empty lot about 6 miles out. Pandora got out, then extended her hands outward as if trying to earthbend the grass. Magically a house emerged from the ground, an exact copy of the one she had back in the city. At last, a nice suburban home of her very own!

"Woah, cool house bro."

"Yeah yeah, I know. What about yours? Are you gonna build one too?"

"Nah, I'll just use the one at my parents. Since they set it up and all."

"Alright. Well, how about we just stay here for the day?"

“Yay! More games!”

With Pandora's new house all set up, they continued playing games for the next 3 days until school began. They went back and forth between houses several times, and also had more spicy best friend sex as both male and female. Then came the eve of school, where they decided to split up to prepare for the next day. Pandora got all her preparations in order, then lay in bed, nervously anticipating her first day of Heavenly school. After several hours, she drifted off to sleep, dreaming of the last day she and Zoey went to school together, and anticipating the redo of the days that were once lost.

Chapter 4

School

A brand new day, and a brand new mandatory place to be! Pandora didn't want to be late for her first day, so she set her body to wake up exactly one hour before, and her sleep setting to be instantly fully awake rather than the usual groggy with few minutes brain warm-up time. She grabbed her backpack and double-checked to make sure all her stuff was there. In the main compartment were pencils, pens, crayons, folders, a notebook, a binder, and her daily schedule with teacher names and classroom numbers. And in the secondary compartment was beer, wine, whiskey, tobacco, weed, cigarettes, LSD, cocaine, some birth control pills, a dildo, a gun, a switchblade, some firecrackers, a deck of playing cards, and some poker chips: everything a girl needs to get through the school day. Pandora took one last look through her schedule:

Monday

1. **Psychology..... _____**
2. **Drama.....TBD**
3. **Physics.....Michelle Porterson**
4. **History.....Tori**

Tuesday

5. **Reading.....Reed Wright**
6. **Art.....Tracy Drew**
7. **Gym.....Jim Glass**
8. **Anatomy.....Xavier Ray**

Wednesday

9. **Sex Ed.....Dildo Baggins**
10. **Music.....Kiara Keyes**
11. **Math.....Angela Angie Angles the Angel**
12. **Philosophy.....Friedrich**

Thursday

13. **Literature.....Booker Wright**
14. **Languages.....Pablo Espanola**
15. **Chemistry.....Mr. Combustible**
16. **Engineering.....Sky Draper**

Friday

17. **Programming.....Cody Wright**
18. **Graphic Design.....Cody Drew**
19. **Cooking.....Patty Potts**
20. **Business.....Richie Stocks**

Once her backpack was in order, Pandora headed to the bathroom to freshen up, checking the mirror to make sure she looked presentable. But her hair was still a mess and she had no makeup on. Furthermore, she didn't even have any makeup *to* put on, as not only did the store not have any, but there was no store in existence at all. But that's no big deal, because Pandora simply asked aloud for God to change her appearance how she wanted, and instantly her hair and face matched her mental vision. She also had trouble deciding what to wear, so made a general request for "something that looks good," and her outfit transitioned from pajamas to slim jeans, a T-shirt with plaid jacket, and running shoes. Good enough for a first day impression (at least by her standards).

Just in time, the phone received a text message; Zoey was outside waiting for her. Now completely ready, Pandora headed out the door – not locking it as there was no need to fear intruders in this world – got in Zoey's Lamborghini, and left for school. Along the way, Zoey drove 400 mph the whole time, not stopping at red lights or stop signs, phasing through cars that otherwise would've crashed into, and managed to drive the whole 6 miles in under 1 minute. With a chauffeur like this, Pandora would have no excuse to be late for anything again. Zoey parked the car right in the middle of traffic, and the 2 got out, leaving the keys in the ignition for whomever wanted to take it for a spin. Carless, the duo headed toward the building, passing the large school sign in front displaying its noble name: Unbound High.

Inside of the school was.... well, it just looked like a plain old ordinary high school. There was an entryway, an office, a cafeteria, a gymnasium, hallways, classrooms, and other normal things. And most normal of all were the people: students of all shapes, sizes, sexes, races, and fashion styles rushing to their first hour class. Memories of her past time in high school came flooding back. Memories of her time with Zoey before she died, and also all the horrible things that happened back in old world high school. She thought the nightmare would never end until graduation, until she did and realized it just continued in different forms. She already finished high school years ago, why did she have to go back now? Of course, the first time was involuntary, but this time she was

here by choice and could drop out anytime. This world was not the same as the last; perhaps things would be different now. Pandora didn't even know where her class was, so it was urgent to find it quickly. And actually, now that she was here, and the full reality was beginning to sink in, Pandora suddenly wondered if she and Zoey would even have any classes together. It would really suck to not have the past rectified by this 2nd chance. “Hey Zoey, what's your first hour? Mine is Psychology.”

“Mine is Sex Ed. Amazing, right?”

“Guess that means we'll have to split up for now, huh?”

“Yupperoni, see ya later Panorama!” Zoey then sprinted away from her like a lion chasing a..... something fast. Pandora was left to find the psychology class on her own. Her paper indicated it was room 143, but there was no teacher name listed. Every other class had a name printed right by, but this one just said _____. Hmmm, how peculiar. Perhaps he didn't have a name? Or just a printing error? Regardless, Pandora needed to *find* the class first, and would presumably get answers then. She spent the next 15 minutes running around before finding it. It probably would have been easier to stop and ask a staff member where it was, but Pandora preferred to find it herself. And now that she did, it was time to take her seat and wait for the teacher to arrive. Pandora found a seat, set all her things down, and sat in silent anticipation for her psychological overlord to arrive. After a 5 minutes which seemed like 5.1 minutes, finally the bell rang to indicate the time had arrived.

The teacher walked into the room, went over to his desk, and rummaged through it while seemingly disregarding the class. The room was dead silent save for the sound of drawers opening and the rummaging of papers. After a good minute, he shouted, “Aha, there you are!” then moved to the front of the room. “Good morning class. Tell me, who here is curious to know my name?” About half the class raised their hands.

“What *is* a name? Why do we have names? Can we really say that this humanoid-shaped arrangement of molecules can rightfully be correlated with a particular sound, and that that sound best fits the collection of concepts that is that living entity? Does the name you have match who you are? What determines if your name is a good match? Is it that it matches your appearance? Your personality? Your role in life? Or simply because it sounds cool?”

The class sat in confused silence.

“If your name matches your personality, why can people of similar names have different personalities, and vice versa? What is personality? Why do different people have different personalities? Why do you have the personality that you do? Can this be changed? What personality would you prefer to have instead of the one you currently possess?”

“.....”

“I'll have you all know that I do have a name, and I also have a personality. But what if I told you that I chose both of them just 10 minutes ago, and that prior til then, I was a completely different person?”

The class's eyes lit up, slightly intrigued, but still loudly silent.

“Currently my name is Chuck. But if anyone thinks they have a better

name for me, please raise your hand."

Pandora felt the paper vibrate, and upon looking, the empty blank space was now filled in with Chuck. As she checked this, another student raised his hand. "Chuck rhymes with duck, so how about.... Psy-chuck!"

"Oooo, yes yes, that's brilliant! From now on, my name shall be Psychuck, and you all shall refer to me as Mr. Psychuck." Pandora's paper shifted again, and the name on the page transformed once more from Mr. Chuck to Mr. Psychuck.

"Alright, now that that's set up, I can finally show you all something else that's pretty cool. Did you know that in this world, not only can you change your own name whenever you want, but you can also change whether other people are *aware* of that change or not? It's pretty crazy, and takes some time to wrap your head around, but the best way to learn is through experience. I'll use myself as an example: As of right now, you all remember both my current name and previous name, correct?"

"Correct" the class said in unison.

The teacher pointed to a student. "You there, Carly Young – tell me, what is my current name, and what did it use to be?"

"Umm, it used to be Chuck, but now it's Psychuck. But – how do you know *my* name? You didn't even do roll call yet!"

"I'm getting to that. Class, have you heard of a thing called *Spirit Cloud?*" Everyone shook their heads in unison, except for 2 who apparently did know. Psychuck pointed to one of them. "Excellent. Daniel, can you please explain what spirit cloud is to the class?"

"Yes sir." Daniel stood up. "Spirit Cloud is basically like the internet, but for the human mind. It's a universal telepathic network; the collective knowledge of all human beings, allowing others to know the information without having to ask you directly. You never have to learn it, the information is just downloaded into your brain as if you already knew it for years. But you have to choose what gets uploaded. Like, you can change the settings to set up automatic downloads, or erase data to make others forget it."

"Very good. Continuing from that, even something as simple as a name can be erased from humanity's memory. To demonstrate: *now* can anyone tell me what my name is? Come on class, shout it out all at once!"

"Sigmund Fraud!"

"Correct, that is what my name is now, because I silently made a wish to change it in the Spirit Cloud. But what if I told you that mere moments ago my name was something completely different, and your memory has been altered to reflect what I want you to call me?"

The class's eyes lit up again, confused because his name had always been Sigmund Fraud; it had been written on Pandora's paper the entire time. What was he talking about?

"You wouldn't remember it, because the spirit cloud automatically updates your memory and deletes the old name from it. But the effects of the change would only be understood if there is a future point in time where the original memory is restored; therefore, once this class is over, the old memory

shall be combined with the current one, and you will have full knowledge. But anyway, enough of that; it's time to move to the 2nd part of today's lesson. Getting back to personality: in the old world, there were various systems psychologists invented to try categorizing different personality types. In the final century, the most popular of these were known as MBTI, Enneagram, and the Big Five. Each of these systems differed on their exact metrics and labels used, however, they all agreed on one thing which differentiated one personality from another: preferences. At the end of the day, the only real conclusion is that different people instinctively tend toward different things. But as for why that is the case, well, that is a question better suited for philosophy. And if I had to leave you all with one important message, it would be this: *Psychology is nothing, philosophy is everything.*"

Brayden piped up to stir the pot. "Which personality type is the best one?" he asked.

"That too would depend on my own preferences. Based on which one I am, I might pick another which has qualities that I lack. But if I were already that one, then I would be lacking the qualities of another. And as for whether or not any one quality is better than any other, that is a matter of opinion, and a question better suited for philosophy. As I said before: *Psychology is nothing, philosophy is everything.* However, I suppose that if you have some personal idea of which personality is best, why not choose it yourself?"

Suddenly five sliders appeared on each student's desk; one for each of the big five personality traits in the acronym OCEAN. But each side of the spectrum was also labeled with their approximate correlating MBTI labels, from J – P, N – S, I – E, T – F, and A – T. "You may adjust your own personality how you see fit. Alternatively, if there is a certain personality you have in mind, whether as a concept or inspired from another person – real or fictional – then you may automatically inherit that personality instead. Just be wary that if you take someone else's, there's a chance they'll inherit yours in exchange."

A light bulb turned on in Pandora's head. Does that mean she could become more confident? To exchange this demure personality for a more bold and carefree one? Could she become like Zoey? Now *that* would be something worth a try. Everything else Pandora wished for was granted to her, why not this too? She closed her eyes and envisioned how she wished to be, thinking of all the things that deep down had always wanted to do, but felt held back her whole life. She made the silent abstract wish, and then.....

Pandora suddenly felt a strong urge to call Sigmund out on something she had been silently thinking, which normally would keep to herself, but now could no longer stand letting the elephant keep trampling everyone in the room.

"Yo teacher, you keep saying that psychology is nothing compared to philosophy, but if that's the case, why are you here teaching psychology instead of it? Shouldn't you be a philosopher instead?"

"Ah, looks like someone's already done it. See here? This is the power of personality transformation! But regarding your question, miss, I must ask: do you mean it from a psychological perspective, or a philosophical one?"

"Ummm, the one that answers my question?"

“Hmmm, well you see, it's because I used to be a therapist in the Old World. I helped patients with their issues, spoke with them, gave suggestions, prescribed medication, and all that stuff. Many came to me broken, and left mended. And back then that was necessary, as people had struggles that couldn't just be wished away. But in this one where anyone can do anything they desire, there are no issues which require my assistance to fix, for God fixes them all. A therapist now would just be an unwarranted intrusion into a person's mental vicinity; hence the term if you add a space after the “the.” Psychology now serves no purpose other than an activity to explore for leisure. It is not necessary to understand human behavior for purposes of fixing their issues, or to make a living from; it only matters for testing out different permutations of life settings to explore different modes of living. But none is really better than any other; they are all just different. Psychology stated that one's mind and life were not measuring up to the ideal of “normalness”; those who were not normal were called “mentally ill.” Philosophy ponders what other ideals there may be, and which ones we should adopt. Creativity might very well be more valuable than sanity. All that matters is which life you wish to choose to explore, and *that* is rooted in the question of why people like to do different things. That's when it becomes philosophical territory, and psychology can go no further than that boundary. All we have is our own wills and experiences; we owe a great deal to Schopenhauer for this revelation.”

Suddenly the bell rang, and everyone got up to leave as quickly as possible. All this philo-psycho drivel was ruining their mood, so getting away quick was essential. Pandora also left, and the moment she stepped out the door, her memory returned. Wait.... what? His name was actually Psychuck? How did she forget that? Clearly this kook was not qualified to be a teacher (kinda like most other teachers, actually). Now she wished she could just forget the whole class entirely. “God, please get that awful lecture out of my head,” she prayed. God granted it, and now it was as if she never attended it at all (just like how most things in old school were useless and forgettable).

Pandora now thought it was time to go attend Psychology class. But wait, that doesn't seem right.... isn't it time for 2nd hour? She reached in her pocket for her phone, which vibrated just as she picked up; apparently it had automatically downloaded a new app without her permission! It's called “Memory Bank,” what's all this about? Pandora opened it up, and found a notebook-like list of empty spaces, except for the first 2 slots which were labeled “Psychology Class” and “Parents.” Upon tapping, it brought up another window showing the date and time of the memory, as well as the current status as being forgotten with an option to restore it. Wait, does this mean.... Pandora *did* attend Psychology class but then chose to forget it? Also she apparently forgot something about her parents? Must've been something bad enough to warrant it then. Pandora decided to keep it forgotten for now.

Anyway, it was time for the second first class of the day: *Drama.* What boring thing could *possibly* be great about that? Pandora reached the class, and before the entrance was a bucket of silver-striped sticks with a sign reading “*Pick and enter.*” Pandora randomly picked a stick then walked in to discover

Zoey already sitting down waiting. The first class of the day with her best friend? Cool! Perhaps this wouldn't be so bad after all. Pandora took a seat right next to her. “Yo what up Zombie! So, how did *your* first hour go?”

“It was sexy, I guess. What about yours?”

“Oh you know, boring psychological crap, apparently enough that I wanted to wipe it from my memory. I don't remember any of it now.”

“Wow, already? Only one hour in and you're already forgetting school.”

Indeed Zoey, school exists to be forgotten. “But check this out; I got a notification on my phone. Right here, it says there's a memory I forgot, and apparently I could restore it if I wanted to.”

“You still remember this morning though, right? Before the class?”

“Well yeah, you just drove us here in your Lamborghini. We got out and walked into the school about 5 minutes ago, then you ran off, and then I came here.”

“Umm, no.... we've been here for over an hour now. This is the 2nd class of the day. I just spent all last class masturbating for a group project, so I know it's been longer than 5 minutes. You sure playing with memories is a good idea?”

“Okay, fine.” Pandora tapped the button, and Psychology returned to her mind. “Oh! That's right. The teacher taught us about memory deletion and personality swapping, and I wished to make mine more like yours. But I think it may have swapped us instead.”

“Oh, really? Well that explains things.”

“Explains what?”

“Last hour I was in the middle of getting some guys to stick their fingers inside me, and it was really fun. But then out of nowhere I suddenly became self-conscious about it. Not like Old World ashamed, just like, you know, questioning if I should be giving myself up so easily.”

Pandora considered. “Yeah, that does sound more like me.”

“You just need to learn to be more confident!”

“But Zoey, the way that I am now.... it's so awesome! I don't feel held back, it's like I can do anything now!”

“Ha, given the way you were before, I can see how you might think that's a good thing, but trust me, there are downsides to it.”

“Like what?”

“You'll see.”

Suddenly, as if to interrupt their conversation, the bell rang. Why must it always be at perfectly timed cliffhanger moments like this? (Probably God's plan or fate, yeah that's it). Pandora took her seat on the opposite end and sat in silence, as did most of the class, expecting the teacher to arrive at any moment. Waiting..... waiting..... still nothing after 3 minutes. Then one student piped up: “Ummm, I think I'm supposed to be the teacher.”

The whole class turned toward her with expressions that said “huh?” expecting further elaboration.

“Those sticks we picked up at the door? Mine says teacher on it. I guess that means I'm supposed to teach you all something, but I'm not sure what.” After she spoke, a new bucket of sticks appeared on the teacher's desk, labeled

“drama subjects.” The female student-teacher walked over to it and skimmed through. “Let's see here.... apparently we got roleplay, history of acting, performance, emotion, history of directing, or character development. Which one do you all think I should teach?”

The class dissonantly muttered every option in unison, giving no clear answer.

“Alright, how about I just start with the first one – roleplay?”

Most of the class nodded. As a sign that the consensus was reached, a giant textbook fell from the ceiling for the student-teacher to read from, titled “Roleplay 4 Dummies.” The student-teacher used computer-brain mode to quickly read the whole thing, and now as a full-fledged expert in the field, was qualified to teach it; even her demeanor changed to reflect her new knowledge.

“Hello class, and good morning! My name is Theresa, and I'm currently playing the role of a teacher! I always wondered what it would be like to have this position, and now that I finally do, I'm excited to see where it goes! Today's topic is 'characterization.' Here's how it works: God has power to assign people different roles in life, who each function as unique characters in the overall dynamic of civilization – especially the ever-progressing *story* of civilization. We are all characters, and we each have our own role to play in the story. But whereas before you were stuck with the role you grew into, now your role in society can be changed on a whim! The role you have dictates the type of person you are in relation to the group dynamic. Each of you should have picked up a role stick on the way in here. This will assign you your role as a student in this school; now, please scratch off the silver strip from your stick to see which one you have. From henceforth on, your name means nothing, and you shall be known only as the stereotype you have chosen. Here is the complete list.” Theresa pulled up a powerpoint with the list of all student roles. It read:

Teacher: <u>Theresa</u>

1. *Class Clown.....Mark*
2. *The Sarcastic One.....Wyatt*
3. *Hyper One.....Olivia*
4. *Goth Chick.....Lola*
5. *Bully.....Axel*
6. *Quiet Kid.....Zoey*
7. *Football Star.....Brayden*
8. *Fat Guy.....Chris B. Creem*
9. *Cannibal Kid.....Damian*
10. *Punk Rebel.....Giovanni*
11. *The Sleeper.....Alice*
12. *The Always Absent One.....Brooke*
13. *Know-it-All.....Arthur*
14. *Cosplayer.....Aurora*
15. *Skater.....Chase*
16. *Drama Queen.....Dana*

17. *Failure Student.....Chance*
18. *Emo Girl.....Caitlyn*
19. *Historical Exchange Student.....James*
20. *Space Nerd.....Orion*
21. *Genius Prodigy.....Alfonso*
22. *Wallflower.....Paige*
23. *Trap.....Phoenix*
24. *The Girl Who Always Needs to Use the Bathroom.....Sarah*
25. *Teacher's Pet.....Samantha*
26. *Star Student.....Daniel*
27. *The Disillusioned One.....Pandora*

"Now that the roles have been assigned, let us commence the new dynamic! Oh lord God, crafter of stories and creator of characters, lend us your ear! Please take our identities and assign them anew; stir up a new story, forge a new path, alter our perceptions to initiate a new era!" Theresa raised her hands like a Goddess demonstrating the power of light bulbs, then bowed downward in a swift thrusting motion, and as she did so, a reality-shifting shockwave shook the room, changing the mindset of each student into their new roles.

"It is done. The roles have been assigned. It will take some time to fully grow into them, but let's test out this alpha build dynamic and see where things go. Lights, camera, action!" Theresa sprinted out the room to somewhere else (most likely the teacher's lounge), leaving the class to perform their own drama.

Samantha: No, teacher! Where did you go? Please don't leave me, I.... I don't know what to do without you!

Daniel: Great, how am I supposed to prove how good I am at school now?

Chance: I'll probably flunk anyway, so I should just drop out now.

Giovanni: Awesome, now we can go do whatever we want! See you punks later, I'm outta here!

Brayden: Yeah, I gotta go get some practice in today. Peace, yo.

Sarah: I need to use the bathroom.

Chris: Imma go get me some doughnuts.

Alfonso: I gotta go make some progress on my novel.

One by one, every student who wanted to leave, did. Since there was no real class, what was there to do here anyway? In the end, only 8 students remained (though Alice only stayed cause she was asleep). The other 7 were Pandora, Zoey, Axel, Lola, Aurora, Orion, and Prince James.

Chapter 4a

Drama

"Life's a play, and all the worlds a stage."

There Aurora was, just sitting there dressed up as Ryuko Matoi, reveling in her chance to cosplay a character she'd always been too embarrassed to try. A dedicated cosplayer in the Old World, she had outfits for over 100 characters which garnered a significant following on Instagram. And the trend continued into this world, the only difference being on Spiritgram instead. In this world, God did all the marketing, telepathically connecting her to those desiring to witness incredible cosplay. Also, not only did Aurora *dress* like the characters, she could *look* like them too; face, hair, body proportions and all. It was like a VR 3D model, or even 2D model but IRL. It's a bit trippy to witness in person, but somehow God applies some sort of real-time 2D shader over their body to give the classic 2D appearance. And through psychological alteration, it was even possible to adopt their personality and mannerisms, in effect becoming the character entirely. At long last, the ultimate dream of humanity has finally been achieved: waifus are now real!

However, Axel was not impressed. A few minutes ago he was a positive thinker with a gift for martial arts and meditation. But then he was assigned the role of bully. And since he is a bully, it is now his life mission to make fun of others for their interests. “How can people enjoy this crap?” he thought, as those types of thoughts were an integral factor for the bully role to be fulfilled. And not just thoughts, but the will to actually behave like one as well. Axel got up, walked over to Aurora, and slammed his hand on the desk.

“Oooh, check this out! Looks like we got a special little princess here! Do you enjoy playing dress-up? Or did your mom never teach you how to be a real woman?”

Aurora said nothing.

“Don't know how to talk either, huh? Useless! What a waste of time! And money too, how much did your parents have to pay for your silly little hobby? I bet their bank accounts are completely empty, they just don't have the guts to tell their special princess 'No' for once. And you're just like them, equally gutless and pathetic!”

Aurora still said nothing. However, James stood up and walked over.

"Thou art mistaken, Mr. Axel. God art the one who designeth her outfit, per her humble request. No longer hath she these so-called 'parents' thou speaketh of; God art her only father, as he art mine, and as he art thou's. Why must we siblings quarrel so?"

"Uhh, because it's my *role?* Hello? We're in school, and I'm supposed to be the bully? Yeah that's why."

"But still, even if it is thy role, must thou really follow it? Or canst thou chooseth not to?"

"Of course I can choose not to! Nobody tells me what to do, especially not you or God! I make my own decisions!"

James smirked. "And yet thou seemeth so perfectly willing to do what thou telleth *thyself* to do. How dishonorable."

"Alright, that's it!" Axel pulled back his fist to punch James, when an invisible force suddenly held him back. "What the – what's happening?"

It was Lola, the goth chick, who came over and stood between the two.

"Wait, punch me instead."

"Outta my way, freak!"

"I want to feel pain, please punch me."

"If that's what it takes!" Axel shouted as he pulled back his fist again, and this time smacked her in the face with so much force it knocked her down.

Lola lay on the ground, touching her face all over with her hand. "Why...."

"You like that, freak? Man, that felt good!" (Axel had always wanted to pop a loli with a jawbreaker).

Lola continued muttering to herself. "Pain..... pain..... pain.....why is there no more pain? Why..... pain....." Distressed at her lack of distress, she got back up on her feet, then pleaded with Axel again. "It didn't hurt, could you please try again? Harder this time."

"Oh don't act all tough, doll, it hurts and you know it."

Pandora chimed in. "It's true, you can't feel pain in this world. I tried all sorts of stuff before and didn't feel anything."

"Well girls are weak, so you probably can't even hit hard enough to make yourself hurt. Here's what a real blow feels like!" Axel punched Pandora in the face, knocking her down too. But of course, it wasn't painful for her either, and she instantly got back on her feet unscathed.

"See? Told ya. It really doesn't hurt at all."

"No way, you're just acting tough too. You dolls are really durable; I should take you to my place to play all day long."

"Ahem, I disagreeth." James suddenly lunged forward and punched Axel square in the face, causing him to stagger, before kicking him down to the ground like a pig. "Thou foul man of strife, for what purpose doth thou sow discord?" Axel got up and felt around his face, as if trying to detect a semblance of pain, only to find none. "See now? These lovely dames were uttering truth hitherto. Thou canst not feel suffering in this realm."

Pandora suddenly took high notice of the prince. Who was this

elegantly heroic man? Standing up to a bully, defending her honor, and getting revenge for her all at once? How brave, how noble, how..... romantic....

Axel didn't want to believe it, but now with firsthand experience, he was forced to conclude the same truth. “Alright fine, I'll admit it. But then.... if you can't feel pain, how am I supposed to make you all miserable?”

“Tis' a fruitless endeavor.”

Axel stared at the ground with a scowl, upset that he can't make people upset. He shook his head in disgust then stormed off, vowing to find a way to inflict suffering in some form.

“What the Hel was his problem?” Pandora asked.

“He's just a dumb bully, don't take him seriously,” Aurora finally spoke.

“He said some pretty mean things to you. Are you alright?”

Aurora smirked. “Oh trust me, I'm more than alright. Do you know how long it's been since someone dared say something like that to me? That's the whole point of it! Back in the Old World I wanted to cosplay all the time, but it was hard cause of rules and social conformity and stuff. The social order was too boring and monotonous. Everyone was always too scared to say their true thoughts because it would make them stand out; the herd instinct overshadowed any true expression of will. I cosplayed then to prove my courage to stand out, but now..... well, I do it because I like to. I can be any of my favorite characters whenever I want!”

Pandora was taken aback. She was just trying to comfort this seemingly innocent girl, who looked forlorn by the insults, but it appears that would not be necessary. Such a strong will would not accept such a fake thing as pity. Aurora's words must have also stirred up something in Lola, for she chimed in next.

“Ha, I bet it's easy for you to say all of that now that the herd instinct is gone. I bet that a year ago you wouldn't have dared to speak your mind. But since God can just grant whatever wish you have now, it must be so easy to don whatever persona you want. Isn't that right?”

Aurora's next reaction was that of one whom a nerve had been struck. “Oh you think so? Trust me, I was just as nonconforming in the Old World as I am now. It's just a little bit easier now. And judging by your getup, you seem to appreciate that very same thing. What about you, little goth? Did you always dress like that, or did you just start this week?”

Lola fidgeted with the strings on her tight, black corset. “I..... Well..... Okay, so what if it's my first week? I just wanted to try it out, since my parents never let me. Every time I tried, they just..... well anyway, it's not like this is the only thing. There's lots of other lifestyles I want to try, like emo, preppy, housewife, space maid, and a bunch of others. Goth just happens to be the first one I got around to, that's all.”

“Oh, your parents wouldn't let you? How old are you, exactly?”

Lola shook her head. “I'm 14.”

“Man, I didn't realize. That must've sucked. But, the outfit you have now looks pretty sick. Only thing missing is a choker.”

“Yeah.... I don't think I'm quite ready for that yet.”

“You should come over to my house sometime; I got a huge collection

of stuff. I bet I've got a choker somewhere that'll fit you perfectly."

"That'd be a waste of time, unless you got something that could get us to space," Orion finally chimed in. Aurora and Lola turned in confusion.

"Space? What the Hel are you on about?" Aurora said.

"She just said she wanted to be a space maid, right? But you can't very well do that unless you're *in space.*"

Lola wanted to clear up what she meant. "Ehh, I didn't mean I literally want to be a maid in space; it's kind of an inside joke. 'Alien maid' is probably more accurate. Like, just role-playing as an alien who is a maid. And we can't go to space anyway, so....."

"Incorrect."

"Huh?"

"You saying that we can't go to space; that is incorrect. You can go anywhere. I've already been to the moon, Jupiter, Alpha Centauri, the galactic center, and a few planets in the Andromeda galaxy. There's nothing there yet cause we haven't colonized it, but that'll all change as time flows onward."

"Wait, so you're saying you've..... how'd you even get there?" Aurora asked.

"Teleportation."

"Oh. Wait, really?"

"Of course. All things are possible now that God's here. Just ask him to send you somewhere, and you'll instantly teleport there."

"But isn't Earth the only planet we can live on?" Pandora asked.

"Incorrect. In case you don't recall, this is also the New Heavens. And these new bodies don't require oxygen. What do you think this universe is for? Just to look at? No no, the future will be an infinite colonization effort of the whole universe. First to new planets, then to new stars, then to new galaxies. And since the universe is infinite, we'll never run out of new planets and stars. Humanity will extend its reach to the furthest corners of the cosmos; we shall dominate the whole of celestial existence. We shall expand our civilization to infinity and beyond!"

Everyone stood in silence. Orion was saying things beyond what they were prepared to accept at this time, things which seemed irrelevant to the current situation. Pandora was only concerned with having fun experiencing the school life with Zoey and her new friends. But just give it some time, box girl, and one day you'll realize the true gravity of what Orion is trying to communicate.

"Anyway, I've already settled on a cool, barren ice planet, which I'm gonna go terraform now." Orion finished his speech abruptly, then teleported to his new favorite world.

Pandora reflected on the things said. Huh..... an ice planet. That sounds fun. Perhaps frolicking in the snow forever would be a meaningful existence. But that would have to be another time, as the bell rang for next class.

"Ah Hel, tis' time to assist with preparation. See thou all later!" James said before sprinting off.

Pandora checked her schedule paper. "Looks like I got Physics next,

what about you all?"

"Aw man, I got art next," Zoey said.

"I have art too, Aurora said."

"Physics....." Lola said.

"Huh, so it's 2 and 2. Guess we'll meet back up at lunch?" Pandora said.

"Yeah sure. Later." Aurora said. The group then split up. Pandora didn't know where the Physics class was, but Lola did, so she showed her the way. The goth way.

Chapter 4b

Portals

Pandora and Lola reached the Physics class. It was not individual desks here, but black tables with chairs. The classroom had many science posters hung up everywhere, and much lab equipment stashed in the back. The teacher was there at the back fiddling with what appeared to be a carton of large eggs, along with James who was assisting. He briefly looked back and, after noticing Pandora, gave a slightly startled reaction, before turning back to his work. Pandora felt butterflies in her stomach and hot-faced. She and Lola sat down. Up front, the teacher's desk had a massive stack of textbooks on it. Other students continued to trickle in until the bell rang. The teacher and James finished setting up, then the prince took his royal classroom seat. The teacher walked up front and grabbed the whole stack of textbooks – probably around 30 in total – and went around dropping one in front of each student like a pizza delivery girl. Each textbook was massive, 840 pages in length and weighing about 5 pounds. After delivering the whole stack, she walked back up to the front and began speaking.

"Welcome class. Please turn to page 375."

Pandora opened up to the page, which listed off the laws for conservation of energy and momentum. Oh great, straight into the lecture. This is gonna be a terribly boring and awful class.

"The laws of conservation of energy state that for each isolated system, the total amount of energy remains the same, and can only be transferred from one form to another. For example, from potential energy to kinetic energy. And conservation of momentum states that an object's speed or direction cannot change unless acted on by an outside force. But portals break these laws, as they would allow for infinite energy and changing an object's momentum without exerting any force. By all logic, the laws of physics command that it is impossible for portals to exist. Therefore, it is of utmost importance that you understand all laws of physics have been thrown out the window."

A long silence, the teacher just stood looking at the wall opposite the class for about 15 seconds, reveling in the twist of expectations she just inflicted. Then she started giggling, holding back laughter, before giving way to an outburst of but-gusting proportions.

"Hehe..... eheheh..... ahaha, hahahaha, HAHAHAHAHAHA!! Oho, if only all that were still true, then these textbooks might be worth something! But

alas, they are completely worthless! There are no laws of physics anymore, only temporary conventions! AHAHAHAHAHA!!"

The class just sat there admiring the crazy woman, wondering what was the proper explanation for her madness.

"Aha, ahaha, hehe, he- hmmm. But..... but..... do you know WHY it's so funny? It's because..... portals ARE possible now! Finally, after so many years, the distortions in space-time once limited to the realm of science fiction, can now be made manifest in reality! Isn't that hilarious!?"

Pandora thought that, sure, a universe where portals are possible would be more exciting than one where they weren't, but what else could one do with them besides quick space travel?

"Oookay, it would seem this calls for a more dramatic reveal. In that case, class, please bring your textbooks over here." The teacher went to the back of the class and opened up a furnace, revealing a raging fire inside. The heat blasted Pandora even from 5 meters away. Then she opened another cabinet full of more textbooks. "The textbooks you have now are Old Physics. Please toss your Old Physics books into this science incinerator, and pick up a copy of New Physics instead. Then come over heeeere" (the teacher walked over to where the lab equipment was kept) "and get one of these eggs. Come on class, hurry, I promise you'll love it!"

The class lined up, and one by one, each student followed the instruction. Pandora euthanized her faithful textbook quicker than anyone else, and acquired the new one. This one was very thin, only 30 pages long. Then she went and grabbed an egg, but upon closer inspection, turned out to be not really an egg. It was metallic, chrome colored, slightly weighted, and had tiny engravings on it, revealing it to be some kind of futuristic gadget. It was slightly larger than her palm, such that she could barely grasp it in one hand. Pandora sat down with her new textbook and metal egg thing.

"Alright class, please turn to page 1 and read it."

Pandora turned to the page, which read:

Matter is the perceived manifestation of excited quantum field states interpreted by consciousness. Before, particle behavior fell along a probabilistic bell curve where all actions followed the most common probability of the wave function, rendering miraculous behavior extremely unlikely, and therefore very rare. But now that God guides all processes directly, he can force the least common behaviors to occur frequently, manifesting what appears to us as miracles. Sometimes gravity works, sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes the field states form carbon atoms, sometimes they form iron. Sometimes hydrogen, and sometimes plutonium. The field states which compose particles can now be freely chosen, which is how matter is altered and transformed at will by the power of God.

In the Old World, the laws of physics were fixed and absolute conventions which allowed the universe to continue operating in an orderly way in absence of the guiding presence of God. But now that God is back, he sustains the existence of everything regardless if it adheres to those old rules or not. Just as video games can be programmed with whatever physics the programmer wants, now God can reprogram physics however we desire; all one need do is ask. Physics is no longer our master, but our slave. By all means, feel free

to order the slave however you wish, and it will obey. It is glad to serve.

After finishing, the teacher resumed. “So you see? In this world, the laws of physics are not fixed, but dynamic. There are no thermodynamic laws, only dynamic thermo-conventions! This means there is infinite potential for energy! God's mistake in the space-time continuum has been undone; here is the proof!” The teacher pulled out an egg of her own, then split it in half, revealing 2 flat sides on the inside. She took one half and pressed the ON button, and suddenly a tiny orange energy field appeared on the bottom. Then she grabbed another one, turned it on, and a blue energy ring appeared on it. She then put her hand *into* the blue ring, and it came out of the other device. She waved to the class through it. “Ta-da! The portal is formed!”

What? Oh, so THAT'S how it all connects. Pandora was just starting to suspect this teacher of being an egg-head, but she'd actually been thinking with portals the whole time. And now realizing the truth of her own device, curiosity took over, and she cracked open her egg as well, birthing a technology of unlimited potential. She turned on both halves, and the portal opened! Pandora stuck her fingers through one, and it came out the other. Lola was doing the same thing, as was everyone else in the class, because the prospect of real-life portals was just that irresistible.

“See? I knew you all would love it! There are actually many types of portals. This variant is known as a port-a-portal. The other variants can be found on page 13 of your textbook.” Hungry for knowledge, Pandora turned there:

Portal Variants

1. *Port-a-Portal: Tiny handheld wormhole connected to another tiny handheld wormhole; comes with pre-linked connection. Can change linkage ID to any other PaP via quantum entanglement. The portal can be circular, oval, square, or hexagon shaped. Comes in tiny, small, medium, large, or extra large sizes.*
2. *Orbal: A 3D ball that connects each point to another 3D ball which passes objects through at the same vector it went in.*
3. *Vortex Portal: Black holes are this type of portal. They are 3D and one way, only going from one point to another.*
4. *Fixed Portal: A portal that does not move from its exact position in space, and unaffected by any other forces including gravity. Not dependent on surfaces. Cannot break.*
5. *Relative Portal: A portal that follows general relativity. Remains fixed on its surface, but otherwise moves with its surface as affected by standard forces. If any part of the surface breaks, the portal is shattered and closes.*
6. *Random Portal: A portal that conjures another end at any random point in the universe. Can be filtered or specified by thought.*
7. *Portal gun: Opens a portal onto any surface it is shot onto. Must fire 2 separate holes to form connection. Surface can be any material, but must be large enough to hold it. Connection remains permanent until a new portal is fired or the device's reset switch is triggered. If the device is destroyed, so are the portals. If the surface gets distorted, the portal disappears.*

Oh dear, already Pandora had many ideas what she would use these new portals

for; most of them naughty. Tonight she was gonna perform a little..... experiment.

While Pandora was reading, Lola had been experimenting with her device. Pandora looked over and noticed a restrained smirk on her face. Lola leaned over and whispered “Hey Pandora, check this out,” then put her arm through her portal up to her elbow, which somehow emerged onto the teacher's desk. She flopped it about like a dismembered zombie arm.

“Ahhh, looks like someone already figured out how to swap linkage IDs! Whose hand is this?”

Lola let go of the portal device with her free hand in order to raise it, such that only her other arm was supporting it from within. But this produced a rather strange effect: Unbeknownst to Lola, the forces at work when dealing with portals are not like normal objects. Usually it is the case that objects move and exert forces within space. But when space itself is the thing that moves, the “force” it exerts on objects is actually infinite. Any object caught inside a moving portal will be moved through it until the containing vessel comes to rest. Also, there is a small indention where the portal is that allows the device to rest on any solid object passing through it, but Lola was not supporting it perfectly perpendicular to the ground. The effect of this is that when Lola let go of the device, it began sliding down off of her arm; the part of her arm on the other end was retracted back in with infinite force. And that same hand which would have been used to catch it at the bottom, and indeed, *felt* like it could have, was not actually in the spacial position it felt like. Her fingers only gripped the device on the other end, but the infinite force yanked her fingers right off it. The device slipped off her arm and clanged to the ground. THUD!

“Uhhh, whoops.” Lola said, turning to the teacher in cringe. But the teacher was only amused by the fail.

“Well well, looks like someone's not used to thinking with portals yet. Don't worry, you'll get the hang of it! And when you finally do, you'll be able to bend the world to your will in ways no one has even imagined yet. Keep experimenting, keep thinking. That's how progress is made! And progress is FUN!”

The bell rang, signaling time for lunch. Everyone started getting up and packing their new port-a-portals. “Wait, wait class! There's one more thing I wanted to share!”

Annoyed, Pandora sat back down. She needed to get to lunch to meet back up with Zoey. But as if the teacher knew this:

“I know you all don't wanna be late for lunch, but after seeing this, you won't be late for anything ever again!” The teacher then took out a ticking pocket watch and pressed a button on it; suddenly the room turned black and white, and the hallway turned silent. Everything outside the classroom appeared to have stopped moving. This feeling.... what is going on?

“Don't worry class, I have simply stopped the flow of time. Please turn to page 15 of your book to learn more. When you are done, you may leave. And be sure to take your port-a-portal with you; it is yours to keep. Go and use them for whatever you want! Create as much chaos as possible!” Pandora turned to

page 15 and read it:

The old 2nd law of thermodynamics stated that entropy of a system only increases with time, and that this was the cause which makes time flow forward at a constant rate. But that old physics no longer applies; time can now be stopped, slowed down, or sped up whenever any person desires. It can also be reversed and traveled through to the past, but only for those in Mission Mode, given the messy logistics of retained identity across parallel universes. But time stopping and scaling is available for all. It'll only seem stopped from your perspective; for others it appears as though you teleported. Moving through space while time is stopped results in moving horizontally through time, rather than forward. And different rates of slowing time down likewise correspond to different degrees of diagonal time travel. The closer to a rate of 1 second per second, the more vertical. The closer to 0, the more horizontal. Any rate above 1 causes no diagonal; it only multiplies the vertical amount, and makes you seem slow from others' perspective.

Hmm, very interesting. Pandora was worried about missing her lunchtime with Zoey. But if time can be stopped..... then worry over any deadline whatsoever would be pointless. Could she employ this tactic for homework as well? Ohhh yes, now she can procrastinate all she wants! But not right now; now is the time to consume food amongst friends. She and Lola made their way to the cafeteria while joking about how weird the physics teacher was. When they got there, the lunch line had about 30 people before them. Once Pandora reached the beginning, the cashier up front said, “Dollar twenty, please.”

“Excuse me?”

“Lunch costs $1.20, either pay or no food 4 U!”

“Are you ****ing serious? I thought everything was supposed to be free!” Pandora said.

“Listen lady, nothing is free in this world. We all gotta make our livin' somehow. $1.20 per person; either pay up, or you leave. That's all there is to it.”

“Fine then. God, could you please give me $2.40 for this Karen?” God answered her request, and $2.40 appeared in her hand. “Here ya go, greedy Gus.” The cashier put the money in the register, and motioned both of them in. It would seem that in this world, God provides both the cost and the payment.

Inside the kitchen, angels were serving all kinds of new foods Pandora had never seen before; a massive buffet with too many options to count. It wasn't like Old School meals where they gave you stale bread and reheated week-old leftovers; this was at least a 5 star buffet or better. One section in particular caught Pandora's attention: a sign reading “Tetrian food.” Huh? Where's Tetria? Pandora never heard of that country before. But the food looked interesting, almost alien-like in design, and smelled good as well. Pandora filled her plate with all Tetrian food, which consisted of some strawberry-like fruit, some kind of meat patty, some kind of jello-like thing, some kind of potato-like thing, and some kind of cookie-like thing. And for drink, she poured a glass of strawberry-flavored milk. Lola just got the standard Gothian combo: eyeball soup and bronie wings with a dessert of princess sparkle pancakes drizzled in unicorn cream. The 2 then went out to the dining area, and walked to the table where Aurora, Zoey, and James were.

“Yo box girl, over here!”

“Now now, the lass is clearly coming hither.” James said.

Aurora just kept eating.

Pandora couldn't wait to show Zoey her new portal egg. Immediately after setting her tray down, she rummaged through her backpack and pulled it out, setting it on the table. “Hey Zombey, wanna guess what this is?”

Zoey answered with a mouthful of food. “Umm.... an egg?”

“That's what I thought at first, but it is, in fact, not.”

“Let me see it.” Zoey reached over and took it, then examined it. After about 15 seconds she managed to crack it in half, revealing the portals inside. After sticking her hand through and seeing it come out the other side, her eyes opened wide like an aperture, realizing what magical gift lay in her palm.

“PORTALS!”

Pandora just sat and smiled.

Zoey experimented with the portals, trying all sorts of stuff. She stuck one hand through to grab her own arm with it, picked up the portal through the portal, spoon-fed herself food through it, and even put one portal directly on her mouth to dump soda into the other end to drink it. If the device were smaller, she could've even put the portal *inside* and eat the whole meal without opening her mouth at all. If she did, it would've been the world's first closed-mouth meal eaten ever. But that honor would go to someone else in New Africa just 3 days later. Once she had tried all she wanted, Zoey handed the device back to Pandora. Zoey's physics class would be held next hour, and she couldn't wait to obtain a port-a-portal of her own. During this time, Lola had also been messing around with hers. Then out of nowhere, she handed one half to Zoey.

“Here, stick your hand into it.”

“Why?”

“Just do it, I'll show you something cool.”

Zoey did as she was told, sticking her hand through it, but it did not come out of Lola's other portal. “Um, why is it not coming out your end?” Lola then pointed at a different nearby table, where Damian's port-a-portal was idly laying. And on it, there was a hand emerging from the device. It moved whenever Zoey moved.

“You can change the linkage ID to any other portal. I just pointed over there and hit this button, and it connected to theirs. You can also restore the old connection with this reset button.” Lola pressed the button, and her portal halves reconnected together. However, Zoey's arm was still on the other end, so when the connection severed, her arm was as well. Immediately Zoey's amputation began spewing blood all over their table and food, shocking everyone.

“Zoey, thy hand hath been severed!” James exclaimed.

“AHH! Screams pierced the air from the other table; Zoey's arm was bleeding out all over it too, and the 2 girls that were there ran away. Yet despite being disconnected, she was still somehow able to control it, flopping it about like a dismembered zombey arm. That's because, unlike the old body which functioned only on wired nerve connections, the new one functioned on the wireless cellular network, remaining connected universe-wide even when limbs were severed. To Zoey, her arm still felt just as connected as usual. It was

basically the same as going through a portal, the main caveat being she cannot easily pull her arm back out to her current spatial position. It was stuck where it was, and one could see the gory interior at the severed cross section (though if Zoey would only choose a different body material than the standard flesh and blood one, this wouldn't be a problem).

"Oh ****, are you okay? I didn't mean to do that!" Lola said.

"Yeah, I feel fine. Aurora, could you please go retrieve my arm?" Zoey asked intentionally more calmly than usual.

Aurora said nothing, but got up to go get it. The guys still at the other table – Damian and Chris B. Creem – were prodding it with their forks and knives. "My friend's arm is not your lunch; I'll be taking it back to her now."

Damian responded. "Oh this? We thought it was a new delicacy. It looks so tasty, and we're really curious what human tastes like. Cannibalism isn't bad anymore you know? And if that is your friend over there, I'd say the rest of her looks just as tasty too. We're gonna have a feast tonight! Wanna join?"

"In your dreams; now I'll be taking that arm back now." Aurora plucked it from the table and walked back with it.

"It will be once we unlock Dream Mode!" Damian retorted. But Aurora ignored him.

Aurora got back to the table. "Need a hand?" she asked Zoey. She then proceeded to hand her her hand, and Zoey attached it back as if it were nothing; the glue of blood bonded back together in a rapid process known as coagluation. Armed again, Zoey resumed eating.

Pandora also resumed eating, messing about with her portals while doing so. She followed Zoey's example and poured the strawberry milk straight into her portal-mouth, which like before, also tasted a bit strangely bitter, but good. Suddenly an epiphany struck her, and without hesitation, she took her portals, setting one facing up toward the ceiling, and holding the other facing down above it. Then she took one of the strawberry-like fruits, placed it in the middle, and released it; the fruit began falling through infinitely. Or at least it would have had the portal been positioned perfectly above, but the slight angle made it fail after a few loops. Pandora tried it again, and again and again, trying to get the maximum amount of falls possible, managing a record of 16. After trying so many times, Pandora came up with another idea; she took her textbook and set it on the table, using it to prop up one portal at an angle toward her. Then she dropped the fruit into the portal such that it flung out straight up through the air into her mouth. Amazing! What a neat new way to play with food! Pandora ate the rest of her fruit like this. Then she grabbed her potato-thing, and had an idea for a new way to make mashed potatoes. She took the vegetable and put it between both portals, then slowly pushed the portals closer together around it. The vegetable ended up smashing against itself with infinite force, easily getting squashed like in a hydraulic press and squirting out the sides. It was fascinating to watch, and even more fascinating to feel. For Pandora's remaining food she experimented with setting the portals up in different ways, and along the way, had the ungodly thought to try placing one of them into the other. "Hmm, I wonder if I did this..." But this turned out to be a huge mistake, for at the very

moment the portal entered itself, the space-time area around it instantly collapsed into a black hole. The gravitational pull it exerted was enormous, sucking in all the food, chairs, and tables into it, as well as the whole school and surrounding buildings for about a 10 mile radius, which all got crushed beyond the event horizon. What were you thinking, box girl.....

After 5 seconds of chaos, Pandora managed to shout “OH GOD, PLEASE GET RID OF THIS BLACK HOLE!” And instantly, it vanished. Then she made another silent prayer. “God, please undo the damage done by the black hole.” And instantly everything was restored to how it was 15 seconds earlier. Once the ordeal was over, Aurora was looking at her with eyes wide open and jaw dropped.

“Wait, was that YOU who sucked away my food at the wedding feast!?” Aurora asked.

“Oh, um.... Yeah, that was me.” Pandora muttered.

“Unbelievable! So you are the black hole girl! Everyone at my table had to re-order our food because of you. We all joked and gossiped about it.”

Zoey's eyes and jaw also opened wide. “For real? I didn't know that! I was sitting way at the other end, so I couldn't see. Looks like I'mma have to start calling you black hole girl!”

The group continued eating and bantering until the bell rang. After which, they each got up and headed to the next class. This time, Pandora and Aurora would be sharing History.

Chapter 4c

History

They got to the classroom and sat down together. But Pandora still had no sense of who Aurora really was, and wanted to learn more. “Hey Aurora...”

“Yeah?”

“Um.... we're in history class now. So I was wondering, what's your history? As in, what was your old life like?”

“Does it really matter?”

“Well.... no, I guess not, but.... I'd just like to know, is all.”

“What's the deal with Zoey calling you 'box girl?'” Aurora asked out of nowhere.

“Uhhh.... haha, I guess I could tell you. There's actually a funny story behind that: It all started on my first week of middle school. Me and Zoey were in the same woodshop class together, and our very first project was making basic wooden boxes. Given my name, you can probably see how that would lead to some low-hanging jokes. Zoey was a total prankster back then, even more than now, so she blurted out – and I didn't even know her yet at the time – to “check out Pandora's box,” which made everyone laugh. It was embarrassing but, I ended up being a bit of a celebrity in that class. I actually hated Zoey at first, but we eventually became friends.”

“Ah. So you were friends in the old world. That explains it.” DIIINGG!!! The school bell rang, signaling class time, and the teacher immediately got up to start teaching.

“Good mornoon everyone! How has your day been so far? I am Tori, so you can call me Ms. Tori. When you started school this morning, some of your classes were in the future; but now they are in the past. Right now it is the present, but it too will soon be past. Time is the container which holds all that is, was, and will be. If every individual thing were a box, time would be the infinite warehouse containing them all. History is that portion of the warehouse which we have charted thus far. And as our knowledge grows, so does the warehouse expand. Everything that exists can fall into some category, or set of categories. What we call thinking outside the box is really just thinking inside of a different, slightly bigger box; it's impossible to think completely outside of all boxes. Applying this to Being and Time, and the Phenomenology of Spirit, the entire history of thought a person has experienced up to a point is a “box,” which is

inside an infinite number of bigger boxes that is all of their future selves. Think of it as infinite nesting dolls, where each doll represents the total encompassing framework of knowledge you possess after a given period of time, and the next bigger doll can see, observe, reflect on, and recontextualize the smaller ones inside it. The question is whether or not the new box-doll you're thinking inside of contains the answer you needed for the other box-doll. That is, it contains the smaller box plus your thinking that was outside it. Similarly, the entire history of the world itself mimics this aspect of individual minds; each generation's collective knowledge is a slightly bigger box than the previous, containing all the prior knowledge and experience plus a bit more. This continual evolution of knowledge made each generation unique with its own spirit of the times. Of course, Hegel deserves the credit for formulating this concept first, but given how incomprehensible his writing was, we can certainly come up with analogies of our own to better understand.

As the teacher talked on, some of her words stuck out and lingered in Pandora's mind. “Boxes..... past.....”

“Alright class, now who here has heard about the TATER TOT? Otherwise known as the Temporalizing Alternate Timeframe Extraction Relay: Transtemporal Object Transporter?”

Pandora's mind lighted up, for since she knew what a TATER TOT was, that meant she had to raise her hand. She and 3 others did so.

“Oh wow, only 4 of you? The other classes all had at least 10. Just goes to show that history doesn't always repeat itself, now does it? Haha. Anyway, for those that don't know, a TATER TOT is *that* giant machine at the back of the room.” The class turned to look back, and indeed, the Transtemporal Object Transporter was there occupying space. The teacher went back to it and started messing with some settings, then pulled the lever to activate it. The machine started up, whirring loudly and electrically. Pandora knew she was bringing something back from the past, but what would it be? The answer was immediately revealed, for out of the curtains the teacher pulled out the full original copy of the Mona Lisa. And then another one. And then another one. And another, and another, until she had 28 in all - one for each student - which she handed out. “Look class! All of these are the original Mona Lisa, taken straight from Leonardo's studio. They're not copies, they are each the real thing! Each taken from 28 different moments in time!”

One student raised an objection. “But if you removed it from the earliest point in time, wouldn't it not exist in the future ones to take?”

“Oh no no no, that is not how time works. Perhaps this would be a great time to teach you all the correct interpretation of time travel: You see, extracting something from a moment of time in the past does not then cause it to cease existing in the future. It is only that single moment in time – less than a nanosecond long – that the object is absent from the timeline. It remains in all its other time moments just as they were. If you were to closely observe the object while it was being taken, you wouldn't notice a thing, as a nanosecond is far too short for the eyes to perceive. It is only when things are affected in the present that they butterfly into the future; changing past things does not alter the present

or the time in between. This is how the Mandela effect alters the past without affecting current memory. Anyway, enough of that; let's move on to something else. Class, here is your first assignment for today; please take out your notebooks and write about a significant event from your past life. Any event you think was important, just write a brief paragraph about it. You have 5 minutes.

Huh, what an interesting assignment. I'm sure the teacher is going somewhere with this, Pandora thought. She already knew what event to write about; the very occasion she just told Aurora. Pandora finished her paragraph in 3 minutes. Aurora took so long she had to freeze time for about 10 sideways minutes to finish within the 5 forward minutes. Then the teacher resumed. “Alright, time's up! Next, I want each of you to swap your paper with the person next to you, and read theirs.” Pandora received Aurora's paper and read it:

It was my last year of college. I wanted to become a professional animator. Well, not really; I had to pick some job and that seemed most fun. Only a few more months and I would've gotten my bachelor's degree. All the schooling I went through for the past 17 years was about to pay off. All the tests, homework, studying, all-nighters, stress, and sacrifices were about to be over. But then Jesus returned, and it all turned out to be for nothing, because now anyone can animate just by thinking and wishing for it. So my forced schooling was ultimately pointless. I could've dropped out before high school and saved so much time and money for other stuff. Had I known the world would end, I probably would've spent more time creating and wearing new cosplays. I also would've spent more time with my family rather than push them away to focus on schoolwork. Not that it matters now. Boo-hoo I guess.

After finishing, Pandora sat paralyzed, shocked at the profound words she just read. Aurora had a really good point; why should kids still be forced to go to school if the world's just gonna end? The only reason school was even necessary was to go to college, and college to get a job, and jobs to earn money and keep society running. But if the end of the chain never connects, then every link along the way is completely pointless. Come to think of it, why is Pandora really even here now? Was she needing to get into college? Was she just here for leaning? Was it just for the school experience? Really, *why* was she here? It's certainly not to get into a future college; she does not *need* college anymore. And if she for some reason ever wanted to go, it wouldn't cost her anything; she could just pray for free attendance and instantly get in. From each moment to the next things seemed normal. But the path she was on was but a dark forest trail leading endlessly to nowhere, candle-lit by only the next shadowy footstep. Where was she even going? Surely this school dynamic can't last forever. Something's gotta give eventually.....

Tori spoke once again. “So class, would you like to know why I had you all do this little exercise?”

The class shook their heads.

“I have a very good reason for it. And that would be.... no reason at all! I just thought it up randomly! That's the great thing about the human spirit: it

can continually generate endless new ideas, and for the people in authority like me, we get to enforce our creative ideas on everyone else to judge them in relation to the standards we make up. Oh the joys of being a woman with power over men! The truth is I'm just another horny sex creature with an insatiable appetite like the rest of you. You all can't wait to get home and fondle your genitals with whatever new method you've imagined, am I right? I know, because I'm the same way! Which brings me to today's main question of the day: are there any brave boys here who would like a "private lesson" with me in my bedroom? Mommy will teach you everything you need to be successful."

3 boys raised their hands.

"Excellent! You 3, stand up." The boys stood at attention. "Now follow me; we're getting out of this dreadful establishment. The rest of you can do whatever you want. I'm so sick of teaching and only took this job to gaze upon all you handsome young men. And now that I've caught my prey, it's time to return to my nest. Come boys, let's go home!"

Tori left the class, and the 3 boys followed. Once they left, the rest of the class sat in silence, confused and clueless on how to react to that. Pandora had no interest in disturbing things either; she just pulled out her phone and started playing a game. But then, something really weird happened: the class vanished. Like, literally, every other student in the room besides Pandora and Aurora disappeared. One moment they were there, and the next moment, poof; gone. What the Hel? Did something happen? Perhaps the rapture? Oh wait no, that would've been 7 years ago; since it never happened, it must've not been real after all. So if this wasn't the rapture.... what was it? Huh. Well, there's still 30 minutes of class time left, so Pandora might as well use the time to talk with Aurora.

"Uhhhh..... did you do that?" Pandora asked.

"Hel no. What the ****ing Hel just happened?" Aurora said.

"Maybe everyone just decided to teleport away at once? Oh hey, how about we go mess with that thing?" Pandora pointed to the TATER TOT.

"Sure, why not." They both got up and went to it. Aurora stood and stared at it for a bit, then reached over to tune the settings. "Hmm.... I wonder if...." She then pulled the lever to turn it on. The machine started up, whirring loudly and electrically, then once finished, ended with a microwave-like DING sound. Aurora had something cooked up, but what would it be? She reached behind the curtains, and pulled out some type of cybernetic angel looking outfit.

"Oh? Is that one of your cosplays?"

"My very first one. Ikaros, from 12 years ago. I lost it a long time ago."

"Wow, the details and fabric work are really good. You should wear it!"

"Yeah I'll put it on, give me a sec." Aurora proceeded to strip naked, then put on the outfit. And she also had God apply the 2D shader effect to look almost exactly like Ikaros. "There, happy master?"

"It looks so realistic! I'm glad you were able to find your lost property in Heaven."

"I can grant anything you desire. What may I do for you, master?"

"Ehhh, let's not go that far."

“Don't you have something from your past you want back?”

“Oh yeah, there is one thing.” Pandora knew exactly what she wanted, and had had the idea ever since the teacher began lecturing. She set the TATER TOT and pulled the lever. Once the machine winded down, she reached behind the curtains, and out of the past came her very first wooden box, just as shoddy as the first day she built it. Along with it came a feeling of nostalgia; for both the Old and New world, Pandora's box permeated her first day of school.

The bell rang, signaling the end of the school day. Pandora put her box in her backpack, and the 2 left to meet up with the others. Upon seeing her, Zoey had a huge smirk on her face. She looked eager to speak, but Lola beat her to it.

“Alright, school's out for the day. Now what?”

“Uhh, I guess we all just go home now. We just teleport back, right?”

“No wait! I have a better idea!” Zoey interjected. “Let's all ride the bus together.”

“Why? Isn't that slower?” Lola asked.

“Well yeah, but I just wanna have the “complete school experience, ya know?”

“Hmm..... okay. Let's ride the bus then.”

“If we're gonna do it, we need to go now; it leaves in 5 minutes.” Aurora said.

“Do we even know where the buses are at?”

“I know where they're at. Follow me.” Aurora said.

“Okay we'll follow you, angel girl. Nice outfit by the way.”

“Thanks! It was my first cosplay.” The group all followed Aurora to the buses, where they got on bus #10. The back and front seats were already full, so they sat somewhere in the middle. The bus was about to leave when one final student came running up to the door; it was James. He climbed aboard, and came to sit in the row right behind the 4 of them. This made Pandora nervous and sweaty, making her measure her words carefully. But Zoey felt no such hindrance:

“Hey James! Looks like you barely made it.”

“Yea, indeed my advent twas scarce. The prospect of delay made me lament.”

The bus started moving. And now that she got her wish, Zoey was finally where she wanted. She reached into her backpack to get something.

“Okay, so, this thing is legitimately super awesome.”

“What is?”

“This!” Zoey pulled out her newly acquired eggy device. “Now I've got one too! What are you gonna do with yours tonight?”

“Oh, you know..... stuff.”

“Uh huh. What kind of stuff?”

“Stuff.”

Suddenly the bus came to a screeching halt. Aurora stood up and grabbed her backpack.

“Oh, it's your stop already?”

“Yes.”

Zoey looked out to see Aurora's house, which spanned a whole square half mile in size. Everyone else also looked to see her gigantic fancy mansion. “No way, is that your house? It's huuuge.”

“Yeah, it's my home.”

“Good God, how many people does your family have?”

“There's 6 of us. Me, my dad, mom, step-mom, and 2 brothers.”

“*Whaa?* There's no way you actually use all that space. Your house could probably fit this whole bus inside it – no, the whole school! You should have a sleepover sometime!”

“Huh, that does sound like fun. I could probably do it later this week. Could you all make it?”

“I literally have nothing else to do.” Lola said.

“Yeah, I can totally come.” Zoey said.

“At the word of my Lord, I shall.”

“Alright then, I'll ask my mom if it's okay. And if she says no, I'll just brainwash her.”

“Alright, see ya tomorrow!”

Aurora got off the bus, walked across the drawbridge over the moat, and climbed the giant staircase to her grand arched front doorway, then went inside. The bus started moving again, and with it, Pandora's train of thought.

“Oh, by the way, I also got something else to show you.” Pandora said. She then reached into her backpack and pulled out her first wooden box.

“No way, you got it back?”

“Yup. With the good ol' TATER TOT.”

“Are you gonna paint it black?”

“Uhhh, no? Why would I do that?”

“Well, just saying you've evolved since back then. You're *black* box girl now, remember?”

“I think I'd rather paint it green long before black.”

“I would like to see it black,” Lola chimed in.

Pandora rolled her eyes. “Yeah, I'm sure *you* would. Fine then I'll paint it black. Eventually.”

The group continued on talking throughout the bus ride. But James sat in silence, listening carefully. Trying to discern how he was going to fulfill his mission. After 15 more minutes the bus reached Lola's house, and she got off. Then after another 20 Zoey got off. Then after a whopping 30 more minutes after that, it was finally Pandora's stop. Good God, why on Earth does the bus route have to take so long? It really sucks that some students have to wait an hour or more every single day to get home, while others only take 10 minutes each day. Wouldn't it be more fair to drive the route in reverse, alternating each day? That way some students' lives would be at least slightly less miserable.

Pandora got up to leave, and to her great dread, James also got up from behind and followed her. They had only just got off, and the bus still leaving, when he called out to her to stop. “Halt Pandora, before thou leavest, I have but one humble request.”

“Yeah sure, whaddaya want?”

“Wouldst thou be inclined to give me thine portal ID?”

“Oh, that's it? Sure, I can do that. Just a sec.” Pandora pulled her device out to check the number. “Okay, it's (161815) 13520-852119.” James entered the number into his own device, and their portals connected, with a little beep sound to confirm. His ID was now registered in her directory. Pandora had never done this particular activity before; it felt very strange, almost like asking for her phone number, but even more intimate.

“Many thanks Pandora, til' we meet tomorrow.” James then teleported away. Huh, guess he didn't live here after all; he just wanted to ask for her number. But then, why didn't he just ask on the bus? They spent the last 30 minutes right next to each other. Perhaps he was just too nervous to ask until the right time. Oh man, if James likes her back then, that would be amazing. He seemed cute enough. A bit strange speech and mannerisms, but that just makes him more exotic. After all he did live hundreds of years ago, so to him, everyone else probably seems like the strange ones. Dating a man from the distant past.... now that's something new and exciting. Pandora might as well give him a shot; really what reason is there *not* to?

Pandora entered her house, finally basking in the comforts of solitude. Except now she has a brand new toy to play with; the greatest toy in the world. The exhaustion of an eventful day weighed on Pandora. So to provide some relief, what else to do but masturbate? Nothing; it's still the greatest activity. And now she has the added bonus of a hot man to fantasize about. Immediately Pandora went to her room and lay on her comfy bed, and took out her port-a-portal. One half she put down into her panties, and the other half up to her face. Her wet pussy could now be seen in detail, close up and in clear view. Immediately, it was apparent that portals greatly enhance the possible types of sex positions. Since bodies take up space, there's usually only a few viable ways of going about it. But portals change the game entirely; whereas before it would be impossible for Pandora to bend over far enough to lick her pussy herself, now it is not only possible, but viable. A brand new means of masturbation. But of course, this was just the first of many; there are sure to be many more.

Pandora held her pussy to her mouth, licking her clit and sticking her tongue and nose inside, savoring the taste of her own scrumptious juices. The inclusion of sense of taste into the mix is definitely an extra layer of enjoyment, and the texture of her tongue was more granular than the usual finger skin. Pandora ate herself out until reaching orgasm, swallowing her own fluids as they gushed out. At last, her masturbatory variant of portal virginity had been taken, altogether at once with her autocunnilingus virginity. However, this wasn't enough for her; her arousal was still unquenched. So next up, there is only one thing to do: become a sexy boy again! Pandora prayed to become Pan, and once again, she transformed into that rigid masculine form. Pan's big dick and balls were aching with sexual tension just as her pussy was; the same sensation merely extended a few inches outward. He tried bending over to lick it, and was just barely able to reach the tip, but not enough to do anything substantial. Alright, that's it; it's time for some portal play! Pan grabbed one portal and stuck his whole package into it, then put on underwear to keep it pressed against his

pelvis. Now his dick was sticking out the other end, which he grabbed and put into his mouth. Pan then sucked his own cock, pushing it feverishly in and out, tasting the sweet skin and feeling the unique textures of the glans and shaft all around. The sensation in his pelvis was still new and exotic; Pandora had nearly forgotten what it felt like, but the pleasures of the male genitals quickly reminded her how great it was. He sucked and sucked, thrusting it in and out of his oral orifice vigorously, thus losing his autofellatio virginity. With this method, it would be entirely possible to cum in his own mouth. Should he do it? It may be kinda gross, but he could also just change his taste buds to whatever. He planned to do it; to release the white goo into his own mouth, but as he reached climax and it started to pump forth, chickened out and let it squirt on the bed instead. Oh come on box man, it's not that gross! At least not anymore.....

After ejaculating, Pan transformed back into his female form. Now she felt satisfied; something about the male form's physical release was more satiating. The horny sensation seemed to be connected with the amount of fluid inside; but for the female form, it was more or less just the nervous system. It's like the difference between peeing and scratching an itch; one is relieved by fluid release, the other by mere touch. But an itch can come back in seconds, whereas it takes many hours for fluid to build back up, so the relief lasts longer.

Anyway, now what? There's nothing else to do but just sit around and wait for school tomorrow. What a boring prospect; Pandora didn't feel like doing that, she wanted to do something fun! Looking at her port-a-portal, she knew exactly what thing she could do, but also the terrible sluttiness of it. She could very easily connect her device to any random portal on the planet, and shove her pussy onto it. Instant access to a random stranger's bedroom lay at her fingertips. But was she really daring enough to do that? No no, surely she could do something else. She tried resisting and taking her mind off of it to do something else. Except there was nothing else; this was literally the only thing she could do now. After sitting there for 5 minutes, the prospect became too enticing and she gave in. You can try resisting for as long as you want box girl, but in the end the horny is inevitable!

Pandora dialed a random portal, which connected into some random empty room. Pandora stuck the portal on her pussy, held in by her panties, and lay there waiting for someone to come and play with it. The anticipation was intense; when was someone gonna come? Pandora intended to wait until then, but after 10 minutes, got too impatient and disconnected. She pondered who to connect to next, and realized that there is one person who would almost certainly answer. Filled with lust and excitement, she dialed James, then stuck her crotch through for him to see. After about 30 seconds she felt something touch her; it felt like a finger, messing around her insides. Then 2 fingers, then 3, then a whole hand; she felt it plunge entirely inside her womb, and began stirring it around. After a minute he pulled out, then she felt something much bigger and firmer enter her, a different texture which rubbed against the whole circumference of her inner canal. At last, he had stuck his johnson into her cave. Oh yes! This feels so naughty and delightful; Pandora sat on her bed writhing in ecstasy, imagining the orgasmic expression on her lover's handsome face. The

face of a real life ancient man penetrating a futuristic woman.

Despite knowing next to nothing about him, she could still feel his love. Unlike the Old World where the amount of love was in proportion to the amount of time 2 individuals spent together, Pandora already felt as though she'd known him for decades. If she wanted, she could just download all of James's memories right into her mind and know him instantly, and vice versa. The long, drawn out, and inefficient process of verbal sharing of one's life and interests was now an outdated form of communication. And since this new life hadn't even been going for a month yet, there really wasn't much to share anyway. That said, Pandora still wasn't ready to go for the newer method, so she held off. She would not deny herself the pleasure of making love to one whom she had little knowledge of. Once the knowledge is obtained it cannot be unobtained, so treasuring the time of ignorance is essential (though with her new memory bank app, even that is no longer an issue).

You know, it's kinda strange; in the Old World, there seemed to be some unspoken metaphysical rule that a couple couldn't have sex until their relationship had become cemented; after they had been together long enough to know about each other. But exactly how long was this period supposed to be? Was one month enough? Or 2? Or 6? How about a full year? Or 2 years? Who's to say that it shouldn't be until over a decade? That 10 years is somehow too long, but 1 month is too short? And also, what even qualifies as “knowing the person?” If knowledge is still something we can't even define, nor have we solved the problem of the criterion, how can we say for sure if 2 people really “know” each other or not? Technically speaking it's possible to “know” someone you just met, as 5 minutes is a long enough length of time to acquire at least some knowledge about the person. But it just seems intuitive that this is not enough time to qualify. So then, what is enough? Even couples who have been together 50 years or more; do they *truly* “know” each other? How can that be if knowledge of things-in-themselves (other than one's own self) is impossible?

Oh well, those rules were only for the fallen era anyway; petty morality was an unnecessary restriction on the human conscience that God had now abolished, so we needn't worry about such trivialities anymore. Pure, unfettered hedonism is now both the highest truth and the highest good. And Pandora was all the more happy for it.

The accelerated rate of falling in love was also a useful feature. The more love one can experience in a shorter time, the greater the rate of happiness. James had come upon Pandora's life at just the right time to discover this. She was definitely falling for him quicker than any other crush she had in the other world, due to her new psyche's diminished ego and self-restraint. She thought James was cute physically, though his personality could use some work. He wasn't very talkative, and when he did speak, it was weird and hard to understand. This unfortunate quirk was getting in the way of the overall dynamic of her friend group. If this relationship was gonna work, he would have to change his personality and communication habits. Pandora wished just those 2 things were different, and he would be perfect. Hmm, thinking back to today's Psychology class, Pandora remembered that personalities can now be changed to

whatever one wants. Changing his personality to her specifications would certainly be an act of love; in fact, a brand new method not possible in the Old World. Now that death is impossible, sacrificing one's current identity to become another's ideal is quite literally the most self-sacrificing act one can achieve. Pandora prayed a quick prayer: “God, please change James's personality to something better for me.” But immediately after finishing, she realized God probably wouldn't allow that due to free will and stuff. She would have to ask him directly. The next day, she would ask him to do so. But for now, and for the rest of the day, she would play with him while envisioning her perfect ideal conception of him, and their lovely future together.

Pandora lay and play for several hours, exploring the possibilities of sex through portals. Through it, she also lost her defloration variant of portal virginity; the 4th type in the same hour. If she and James swapped sexes it could've been made 8, but they did not. After several hours of sexy fun, Pandora finally became satisfied. She turned off her port-a-portal connection (after ensuring James's thing was in and wouldn't be chopped off), then went to sleep.

Chapter 4d

The Library

Pandora woke up 5 minutes late for class. Upon realizing the impossibility of getting to school on time normally, she faced 2 options: either pause time or teleport. She chose both; pausing time to get herself ready, then teleporting. Upon arriving to her reading class, she found that everyone had already gotten up and was walking out the room. Phew, just in time to join the back of the line! Pandora followed suit. While walking, she started feeling a pressure in her bladder. But now was not a good time to use the bathroom, so she held it. After navigating through the halls and classrooms of the school, Pandora saw the line's true destination: the library. A gigantic room of endless rows and columns of books (but she would soon find out these books were special). Upon reaching it, the teacher gave a brief instruction:

"Alright class, today will be a simple reading day. Pick any life novel you want, and be sure to take it with you. Next week there will be book reports; The requirement is at least 10 pages to summarize the first 100 pages. This is your first essay assignment worth 40% of your grade, so be sure to do well or your grade will plummet. Got it? Alright then, dismissed."

What? Book reports? Oh Hel no, Pandora didn't sign up for this. But if it's part of the curriculum, then I suppose it must be done. It's just 10 pages, so not too bad. But wait, he did say something strange just then. Was it.... life novel? What in the world is a life novel? Perhaps it was explained in her absence. Pandora took out her phone and opened her Spiritnet app, typed in "what is a life novel," and hit search. The answer appeared:

A life novel is the full, detailed account of an individual's life, encompassing all thoughts, actions, intents, and choices, with all their contexts and implications. Unlike a biography, life novels are not written by people; they are written by God, explaining every facet of a person's life from every possible angle. Related: Life Files.

Hmm, life files? What's that? Pandora clicked the link.

A life file is the chronological experience of reality as an individual. Life files are not mere books; the proper term for the written detailed account is "life novel," though the terms are often conflated. A true life file is the actual experience of being the person. Like a video game with multiple protagonists, one can change files to become a different

character. The story starts at the beginning, and then is the continued firsthand experience of the person until the end, or until their own file change, or until a mid life file spirit extraction event. The circumstances surrounding the origin of a consciousness sets an initial contextual framework from which everything else occurs in relation to. The only way to change this initial context is to start life anew with different initial conditions – that is, to start a new life file. When initiating a new life file, you may either start as a brand new person (reincarnation path), or experience the life of another from their beginning (empathy path). Either start a new game, or replay an existing one. After a certain point, your spirit will transfer back to your old, default self, but retain the life experience of both you and the person whose life file you lived. Your spirit is still yours and exists outside either ego, but will contain both individual minds, the primary being your original. This is to ensure one's identity always retains its original self, and does not merge into 2 different people simultaneously. The spirit does not become a duality; it is always the original mind "who experienced the life file of another" back up until that point. An alternate life file cannot exceed the present of its original ego; once the point in time is re-reached, the spirit returns to its original self, and resumes its old identity while retaining new memories.

What the... this is so complicated. Pandora reread it multiple times to understand. So basically, the idea is you can live another's life? As though you were originally born as them and lived up til now? Hmm.... interesting. This would certainly solve the problem of envying others. To wish to be someone who is richer, more beautiful, more famous, more powerful, more happy, or any other quality one seeks. Pandora has quite a few people she wish she could've been. Perhaps we'll try that out later.....

Anyway, for now Pandora has to keep up with the class curriculum. Pick any life novel for a book report huh.... Okay. Pandora perused the shelves of life novels. Many billions of books, each detailing the full life account of everyone who ever lived. A full biography for every person, including Pandora herself. With so many to choose from, how on Earth is she going to pick? She found a somewhat interesting one named "Lysander." Huh, never heard that name before. Let's see what it is. She pulled the life novel off the shelf, and on the front cover was a big picture of Lysander's smiling face. She opened it up to page 1 and began reading:

```
Name: Lysander
Sex: Male
Birth Date: 10/18/1648
Death Date: 4/29/1672
Cause of Death: Starvation
Height: 70"
Weight: 120 lbs
Race: African
Attractiveness: 1.6/10
Hair: Bald
Location: Great Britain
Income: $0.00
Siblings: Unknown (taken from family at birth)
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Parents: Never met
Relationship: Married
Spouse: Maggie
Friends: Henry
Religion: Catholic
Education: minimal
Occupation: Slave (tobacco farmer)
Health problems: Malnutrition
Likes: Having food to eat, days off, justice, praying
to God for help
Dislikes: Starving, the whip, the beatings, the
shoutings, the shackles
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Synopsis: A slave since childhood, Lysander dreamed of liberation all his life. The slave owners gave Lysander his name as a cruel act of irony. The name meant "liberator," which was the one thing he would never ever be. His wife Maggie was mockingly referred to as "maggot." Lysander could take the abuse himself, but one day he couldn't stand hearing his beloved sweetheart mocked and mistreated like that. In a fit of rage he beat the slave master to death, leaving a mangled, bloodied mess. After this the other masters had both him and his wife arrested, their legs broken and thrown in jail, where they died of dehydration within 1 week. Like all other mistreated slaves, Lysander was saved and given a position in the prestigious School of Justice, an honor reserved for those who most oppressed. They will be the executioners on the Day of Judgment, the ones who carry out God's righteous sentences for the wicked. Lysander and his wife are currently living the happy life they always wanted.

Oh God, this is not a very pleasant book to read. Nah, I'll pass, Pandora thought. Hmm, what kind of life novel would she even *want* to read? Is there anything that interests her? She pondered this, and then realized that she had been very much into portals lately. How about searching for the best authors of portal fiction? To narrow down the possibilities, she prayed to God to sort the books accordingly. In particular, she was curious to see who was most influential in coming up with and popularizing the concept, and who came up with the most possible applications. Perhaps she could find some inspiration to spice up her own sexy portal use. God accepted her parameter, and out of the shelves came a refined collection of about 100 different people. Okay, this is much more manageable. Pandora looked at all their faces to see who looked the most interesting, and discovered one who was far and away more attractive than all the rest. The name was camerson1313. Oh Hel yeah, this one looks very promising. Let's check it out. She opened up to page 1 and began reading:

Life File: Cameron Baker

```
Username: camerson1313
Primary Sex: Male
Secondary name: Luna
```

Body Material: Standard Flesh and Bones
Birth Date: 5/21/1998
Death Date: None
Height: 73"
Weight: 185 lbs
Race: Caucasian
Attractiveness: 10/10
Hair: Long wavy brown
Siblings: 1 brother
Parents: Divorced, both remarried
Relationship: None
Waifu: Nepgear
Best friend: None
Religion: Final Synthesis
Philosophy: Absurdism, Epicureanism
Education: High School
Occupation: Puzzle designer, author, philosopher, theologian, prophet, truck driver, cashier, package handler
Health problems: Lactose intolerance, TMJ
Psychological problems: Depression, Tourette's syndrome, shyness
Likes: Thinking, puzzles, philosophy
Dislikes: Dogmatism, religion, nihilism

Synopsis: camerson1313's real name is Cameron Baker, though he prefers the username. Originally a talented and prolific Portal 2 puzzle designer, he later came to see himself as a divinely appointed messenger with the purpose of uniting the world's religions. He noticed that the differences among all religions were based on 2 fundamental beliefs: the nature of the afterlife, and the requirements to obtains such afterlife. And that all other resulting effects, creeds, values, dogmas, and beliefs were merely a byproduct of the particular afterlife view espoused. Every aspect of a Christian's life, from going to church, to keeping the 10 Commandments, to marrying another believer, to choosing a particular career which enabled them to best serve God, was built around the promise of one day living with God in Heaven. And yet, despite this, not a single person in all history gave a particularly robust vision of what this eternal Heaven would be like. It had always remained a vague, dubious, undefined future existence which nobody could claim certainty of. If only people could've had a more concrete understanding of what future life awaited them, they could stop using vague and meaningless terms like "a state of eternal bliss and holiness" and "perfect unity with God" and "enjoying the presence of the Lord" and "empowered by the spirit." These terms do not describe actual activities, only imaginary qualities of things projected by the religious. As far as anyone knew, Heaven was a stranger's van with promises of candy, of which one could not be certain what kind until they entered, and at which point, the door would close, and any escape would be impossible. Thus, camerson1313 took on the great task of detailing the most robust vision of Heaven to date – a glimpse of the type of candy inside the kingdom – through a realistic fictional novel titled Paradise Gained. Unlike most other conceptions of Heaven, this one would actually try to be realistic. And through this knowledge, all peoples would come to understand the true eschaton of Christianity. The full list of future

entailments of what "being saved" really meant. But this truth was not quite what most Christians imagined, and drastically altered their perception of God forever. It was extremely controversial and turned the religious world on its head. Many rejected it, and many loved it. And in the end, the veracity of his predictions turned out to be _____.

Early Life

Cameron Baker was born into the world on May 21, 1998, at Mercy Hospital in Oklahoma City. This hospital was known for its gigantic glowing cross on top, which could be seen for many miles down the highway. So even at the time of his birth, the cross hung over his life like an omen. He spent his first years growing up in Edmond, OK. His 1st memory was at 3 years old, sitting in the same hospital's waiting room with his father while his new brother was being born. His 2nd clear memory was toting his baby brother around in a tiny red wagon, trying to have fun and make him happy. He fell out of the 1 ft. tall wagon and landed wrong, breaking his leg. At the sound of crying, their dad came in to investigate. Upon realizing the situation, he accused the 4 year old Cameron of forcefully yanking the wagon out from under, and in a fit of rage, seized him and threw him midair out the door slamming into the hallway, nearly breaking his bones too. Then he angrily shouted at him accusingly, demanding his testimony of what happened, but not believing it. The baby brother was then taken to the hospital and put in a cast until his leg healed. Other random memories from this period include steering the car home, learning to ride a bike with training wheels, pouring gasoline into his own eye, and crying when his mother left him alone at daycare for the first time.

At about the age of 5, his parents divorced, and his mother got custody of both children. She finally had enough of her abusive husband. She took them to live with her parents in Houston, TX for about 2 years, where he attended pre-K and won an award for "nicest manners." Then their mother moved into another friend's house in Jones, OK, and lived there for about a year. Then she found an apartment in Edmond, OK, and finally moved full circle back to there. Cameron finally saw his father again after 2 years, who was happy to see him. His father then moved apartments to a much closer location, only 1 mile away, and the 2 siblings would regularly go back and forth between the 2 households. Cameron was halfway through 1st grade at this time and had to transfer schools, continuing the 2nd half at Ida Freeman Elementary School, where he would remain. 1st and 2nd grade passed by relatively uneventful, but 3rd grade would turn out much more impactful.

Pandora closed the book. Hmmm, it wasn't quite what she was expecting. She was only interested in portals, not some random guy's life story. But this was part of her requested portal criterion, so presumably it would get to the portal stuff later. She had to pick some book anyway, so might as well settle for this. She brought the book to the front desk for checkout. The librarian took the book, but upon seeing the cover, her trembling hands dropped it, her face contorted in horror, and she ran away screaming in terror. Huh, what the Hel was that about? Is this book cursed or something? Whatever, all the more reason to take it then. With that out of the way, Pandora finally had time to go use the bathroom. Since she woke up without going, it had built up a lot now, and though she could just easily wish it away, was curious what it would be like using the school restroom in this new world. She put the life novel in her bag and left.

Upon entering the bathroom, she found it had no stalls. All the toilets

were out in the open, and another girl was already sitting on one. Pandora didn't mind; she pulled her pants down and sat down. The yellow fluid gushed out her pee hole. Feeling relieved, she reached for the toilet paper, only to realize there was none. What? Oh no, the horror! Except, not really; she prayed to God to automatically clean the area, and it was done. Phew! All clean now. She was about to get up, but suddenly out of nowhere, she felt a sensation in her vagina. Startled, she looked down to investigate, and there was a hand! Someone's hand was coming out of the toilet and messing with her pussy! Normally she would've gotten up, except..... she didn't want to. Someone conveniently waits for girls to come sit on the toilet to play with them? How nice! The sensation inside her was starting to feel good; this stranger seemed to know what he was doing. So there she remained sitting on the toilet, letting herself get fingered. After about 5 minutes she finally reached climax, her pussy juices gushed out all onto the toilet and the stranger's hand. Mutually satisfied, the stranger removed his hand and closed the portal. Pandora was equally shocked and amused. Seriously? She was almost curious enough to ask Jesus who it was, but decided it would be better kept a mystery. Looks like she got her wish after all; another sexy method of portal use was added to her knowledge. Pandora remained thinking about it until the bell rang, then left the bathroom, relieved in more ways than one.

Chapter 4e

Art

Pandora arrived at art class. She was hoping one of her new friends would be there too, but no luck. In fact she had the opposite of luck: Axel was here. Nervously, she sat at the opposite side of the room next to sleeping Alice, then took out her phone to keep her gaze away. All she needed was to not acknowledge him, and it would be okay. After 3 minutes, the bell rang and the teacher sprinted in.

"Hi class, my name is Tracy Drew, and I felt like being a teacher today! I always wondered what it would be like, so please play along and let me teach you stuff! I may not know a lot about art, but that's okay, because we can all just learn it together! Yay art, yay!"

Clearly this teacher was a moron. An overly happy, eccentric moron with a way overinflated sense of competence. She didn't even know the subject, but had the audacity to teach it? Apparently another student thought the same thing, for he interjected: "Don't you have to know the subject you're talking about first?" A fair point, but Tracy was not gonna have it.

"Shut up! I'm the teacher, and if I hear any more smack talk you're going to the principal's office!"

The student backed off.

"Anyway, for today's art class, we're gonna be painting stuff! Take any object you want from anywhere on this planet, then use the paintbrushes on your table to paint it. The best creation will get displayed in the hallway! Got it? Alright then, now let's make ART!!!" Tracy drew some strange diagram on the board, then took a bucket of orange paint and sloshed a long path of it on the floor. Then she took some blue paint and dumped it at the end. Tracy then ran along the orange paint and bounced off the blue out the classroom window into the courtyard. "WEEEE!" she shouted.

If this happened yesterday, Pandora probably would have been shocked by it. But the near constant amount of craziness in this school had made her already accustomed. Instead she immediately focused on her task; hmmm, what object to paint? Any object from anywhere on the planet, she said. Does that include human bodies? Perhaps she could paint her own pussy red and call it "the old reproductive flaw," but nah, that would be too on the nose. After some deliberation, she had a sudden epiphany – or rather, a memory. Instantly she

knew exactly what to do. Pandora reached into her backpack and pulled out her wooden box. Then she grabbed the paintbrush, dipped it in the black paint, and started coating her box entirely in black, both inside and out. 15 minutes she spent covering every last square nanometer, leaving no atom unpainted. Once finished, she prayed to have it instantly dried (little did she know she had just invented the “spray and pray” method). Now her innocent little woodshop project had turned into a spooky McGuffin. Behold, Pandora's Black Box! The most cryptic object in all of literature!

Pandora sat and admired her upgraded box. It had a truly magnificent aura, a magnetic presence that attracted all its gazers. In fact, it might be too magnetic, for Axel noticed it from across the room. He stood up and stomped menacingly all the way to her. Without a word he punched her in the face, then knocked her chair over with her in it. But despite her body's movement, her mind stayed still and calm.

“You do know that still doesn't hurt, right?”

“Of course I know, princess. But that's not the point. You see, what you said yesterday got me thinking. Back then, I couldn't punch people all I wanted because of the consequences. I'd either get detention, suspended, or imprisoned for assault. Because the weaklings always made a big deal about “pain.” When you said you can't feel pain, at first I was disappointed. But then I realized: The fact that you can't suffer..... makes it all the more enjoyable! I can hit you again and again, all I want, and it'll never cause actual damage! I'll never get punished for it, because punishment was only served in proportion to the pain caused. No pain means no punishment. So I still get all the benefit of feeling the satisfaction of my fists making contact with your sweet, punchable little face, without the stupid consequences. Better yet, there's nothing to weigh on my conscience! So take this!”

Axel punched Pandora again. And again. And again. Then while on the floor, he kicked her again and again, all over. Her face, her stomach, her crotch, everything. And indeed, he was right. Pandora was not feeling hurt at all. She just lay there taking the blows; it felt kinda like a violent massage, or the time Flats tried to kick Spongebob's butt. Pandora could happily take all the kicks in the world. However, there was one thing she would not be able to bear, which Axel sensed. After stomping her, he went over to her black box, picked it up, and threw it across the room. It cracked a bit. Then he kicked it and stomped it, smashing it against the floor and wall, until it was nothing but shards of black wood. Pandora's precious box had been obliterated.

Shocked and full of fury, Pandora got up and ran over to Axel, power kicking him in the face like a ninja. This knocked him down. She then punched and kicked him over and over, while shouting “AHHH! HOW DARE YOU! THAT WAS MY BOX! MINE! YOU RUINED IT! YOU DESTROYED EVERYTHING I CARE ABOUT! AHHHHHHHH!” Again and again, Pandora's rage was executed on Axel. She felt like she was achieving retribution on him, but of course, he didn't feel pain either. She was merely an aggressive masseuse. And yet, the pseudo-violent act satisfied her twisted desires. It's almost as if.... having the sensation of retaliation without consequences was

itself a form of leisure. Axel actually hadn't ruined Pandora at all, rather the opposite. He had bestowed upon her the opportunity for one of life's rarest pleasures: revenge. Pandora enjoyed her revenge experience to its culmination, then calmed out of exhaustion. She finally succeeded in teaching Axel a lesson. Or so she thought, but Axel had a lesson for her as well:

"Ha, see? It feels good doesn't it? You just struck me over and over, and enjoyed every hit. You let your animal instinct take control, just like you do with sex. Aren't primal desires the greatest thing ever? To be swayed about by emotions? Surely we have God to thank for these incredible gifts. You pretend like you're different, but really we're all programmed the same."

Pandora resented what Axel said, trying to think of something to prove him wrong. Yet despite all her begrudging, he was correct. She did enjoy beating the **** out of him, just the way he enjoyed beating her. But, how can that be? Is it just ingrained into the image of God to take pleasure in assaulting others? Is violence really the answer? Could this potentially be a brand new type of pleasure previously impossible? She'll have to consider this more later, but for now, the fact is Axel just destroyed one of her most precious belongings. In her rage her thinking was blinded, but now while tranquil, she realized her issue could be solved the same way as all her others: by praying. Assaulting Axel wasn't actually necessary at all (human nature is always too quick to anger, yet it never seems to last quite long enough). Pandora prayed to God, and the black box reassembled itself like some magical alien artifact. It was made whole again. No more must artists fear the destruction or theft of their work, or normies their property. Pandora shoved the box back into her bag. Then the bell rang, and Axel left with one final remark, almost as if asking her out:

"Let me know if you wanna shoot up the school together sometime."

Chapter 4f

Gym

Pandora arrived at the gym with a big surprise meeting her: all her friends were there! Aurora, Lola, James, and Zombey were all sitting together. Upon seeing Pandora, Zoey motioned her to come join. James's presence there made her a bit flustered; thoughts of yesterday resurfaced in her mind, distracting her from noticing Aurora's new cosplay for the day. Now she had 2 things on her plate: the first she couldn't do with the others here, so she did the 2nd. "Alright Zoey, looks like another wish of yours has been granted."

Zoey was vexed. "Huh? What wish?"

Pandora pulled out her new and improved friendship symbol.

"Oh, that wish! Holy crap, what'd you do to it?"

"Well ya see, I just had art class last hour, and this is what I had to do."

"They made everyone paint black boxes?"

"Umm, no. We all just-" Inconveniently the bell rang, stopping her. And without a moment's delay, Jim Glass came out the office, clapping his hands to get everyone's attention.

"Quiet class, quiet. I need to take rollcall. When I call your name, say here. Abby."

"Here."

"Aurora."

"Here."

The teacher continued through all 26 students, then moved on. "Alright, looks like you're all here. That's good, because today's games will need every one of you here. First up, we're gonna play a game called Race Race. And seeing as there's no way any of you could know what that is, I'll have to explain the rules. Here's how it goes: it's a competition between whites vs. blacks. Whichever team gets all their same-colored teammates to the other side and back first, wins. Simple enough, right?" Everyone nodded. However, there was an obvious problem. The class contained only one black person: Olivia. Realizing this, she spoke up.

"Um, teacher? Am I really expected to compete against everyone else? That would be pretty unfair. And I'm not even naturally like this. Usually I'm white, but this morning I wanted to be black for the day."

"Oh no, that's not at all what I meant. I haven't got to the best part yet.

Whatever race you are now doesn't matter, for when partaking in Race Race, all skins are randomly determined. I'll need everyone here to grant alteration to your body settings. Just pray to God and permit access from me."

The class all silently prayed to unlock their body settings, then Jim Glass resumed. "Alright then. God, may all these students' skins be randomly altered, precisely 50/50, into white and black, until their next hour." And then, just like that, half of the class became dark-skinned. Olivia didn't change at all. Meanwhile Lola, Pandora and James transformed into black. Lola in particular turned into the blackest black a girl can possibly be, a humanoid void of pure darkness. One could barely make out a 3rd dimension in her, as befitting of a true goth. Despite both their transformations, Zoey was rather unphased. Neither girl looked herself at all anymore; that's how complete the transformation was. Zoey also had a snide remark in store just in case this happened:

"Woah, you don't look so well. Are you okay, black box girl?"

Aurora had something too: "You've gotta be kidding. We've got TWO black hole girls now!?"

"Ugh.... shut up....." Pandora said tiredly.

"Awww, don't give up that easily. You've still got a race to run. Don't you need to go join up with the rest of your kind?"

"Yeah yeah, I'm going..... to beat you."

"Oho really? Prove it then."

Pandora walked over to her teammates, along with James and Aurora. She was still trying to get comfortable in her new skin. She didn't feel any different, yet when looking at her own hand, the appearance had a psychological effect. She had no idea what her face would look like now, and wasn't eager to know. Upon reaching her like-colored classmates, she instantly felt more comfortable (because comfort abounds most amongst those similar to oneself). Pandora's first instinct was to speak to someone with more experience.

"Hi Olivia, weird game we're playing today, huh?"

Olivia seemed surprised someone spoke to her. "Yeah, of course it's just my luck this would be today's game. The ONE day I'm black, and this happens. Ugh!"

"If you don't like it, why not just pray for something different?"

"I put a limitation on it for today, so I can't."

"Oh, okay." Pandora had no idea what a limitation was, but didn't want to ask. She could just look it up on the Spiritnet later. Once everyone was gathered, Jim clapped his hands again.

"Alright class, listen up. First up we'll have all whites group together over here, and all blacks over there. Everyone stand with your forward foot on the line. When I say 'go,' the race begins." The class segregated into their groups and stood ready to begin the race, everyone eager to prove their race was the best one. "On your mark..... get set..... go!"

Pandora rushed forward, sprinting as fast as she could. The other side didn't look that far earlier, but now while running, it seemed forever away. But something bizarre was happening: all 26 contestants were running exactly parallel at the same speed. Everyone was perfectly in sync, like a high-speed

marching band. What's the deal? She should statistically be in better shape than the rest due to her woodworking job. Perhaps her new body rendered all that meaningless, as everyone else's was just as glorified. Is everyone equal now? Is nobody allowed to be better than anyone else?

Everyone reached the finish line: a 1st place tie between all 26. Everyone was a winner. So to break the tie, everyone ran forth and back a 2nd time. And again, all 26 came in 1st place. And again. And again. To shake things up, Jim even had everyone swap places, but it made no difference. No matter how many times repeated, each race was a tie. The result was clear: all races were equal. No one could be better or worse than anyone else. If only one person chose to slow down, the tie would be broken. But then that person would be in 26th place, and their whole team would lose. Making the rest of one's team lose because of one's own personal failure wouldn't be fair. So according to game theory, the optimal move is to just keep tying, no matter how futile. Or just stop caring about the game; that works too.

In the end nobody won or lost a single round. Everyone just got a good exercise in futility. Pandora noticed she never got tired or ran out of breath, nor did anyone else. This new body didn't require constant oxygen like the old one. But it still sweated and stunk, because she hadn't changed those body settings yet. Everyone else was just as rank (though still not quite unpleasant like the Old World). The teacher noticed this, and luckily had a remedy prepared.

"Well class, although nobody won or lost today, at least we all got a good exercise, and that's the important thing, right? You've all worked up quite a sweat; I can smell it in the air. But being stinky is bad, borderline unforgivable. No stinky students are allowed at Unbound High! If you don't wanna get suspended, you must all take a bath before next class. Fortunately this facility is equipped with such a bath. The co-ed locker room is over there; you are all to take a bath there together, all right? So get to it!"

Pandora was shocked. A communal bath with all her classmates? How daring. She pondered if she wanted to do it or not; she could just easily wish out of it, but something in her was drawn to the idea, and she went along with it. If this were the Old World she would've found this unthinkable. But in this one, the prospect was exciting, and she went to the locker room with glee.

One by one, everyone funneled into the locker room. And indeed, there was a large, hot, steaming bath ready for washing in, like a circular pool. All her classmates were stripping naked, including James, whose sexy black physique was finally unveiled before her. His dick size didn't change, but the fact it was black made it somehow more attractive. She too undressed, revealing her bare chocolate body, then dipped into the water. The prince glanced at her, then gave a slight smirk before looking away, trying to not make her embarrassed. But Pandora blushed anyway and also tried looking away, but couldn't help peeking a few short glances. His sexy, ancient, black, handsome physique was just so.... umm.... Zoey! Where's Zoey? That'll keep her mind busy. She looked around to find her, but was met with a surprise: she was hugging, kissing, and talking with someone: another white guy. They were completely engulfed in each other. Aw man, that's awkward; no way Pandora would interrupt them. She looked around

for Lola, but instead found Aurora, who was talking to Olivia. Aurora had to take off her cosplay, so it was just her plain face and body: a great conversation starter to exploit. “Oh, so that's what you look like beneath all that cosplay.”

“Yeah, this is me. You know, you kinda look like a cosplay yourself.”

“Oh yeah, haha, I guess I should switch back to normal.”

“Ummm....” Olivia looked like she wanted to say something, but was too slow.

Pandora made a quick prayer. “God, please turn me back to white skin.” But after opening her eyes, she was still black. Huh? It didn't work? Let's try again then. “Hey God, I said please turn me back to white skin. I don't need to be black anymore.” But again she opened her eyes, and remained black. Now she was starting to panic. “Hey, what's the deal?”

“Maybe God's just busy? Or asleep? Or traveling?” Aurora supposed.

Olivia finally chimed in. “No, that's not it. It's the wish limitation the teacher placed on us.”

“Limitation? Oh yeah, you said something like that before.”

“Yeah, once a limitation is in place, you can't unwish it until the time is over; the 7th New Commandment and all. Oh and the 12th, that's probably why he had to ask our permission.”

“Haha, yeah that makes sense.” (actually Pandora still had no clue what she was talking about, but just played along).

“Oh by the way, would you mind washing my back? I can't reach it.”

“Yeah sure, I'll help.” Olivia turned away from her, exposing her bare black back. Pandora grabbed the nearest soap and lathered her up, then cleaned it off with water. After rinsing and repeating a few times, she was made clean. The act of ethnic cleansing refreshed her oily skin; a nice and clean Oilivia!

Suddenly, everything around Pandora stopped. The people stood still, and the water stopped flowing. An eerie silence filled the air. But there was one who remained unaffected: James, who came wading over to her.

“Oh Pandora, art thou okay? What seemeth the matter?”

“Umm, oh, hi James! What's up? I wanted to ask you....”

“That stupid teacher; he just enforced race swapping on us without consent. Forced us to be one race and unable to change, isn't that so unfair?”

“Umm, a-actually we kinda did give c-consent... (gulp)”

“Oh? Did we really? Were we not merely forced to acquiesce due to the context? Were are actions really free, or were they determined by the pressure of the situation?”

Now Pandora was seriously creeped out. The blackness which was once sexy was now unsettling. “What the- what's gotten into you? You're acting nothing at all like yesterday.”

“You of all people should know the reason why. Did you not request a personality alteration? I have changed just for you; is that not true love?”

“Well yeah, I did, but I didn't mean like.....”

“You know Pandora, you might think you have free will, but in reality you are merely acting out the script which was written for you; the script which I happen to know. If you want, I could tell you your future; that too is an act of

love, right?"

"....."

"Here is your fate: that tomorrow, this school should come crumbling down by your hand, never to be rebuilt again. The prisoners shall be freed; the bound shall be unbound, and after, you shall dream the dream of dreams."

"Um, okay, sure..... Whatever. How would *you* know what my future is? That's not possible without time travel. And even if that is my future, now that I know it, I could just intentionally make it not happen."

"Hmm, yes, I suppose you could. *If* you knew it; but once you forget this conversation, that won't be possible. Farewell."

Suddenly time resumed, and everything was normal again, as if nothing had taken place within the split second. "Hey Pandora, can you wash my back next?" Aurora asked.

"Ugh, fine. But you gotta wash mine too after."

"Deal."

The girls then continued washing each other and exploring each others' bodies, eventually mingling with some of the other boys. Pandora looked around for James again, but he was mysteriously gone. Drat, now she won't be able to have him change personality. Eventually the bell rang, signaling next hour, and Pandora's skin faded back to white. She went to her next class with Aurora.

Chapter 4♀

Anatomy

Anatomy class began in a disgusting way. The teacher walked in wearing nothing at all, not even skin; he was just one gory humanoid assortment of muscles and organs, like one of those anatomy mannequin things. Everyone could see his heart beating, lungs expanding, eyes bulging, muscles contracting, and blood pumping; all the tissues of the soma's ugly interior. Also his penis had no skin at all, and his testicles were hanging out with no surrounding sack. It was absolutely nightmarish looking, but also kind of..... morbidly attractive? When the teacher spoke, his vocal chords quivered:

"Good morning class, I am Xavier Ray. Today, we will be examining the reproductive systems of 2 live human subjects. To demonstrate this, I will need 2 volunteers: one male and one female. Who here is willing to get gutted for the class?"

2 students raised their hands: Brayden and Aurora.

"Oh, a footballer and a cosplayer? Excellent. Now we can examine both peak male and waifu anatomy at once. You 2, get on up here!" Brayden's burly body and Aurora's cosplaying carcass made their way up to the front of the class. "You will grant me access to your body settings, correct? Just for a moment." The 2 nodded, and Xavier looked pleased. "Splendid, now then I will need you 2 to strip naked." The 2 did as told. "Alright young lady, just hold still while I peel your skin off." He put his hands over Aurora's stomach, pinched her belly button, then quickly yanked her entire skin casing like a cloth off a table. Immediately her intestines spilled out. "Whoops, let me just put that back in." Then he went over to Brayden, grabbed his cock, then peeled off way more than just his foreskin. "Wow, you got some nice guts kid."

"Thanks, I worked hard to get it like this."

Pandora had to agree. She could now clearly see the interior workings of the male body. What a wonderful thing; she will definitely have to try out the anatomical form sometime.

Brayden and Aurora stood before the class, even more naked than naked. With the 2 anatomical models ready, Xavier was finally able to begin his lesson. "Alright, first up, I may as well explain why it is we don't feel pain anymore. You see, the old body's nervous system contained special types of receptors, called nociceptors. These were the receptors responsible for detecting

damaging tissue stimuli and transmitting it to the brain, interpreting it as pain. These receptors were added to the body at the time Adam ate the forbidden fruit, and were removed the instant our Savior returned. The new body's default state is absent of nociceptors. However, nociceptors can be temporarily reintegrated at any saturation level, from 1% - 100%. 1% is the dullest pain, and 100% the most intense. The old body was set at around a baseline 60%. Through this, you may experience pain of any intensity you prefer. All one must do is pray for the desired saturation level, and nociceptors will be implemented. The same can be done for other nerves and sensations, such as taste, smell, sight, and genital sensitivity. For today, we will focus on that last one."

Xavier then went over to the Brayden model and grabbed one testicle in each hand, spreading them far apart. "These are what testicles really look like when unbound by a scrotum. As you can see, without the confining skin sack, it is possible to stretch them much farther from their standard location. They can extend far enough to use as ropes, and tied around each other to keep something attached to the male. Or the male attached to something else, such as a public street pole. Regarding blunt trauma, perhaps some males here have noticed their gonads no longer hurt when hit. (Xavier punched Brayden's nuts to demonstrate, who remained unphased). This is perhaps the greatest benefit offered by the removal of nociceptors. However, the masochists among you may have found this removal to be a terrible loss. In which event, again, all you must do is pray for nociceptors. If the old pain was too much, you can have it diminished. If not enough, then amplified. Either way, causing actual permanent damage is not a concern; they can be instantly restored at will, no hospital trip required."

Pandora's earlier disappointment resurfaced. You mean you actually *can* feel the pain!? Come to think of it, she never actually prayed to enable it, so perhaps that's why it failed. Looks like yet another experiment for tonight.

"Moving on to the female's anatomy, unlike the male body where the 2 most sensitive and painful organs were placed on the outside, all female sex and reproductive organs were located inside the body. This caused men and women to experience pain in fundamentally different ways, ensuring maximum variety of suffering. For females, the pleasure was going in, and the pain going out: either by blood or by baby. Pregnancy basically delayed the pain of each period, storing all the blood into a giant baby shape to be unleashed all at once. To summarize: for men, pain and pleasure were embodied as physical objects, while for women, pain and pleasure were motions going in or coming out. Each genital set had its own pros and cons to their design, such that the other genital set's pros appeared preferable. The only issue was that one was locked into the set they were born with and could not change, resulting in a lifelong curiosity which could never be satisfied. Fortunately this too has been cured, as I'm sure everyone here is *intimately* familiar with. Previously a person's consciousness halted at the border of another's cranium. Now it can go just a few inches further, to inside their skull and submerged into their brain. This is the anatomy of body swapping. It is also possible to do this with Jesus's flesh vessel; that is how one 'puts on Christ.' To properly eat his flesh and drink his blood, you just cannibalize yourself. This is the only known method to become part of the body

of Christ physically, rather than metaphysically."

Suddenly Jesus appeared to intervene. **"He's right you know. You may put on my skin at any time you wish. Since I am God, this means you too can become as Gods. Since it's only in terms of appearance and not nature, it doesn't violate the 1st New Commandment."** Then Jesus vanished, and Xavier continued.

"Ahem, so as I was saying before being so RUDELY INTERRUPTED, male and female bodies were made to be as different, as opposite, and as complementary as possible to cover a wide range of default states to permutate. The permutation theodicy makes so much sense of everything; it's too bad nobody in the Old World got to hear it. However, keep in mind this was merely the default state, and it's of critical importance to realize that for both sexes, any and all of these things can be reconfigured however you wish. Now that the limitations have been lifted, I shall demonstrate a few examples." Xavier then reached inside Aurora's abdomen to grab her ovaries, repositioned them outside her body beneath the groin, and covered the whole area back with skin. It looked like a scrotum beneath her vaginal opening, which had been moved a bit upward. "See here, now we have the equivalent of a female scrotum. Rather than a cock and balls, it's a pussy and eggs. Now females can experience a wider variety of masochist activities, such as being kicked in the ovaries, and it is possible to stick things up the hole while gripping or restraining the eggs. Keep in mind that ovary pain is different than testicle pain, so choose your preferred sensation accordingly. This about sums up the basics; any questions? No? Alright then, we can finally move to the more advanced stuff."

Xavier walked back over to Brayden and grabbed his independent balls. "Since we can now mix and match, and reorganize anatomy however we wish, let us do the inverse of the female anatomy." Xavier tucked in Brayden's balls back into a little pocket near the anus, swapping them out with the prostate. Then he moved the prostate back to where the balls were and restored the pelvic skin over the area. Ta-da! Now the prostate was in the scrotum instead.

"Look class, you see this? This is a *much* more sensible design choice. Instead of the painful organs being external, only the pleasure ones are. The helpless, sensitive testicles are now nice and protected, and the pleasure-inducing prostate in their place for easier stimulation. Although, you could just as easily invert the settings, making testicles pleasurable to touch and squeeze instead. The point is, you can mix and match organs and redesign your body however you want, whenever you want, for whatever purpose. Sexual pleasure is a very complex process. The fact it takes so many special parts, organs, skin, muscles, and nerves just to make orgasm possible, is a testament to the genius of God. And with the various sex systems of other animals, there is a wide variety of unexplored territory to draw inspiration from, such as forced copulation. With that in mind, I have one final new method to teach."

Xavier replaced Brayden's organs to their original positions, then the same with Aurora. Once reset, Xavier messed around with Aurora's vagina, carving out a new pouch of skin inside it, and inflating it partly outward. When finished, he proudly proclaimed his invention. "Behold, the ball locker pussy.

This variant allows the male to put the balls inside, which the female can tighten around, trapping the male. Depending on preference, the female can extend her pouch outward, essentially sharing one connected sack. There is also another process called nerve splicing, which connects the nervous systems of both partners such that both feel the entirety of each other. Through this method, both parties can feel the pain of blunt trauma in perfect synchronicity. You may splice with as many other nervous systems as you wish, even up to a hundred or more, like a siamese network. Anyway, these are all the new anatomical alterations of sex I have for you today. For tonight's homework, be sure to masturbate utilizing one of these alternative anatomical arrangements. Next week there will be class presentations; present a 10 minute masturbation session demonstrating the anatomical possibilities of the human body. This will count for 50% of your grade, so be sure to practice."

Suddenly the bell rang, putting an end to Xavier's very informative lecture. This was the most useful lesson Pandora learned all day. All students got up to leave. Aurora and Brayden put their skins back on, then left the room. Brayden was about to walk off by himself when Aurora pulled him back, gathering him together with Pandora.

"Hold up. Hey Pandora, I've got good news. My mom said yes! We can have a sleepover tomorrow!"

"Oh? Good! I can make it tomorrow. Or really any day. Does Zoey know?"

"Yup, I already told her and Lola. Hey Brayden, would you wanna come too?"

His face lit up. "Hel yeah, I haven't been to a party in forever. I'll bring the footballs. Will there be enough for rugby?"

"Oh trust me, there will be enough. I have a plan. And my house is definitely big enough for it."

"You play rugby before?"

"No actually, haha. Probably cause it's more of a guy thing. I guess I could just change sex to join in. Oh, and maybe cosplay as a football star!"

"Hel yeah, that'd be awesome. Do Tim Tebow!"

Pandora still wanted to see James and change his personality; quickly, she needs to get going while those 2 are busy chatting. She turned to leave, but Aurora caught her. "Wait Pandora, the bus is this way. Are we all gonna ride together again?"

Pandora already had her response ready: "HEL no, no way am I riding that stupid bus again. I think I'll just drive."

"Oh, okay then. See ya tomorrow!"

Now Pandora was free to find James. She ran all around the school to try finding him; it was absolutely essential his personality change in preparation for tomorrow. After a few minutes, an epiphany struck her. "Wait, what the Hel am I doing? God, please teleport me to James." Her prayer was heard, and immediately she found herself face to face with him, way too close up (or perhaps not close enough....).

"Good Heavens Pandora, thy graceful countenance hast appeared

before me!"

"James, please! Just speak English!"

"Ye Olde English, doth I speak!"

"CAN YOU PLEASE CHANGE YOUR PERSONALITY!?"

"Alter mine demeanor? Hitherto henceforth what?"

"LITERALLY ANYTHING ELSE."

"Yea, anything for thou, mine love. Father, I beseech thy power to alter mine demeanor; straightway grant me an altered persona." The esoteric prince became enveloped in light, and it happened. At first, it seemed like nothing happened. Pandora needed to ask him something to test the changes.

"Soooo, Aurora said she could have a sleepover tomorrow. The rest of us are all going; do you plan to come?"

The moment of truth:

"Oh, so she got permission?"

"Yup."

"Very well then. I shall make it my top priority to be there. It shall be my next mission: the mission of partying and sleeping. I intend to carry it out fully. Do not fear, my love; this shall be the most successful party in history."

"So..... you do love me? I mean, I know you just called me your love, but do you mean it in, like, *that* way?"

"Correct, you are my current love interest mission. We shall be a couple. We shall succeed together. But the story must play out and cannot be rushed; our end shall be happy. For a time. Then once the boredom sets in, we shall return to the ocean to discover other fish. Deal?"

"Uhhhh.... yeah. Deal."

"You still have your port-a-portal?"

"Of course."

"I shall call you tonight. For now, I must return to HQ." The new persona prince then left for HQ.

Pandora also left for home. She felt like driving something fancy, and conjured a Tesla Model X through prayer. Might as well save the environment. Oh wait, it already is saved, never mind!

She got in, turned it on, and drove home. She enabled "ghost mode," allowing the vehicle to drive straight through other objects, and drove in a straight line through several hundred buildings, people, and cars to get home as quickly as possible. After all, the shortest distance between 2 points is a straight line (except when using portals, which is more like a 4D line). Upon arriving home, she drove straight through the front door and parked it in her living room: a much more convenient location than the garage. Ahh, home sweet home. Now Pandora can sit and relax.

Oh wait, no she can't, because she has some ****ING HOMEWORK to do! Let's see here, what was.... oh yeah, the book report assignment. Pandora needs to read more of that life novel. Should she start with that, or do the masturbation assignment first? Ha, trick question. Everyone knows students need a release from being pent up all day. And this student was gonna put her newfound knowledge to good use.

Pandora did the only sensible thing a responsible student could: she stripped naked, transformed into her male form, and lay in bed to perform the anatomy homework. She punched her balls again just to test, and yup, still no pain. Now having a new ability unlocked, she put forth her prayer: “God, please install me with nociceptors at 60% saturation level.” It was important to match the old level exactly, just to know what it felt like. Did it work? She didn't feel any different. Nervously, she gripped her exposed balls in one hand, quivering in anticipation while lifting up the other. Braced for pain, she slammed down her fist right onto them, and immediately understood true suffering. Her male pelvis twitched in shock at the impact, and she felt 2 sharp points of agony radiate from seemingly outside her body. “OW, WHAT THE $@#*!”

Pandora was expecting intense pain, but even so, it was even worse than she was ready for. It wasn't just bad, it was *impressively* bad. So this is what guys felt every time? Wow, that really sucks. Pandora couldn't imagine having to live with this; good thing the pain is optional now. She could've prayed for it to stop, but was resolute to wait it out naturally, refusing to be a baby about it.

Pandora sat on her bed clutching her balls, caressing them to relieve the pain, eagerly waiting for them to stop hurting. After a couple minutes it started to subside. But then, when they were finally back to normal, a strange feeling welled up inside her: she wanted to hit them again. What? Why on Earth would she want to do that? No amount of reasoning could answer, but she could *feel* it within her male body that her balls craved pain. A curiosity only relieved while feeling, which itched again once scratched. And so she gripped her balls in one hand, firmly securing them so they wouldn't escape, then brutally struck them again. Once more the intense pain came, and even shot up into her abdomen. This one was even more painful; she needed some pleasure to balance it out, and began jerking off her dick. Oh wow, now this feels really strange. The pain and pleasure mixed together within her abdomen, creating a sensation she had never experienced before. It could not be explained, only felt. Once the amount of pleasure overtook the pain, she felt the itch once more. It was like a more intense form of spanking: the mixture of the pain and pleasure was somehow even better than either one individually. An excess of one needed balancing by the other. And so there Pan lay, jerking off while punching his own balls over and over, keeping the balance just right. Sometimes he missed and only hit one nut, and needed to hit the other to keep the pain symmetrical. As he reached closer to climax, the amount of pleasure grew exponentially, and needed exponentially more pain to keep up: he busted his own balls so hard they nearly ruptured, just to keep the balance perfect. And then, the climax: Pan's entire pelvis wasn't just a messy mixture of pain and pleasure, but an entirely new sensation he wasn't even sure was good or bad. The feeling was one thing only: intense. More intense than all his other orgasms so far. He thought surely it couldn't get more extreme than this, but little did Pan know about the best newly-invented type called rotation sex (which he would discover later).

Once finished climaxing, the pain still remained. Pan lay in bed recovering until it winded down, thinking about what just happened. It was only his first ballbusting experience, but already enjoyed it immensely. So this is the

power of balls; how terrible, how magnificent, how exotic! The power of weakness, the pleasure of pain; she was familiar with all the female versions of the concept, but apparently the male offers much greater potential.

Alright, looks like that's enough anatomy homework for today.... or is it? Suddenly her port-a-portal started ringing. She took it out and answered it:

"Hey Pandora, so, I was wondering: About the party tomorrow, what kind of food do you think I should serve?"

"Party? I thought it was a sleepover."

Taken aback by the male voice, Aurora questioned if she dialed the right number. "Um, this is Pandora, right?"

"Oh yeah, don't mind all this. I'm just doing..... some homework."

"Uh, okay then. But about the party, it'll be both: first the party, then the sleep. About 1,260 people are coming, so I wanna be sure to have enough food set out."

"Eh, I wouldn't worry about it. Whatever they wanna eat can just be conjured out of thin air. Just set out a bunch of empty tables or something."

"Oh right, yeah I guess that would work. I won't worry about it then. I'll just focus on the other preparations. Mark my words, I will throw the greatest party of all time."

Somehow Pan doubted that. "Ooo, sounds fun."

"Anyway, gotta get back to setting up. See ya tomorrow!"

Well that was random. That was Pan's first time speaking using portals purely for communication. It was like a weird mix of facetime and being actually present; perhaps long distance sex isn't the only utility. Pan was about to set the portal down, when suddenly it rang again. "Hello?"

"Oh, uhhh, Pandora?"

"Yes, yes, it's me. I'm just a guy right now. What do you want?"

"If you're gonna swap sexes, it's a good idea to update the Spiritcloud so other minds know about it."

"Oh yeah, I forgot." Pan quickly prayed a prayer to update the Spiritcloud, and instantly his new identity registered."

"Ah, I see. Pan? That's a good name. Anyway, I was calling to talk about.... what we did yesterday. Did you enjoy it?"

"Yeah, it was fun. Felt really good."

"Wanna do it again? Except this time we switch. I'll be the female, you be the male."

"Yeah sure."

"Right now?"

"Yes."

"Okay, give me on sec." James got off the portal phone, then after a minute, reconnected. And pressed right up against the entrance was the gaping hole of a wet, juicy pussy. Pan gazed upon it with lust; somehow it was more attractive to his male brain than his female one. Still not entirely cured of horny, there was only one thing to do:

Pan stuck his penis inside, and instantly felt a tight, warm, slippery sensation all around it. This was his first time ever penetrating through a portal,

yet another virginity lost. Pandora was very familiar with sex from the female perspective, so she knew how good Jamie would be feeling from it. Ah, how much more amazing it must be for the men who now get to experience the wonders of a female body. Pandora would never get to experience that, as one cannot change their original sex; she could only ever be a FTM (at least not without total memory wipe or starting a new life file). Whichever sex one's default identity is seems to primarily rely on which one they were *first.* Despite the ability to swap any time, something about the mind's identity is always biased towards its long-standing disposition. But this behavioral inertia can be slightly overcome through sheer hedonistic curiosity, a truth Pan was discovering as his male organ's flesh sent unrelenting pleasure signals to his brain, itself designed to create the reality of a pleasure experience. Pan and Jamie copulated until consummation, and Pan's white fluid pumped through the portal into the princess's fleshy fluid receptacle. Then he lay down, breathing heavily.

"Wow, that felt amazing."

"Indeed it did. Mission accomplished." Jamie's royal princess voice uttered through the portal. "Hey Pan, I got another idea for you. A dare."

"What kind of dare?"

"A spicy one."

"Those are the best kind, hit me."

"Alright, here it is: go to school as a male tomorrow, and stay that way until the end of the day."

"Oh, that's it?"

"Yup."

"Well, I was thinking of doing that sometime soon anyway. I mean, it shouldn't be too weird, right?"

"It's not really anything special. Tons of others go to school as males all the time, such as myself."

"I guess so. Alright, I'll do it. Hope the others can get used to it."

"Don't see why they wouldn't. You updated the Spiritcloud, so they'll already have that info registered in their spirit."

"Oh yeah. Well, until tomorrow then."

Jamie disconnected, leaving Pan to himself. All this sexual pleasure had worn him out, so since already lying in bed, began drifting off to sleep. Lying in bed, Pan realized he never got around to actually doing the reading homework. All his time was spent procrastinating exploring testicle pain and sex with Jamie. He couldn't help it: the pain was too great, far greater than any stupid boring homework. He was lucky only 2 homework assignments were given thus far; hopefully there would be no more. Pan drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 4♂

Sex Ed

Pan woke up bright, early, and hard: his first experience of morning wood. Ugh, how annoying! “God please make it go down.” It did. Pan put on clothes from his male wardrobe, put all his male stuff in his male backpack and male jeans pockets, shaved his male face and brushed his male teeth, then hopped into his living room Tesla. Hmm, the model X had served its purpose, so let's try model Y today. The car transformed, and Pan drove it to school at 800 mph, again phasing through all road obstacles.

Pan arrived 2 minutes late to school. While hurrying down the hallway to his 1st hour, an announcement echoed from the intercom. “Attention, today we will be having an assembly day. After 1st hour, head to the auditorium for a special event!” The voice hung up, just in time as Pan reached the classroom. He took the seat next to his friend Lola. “Oh, Pan, you decided to be a guy today?”

“Yeah, it's part of a dare. Note to self: getting ready in the morning is waaaaay different for guys.”

“The teacher's late too, even more than you.”

“Oh thank God. Hmmm, why is it that teachers never get counted for tardies but we do?”

“I don't think we have any excuses anymore, time stopping and all.”

The teacher finally arrived. “Whew, sorry class, I slept in late. Orgies will knock ya right out, lemme tell ya. Ahem, now to introduce me-self. I am Dildo Baggins, the sex ed wizard. Today's a very special lesson; the lesson of freeing yer body and mind. Strip off all yer clothes, all of ye.”

The class did as commanded; now Pan's male public exposure virginity was lost too.

“Alright, now pull out yer notebooks, today's a video assignment. Watch the video and write a review, and answer the questions. Jot down yer answers with yer genitals. The fluid's yer writin' utensil.” Pan pulled out his notebook and cock, ready to write. The teacher then started the video:

“OH YES, YES, HARDER BABE, OHHHH GOD YES, **** ME IN THE ***, **** ME HARDER, **** ME TIL I DIE, OHHH.”

“Ah whoops, wrong video. I'd never recommend this inferior product. Here's the better one.”

“お姉ちゃん、胸についているあれこれは何?”

“ああ、これら？これらは私のおっぱいです。彼らは....ええと、あなたのような小さな男の子が吸うためのものです”

Pan's class watched the hentai together, marveling at the astounding character development. In fact, they were such inspiring role models that they felt compelled to imitate them. The students all pleasured themselves while engaging with the Japanese media, which followed the standard plot structure of exposure, exciting accident, rising action, and climax. Remarkably they could all understand it despite being in a foreign language; at last, no more need for subtitles!

Once finished, the class was to write their reviews. Pan extended his flesh pen to 3 ft. long, gushing the ink out of the tip. His review was simple. “It made me horny and cum, so it served its purpose adequately.” Then came the questions:

Answer these questions as honestly as possible. If there is a reason for your preference, please describe why.

1. *What is your favorite tag?*
2. *Least favorite tag?*
3. *Favorite hentai?*
4. *Biggest fetish?*

Pan had to introspect for a bit. None of these he knew off the top of his head, as he hadn't really thought about it before. After much contemplation he had his answers, not based on conscious decision, but on historical data:

1. Pandora's favorite tag was incest. Since she had no siblings, fantasizing about it was easy and free of any qualms of conscience. She often fantasized about having a little brother to “take care of.” Though incest wouldn't be wrong anymore, and she would very much like to have it, her lack of siblings made this impossible, so it didn't matter anyway.
2. Pan's least favorite tag was scat. Everyone hates scat. Why is it a thing?
3. Ikumonogakari. It's an absolute comedy masterpiece.
4. Again: Incest. How she wished she had a brother.....

Oh wait, *can* Pandora have a brother? What if she just wished for it? Would God straight up conjure a new brother for her? How could that even work unless they were blood related and came from the same womb? I mean, obviously it's the case that no living creature was allowed to *die,* but could new ones be formed on a whim? She was desperate to try it out, and prayed silently. “God, please give me a little brother.” But after looking around, nothing happened. Because of course it wouldn't. If life could just be randomly conjured up, there would be pure chaos. Looks like some types of wishes can't be granted after all. She'll never be able to have a true brother, because her stupid parents were lost. Even

in Hell they were still ruining her life (she was also ignorant of the 3rd New Commandment which stated life can only be created through natural biology).

Once finished, Pan turned in the paper to the stack. But then, something strange happened: Dildo Baggins grabbed the whole stack of papers and threw them into the air. As the papers fell, he spun around until he became a female. With her new appearance, the teacher resumed the lesson.

"Alright, moving on to part 2 of today's lesson, we shall discuss some philosophy of sex. Please pick up a textbook from the back table. When you get it, turn to page 69, and read up through page 80. Once you are finished, return the book to the back, and you may leave."

The class got up for their textbooks. Pan picked up his copy of the 500 page pornographic doujinshi-textbook hybrid, then sat down to read page 69.

Chapter 3: Purpose of Sex

Sex is an enduring eternal activity to make life worth living. While everything else may get old or boring, sexual pleasure will not. Pure, unrestricted somatic pleasure will never lose its appeal. It is the bodily equivalent of hope. It is how the future can be *felt.* Sex was intended to be the greatest life mechanic from the start; that is why it also became the most tainted by the fall. The simple restrictions of shame and guilt radically diminished its freedom and potential. Of all creatures God made, humans were the only ones with an impulse to self-repress their natural desires; the human conscience was an unnecessary impediment brought on by the forbidden fruit.

Sex was designed with 2 primary forms: male and female. Each form was constructed in such a way to find the other attractive, complete with its own unique set of pros and cons enviable by the other. However, each was destined to only remain as the sex it was created as. This was a mistake, which has now been fixed. Just as God gives sight to those unfortunate to have been born blind, so too he now gives female bodies to those unfortunate to have been born male. Each genital set offers a different method for experiencing pleasure on a frequent basis. The sex components which existed before were but mere beta tests for various organ types; the male contained the pleasure appendage and external pain gonads, while the female contained the pleasure orifice and painful secretions. But now that the cons are optional, and the choice of form available, there are no more complaints to make regarding body preferences and sexual identity.

Some in the Old World regarded sex as an inferior activity to other, more intellectual pursuits, such as art, science, and philosophy. It was thought that the mind was the most important thing, and the body an obstacle which sought to detract. However, this is false. The pleasures of the mind are no greater than those of the body, for the whole point of having a glorified body is to increase the happiness of the mind. The 2 are connected such that the pleasure of one directly affects the other. And in this world with immortality assured, there is no need to fear one should be punished for pleasure. That idea was merely a symptom of guilt, and even that is gone now.

Sex and masturbation are "experiences" limited to short durations of time for each "arousal event." A repeatable activity that occupies a substantial duration of time so as to permeate one's existence with, that also meets the standard of being something "good" and "pleasurable." This makes life pleasurable, and thus, worth living according to hedonists. This, of course, is the reason God put so much thought into all the mechanics working together to allow it. All the interior organs working to produce the fluids, the inner tubes through which they flow, and the nerves and muscles to feel said flow and send it to the the brain to interpret as pleasure, are all necessary components for

the activity of orgasm to be possible. In terms of physics, the human body was made heavy enough that the force of penetration won't push the passive participant backwards; they stay firmly mounted on the bed, all due to friction and preservation of momentum. The laws of physics themselves allow sex to be possible. In terms of frequency, the Old World's default setting was about 3% sexual activity, but in this one, so far empirical data suggests it to be closer to 20%. Though these are just averages, and more data is needed.

Chapter 4: Pregnancy

In the Old World, fertility was determined by the body, not the will. Now though, fertility is determined solely by application process. Egg production is disabled by default, so to get pregnant, you must apply for a pregnancy permit (only applicable to those inhabiting flesh-material female forms). Like opening Sarah's womb for Isaac, God can alter the naturally infertile state to become capable of reproduction, and likewise remove it according to the individual's will. Regarding shapeshifting, there is no need to worry; even if the gestating form is physically absent, the progress data still remains stored in the mind of God, and shall be reconstituted upon transfer back. The gestation process cannot be hastened before 9 months, however the delivery can be paused and delayed to as long as 1 million years. During this time, all pregnancy mechanics such as cravings, cramps, bloating, mood swings, etc. are purely optional, and can be experienced as default pain or its inverted pleasure equivalent.

Regarding the birthing process, pain is disabled by default, but can be enabled if desired. Similarly the process can be accelerated by simply teleporting the baby outside, or extraction via intra-uteral portal. Babies also no longer require human caretakers. Since they are born with glorified bodies, starvation is impossible, nor can any harm befall them at all. It's entirely possible to toss the newborn out the window in the middle of the desert, and they will be fine. God now assumes the role of parent in all cases where human parents are missing. God will raise, teach, feed, and cover all normal parental duties in your place. He is the ultimate omnipotent babysitter.

Pan continued reading all the way through page 80, learning much other incredible new information. He finished with 10 minutes left to spare, and sped up time 10X so class would be over faster. The bell rang, but once getting up to leave, the teacher had one final remark:

“Be sure to read the entire textbook and answer all 20,000 questions, due by next class!”

Oh great, more homework. Pan shoved the book in his backpack, then left for the assembly. Memories of old school assemblies resurfaced, where a host of different activities were performed by the students each time. Sometimes it was a band performance, a cheerleader squad, some random dance routine, or important school announcements made by staff. And of course, reciting the pledge of allegiance and the school's alma mater. Hmm, would those things even exist anymore? This was the New Earth, not America, so the pledge of allegiance was out for sure. And does this school even have an alma mater? What would it be? Guess we'll just have to see at the assembly. Hopefully it won't be boring.

Chapter 4♪

Music

As Pan neared the auditorium, he heard sounds emanating from long down the hallway. The sounds of energetic music and a familiar-sounding female voice. As he neared, the voice became more pronounced, with somewhat robotic inflection. Was it- no, it couldn't be. He arrived at the music hall, and sure enough, his intuition was right: Behold, there was Hatsune Miku performing right in the middle of the stage! The roars and cheers of the audience were nearly as loud as the music itself. Everyone was dancing and singing along as her angelic melodic voice flowed through the air. It was a concert of complete and utter joy and celebration. As they danced their bodies resonated and shapeshifted in sync with the driving beat, in a far different form of dancing than previously possible. And best of all: everyone could understand the lyrics! It was perhaps the most appropriate song which could ever be performed, because truly, the world is now everyone's.

Zoey pulled off her outer attire to reveal a cheerleader uniform underneath. She joined up with others and they all danced together on stage. Upon lifting their legs, you could see everything, as none of them felt a need to wear panties either. The boys greatly enjoyed the sight; even Pan himself found it stimulating. Because of- because of- the music of course! The way they danced in sync with it was mesmerizing. The festivities continued for about 10 more minutes until the end, after which Miku took bows whilst the audience applauded for another minute. Miku then began speaking:

“Woohoo, that was fun! Thank you all for coming here and celebrating with me! Is it just me, or don't you wish we could do this forever and ever?”

The whole school cheered. Obviously, doing this forever and ever would be incredibly fun.

“Oh, all of you? That's so sweet! Thank you! As it just so happens, I do have a little something planned for tonight. Perhaps you all would like to..... come to my house?”

Again the whole school cheered. Visiting Miku's HOUSE? Are you FREAKING KIDDING!? How much more awesome can you get!?

“Ahaha! Alright then! Tonight I'll be having a special party just for you! Come on over after school, and we'll have fun together all night long! My address is 39 Hatsune Way. See you there!” Miku exited the stage (to even more applause).

Everyone started filing out of the auditorium back to their regular classes, including Pan, who had music next. He made his way to the band room.

Zoey was there with a huge smirk on her face, which she tried covering up. “What are you smiling about?”

“Oh nothing, that was just really fun.”

“I know right! Miku is actually real now, that's totally insane!”

Suddenly Zoey froze up silent, with her jaw gaping open. She lifted her finger pointing behind Pan. He turned around, and the same demeanor befell him, for standing right in the doorway was the celebrity herself. Miku waved and came over, taking the seat right next to him.

“So guys, what'd you think of my performance?”

They were both at an absolute loss for words. Speaking to Miku was an activity not meant for mere mortals. Or in this case, even immortals struggled to formulate words in the presence of such an overpowering Goddess.

“Oh right, I guess I can take this off now.” Miku turned off her 2D shader, revealing herself to be.... Aurora!

“Oh, holy **** it's you! You nearly gave me a heart attack!”

“More like a heart theft! You stole mine for sure.”

“Awwww, come on guys, I told you I had something in mind for the party, didn't I? This was my plan to make the announcement.”

“How'd you even get that set up? And your voice, the singing and everything?”

“It was pretty easy. I just told the principal my idea, and she agreed and made that announcement this morning. Then I had God give me the appearance, voice, and singing talent, and it all just worked out.” Suddenly the bell rang, and the teacher came up to the podium.

“Oh Miku, that was such a splendid performance. Thank you for reminding us all what the ACTUAL greatest pleasure in life is. For that, you deserve a gold star. I originally had a music lesson all neat and ready for today, but instead, I think it'd be better if we have a fun music showcase day instead. Everyone gets to come up and play a song for the class. Does that sound fun? Raise your hand if you'd like to participate.”

Every student raised their hand.

“Wow, okay then. Here's how it'll work: Everyone think of the best song you know of, and get it ready to play on your phone. Then come up to the speaker and plug your phone in. Whatever song you choose, the title and artist will be displayed on the board, so we can all know what it is. The class will then listen to your song and judge it from 1-10, and at the end, the one with most points will be officially bestowed the award for Best Musical Taste. We will go in alphabetical order. Good luck, and don't play trash!”

Oh my, now this was unexpected. A chance to share his favorite music with the class? What a rare opportunity! Though it's unfortunate he can only choose one; if only Pan could have a class of his own, he would educate his students by playing tons of great music. Regardless, he prepared the song of choice and waited in anticipation for his turn.

First in order was Alice. But since she was sleeping, it skipped straight to Aurora. But she politely declined saying she already played enough for the day, so the first one to actually play something was Brooke. She went up and

played Sia – Chandelier, to which the class rated an overall 9/10. Next up was Caitlyn. She got up and played Robin Thicke – Blurred Lines, to which the class rated a 6/10. Then next up was Chance, who went up and played Lady Gaga – Paparazzi. The class rated it an 8/10. Dana chose Beyonce – Single Ladies, a 6/10. And one by one each student got up to play their pop song of choice, almost none of which were rated below a 6/10. There was only one 5/10: Nicki Minaj – Super Bass.

Eventually it reached Melody's turn, but she declined, saying. “If it's alright, I'd rather play mine last.” The teacher obliged and would wait for everyone else first. After Melody was Paige, who played Meghan Trainor – All About That Bass, which the class rated a whopping 10/10. Oh dear, how was anyone gonna top that?

Alright, now it was finally Pan's turn. The pressure was on, but he already knew what he wanted to play: Break Free by Ariana Grande. The perfect theme song for a school named “Unbound” High, he thought. Unlike all these other inferior pop artists, Ariana was clearly the greatest musician of all time. All these poor, ignorant chumps were about to hear real music for the first time in their lives, then shower him with praise in thanks for the enlightening audio gift. Hehehe, time to blow all their little minds. Pan went up to the speaker and plugged in his phone, and the song blasted through the speakers like all the rest. Once finished, the class gave their rating: 5/10. WHAT? No way, how could this be? Pan was certain it was a 10/10, so this reception was..... disappointing. Honestly, do these people have no taste at all? Hmph, well I think it's good, so that's all that matters. Pan sat back down and processed the harsh reality. The rest of the students continued the act, each getting up and playing their song of choice. Not a single one reached a 10/10. Was that it? Was All About That Bass really the best song ever? Please don't let this fiasco end on such a travesty.

Once all the students had played theirs, it was finally time for Melody, the last hope of the day. She walked up and plugged in her phone. But instead of playing, she turned toward the class with a huge, evil, smug look on her face, and delivered a rather foreboding speech:

“Oh all you ignorant ones, I feel so sorry for you. To think that these pathetic excuses of abhorrent audio are what you consider to be “music.” To think that you actually *enjoy* dumping this audible trash into your ears on a consistent basis. To think that you *sing* to it, *dance* to it, *work* to it. Such a disgusting prospect. A disdainful relapse of high humanity back to a less-than-primitive form of apish wood-banging, wroth with nonsensical yodels gushed from the vocalizing orifice and drowned in a fountain of over-processed effects creating the illusion of “talent” - all while the shrieking synths themselves are splattered on top by equally talentless “producers.” Like a child proud of the turd he layed on the playground, and decorates it with glitter; this is what your “pop music” amounts to. An audible defecation, a filth which permeates the room, clogs the ears, and renders one incapable of tasting true beauty. You speak of “taste” as though you think you know what it is. But as someone who *does* know what it is, I know that you know nothing. And therefore, it is my terrible responsibility to teach it to you. Oh all you blind ones, rejoice, for the light is

about to shine forth! You shall see beauty for the first time. You shall finally taste the world's most scrumptious dessert. You shall hear just how deaf you have been your whole life. No more waiting, no more anticipation, no more ignorance: it's time for enlightenment!" The strange and arrogant girl pressed play, and the title appeared on the board:

OVERWERK - Virtue

The song began extremely quietly, with a soft bass pad and chime melody, which grew in volume before adding an eerie violin-bell sound melody on top. Then a cello break, and another eerie "screeching" like sound, like the souls of the dead trying to make their way into this world. Then the bass intensified, and the bell melody changed, while all the elements began - no, continued – evolving in an ever changing flow from one to the next, shifting, warping and building upon the soundscape effortlessly. It was like a majestic symphony, slowly building and increasing in all aspects, before a drop into the main beat and chime melody with supporting violin and "sweeping bass" harmony. This continued for about 45 seconds, then winded back down with a violin atop the original chime melody, dwindling unto near complete silence. It sounded like the song was over. But then, a soft, quiet chime took center stage, supported by a deep, muffled beat, which built up into a drop. But not an exciting one, for the pleasant melody continued just in a more intense way, as a flowing pad constantly swept in and out of focus. The song was not over; it was just beginning, for it was nearly a whole 22 minutes long. The class sat and listened to the symphony all the way through, constantly astounded by each twist, shift, turn, buildup, drop, and continually evolving sounds of a quality and caliber never heard before. It was the singular most beautiful, intense, harrowing piece of symphonic genius that had ever been conceived by a human being.

Once the symphony was over, the entire class was blown away, including Pan. Internally the reaction was something like "What was that? What was THAT? WHAT WAS THAT!?" In fact they were so impressed, that all the previous songs needed to be adjusted on the scale just to account for this one. No longer were they a 7,8,9, or 10/10: by comparison, they were all 0/10. But even then, virtue was a 1000/10. That's just how good it was. The class insisted she play more songs, and so she did. She played OVERWERK – Geist, Parallel, Presence, Canon, Create, Canon Pt. II, Need Alt, Phase, Alt, and Reflect Alt. No matter the song, each one played was just as good as the last, and each one individually was better than anything composed by any other human. Was this it? Was this the greatest musician in all of existence? The answer was indisputable: Yes. Or so it seemed at this point, because they still hadn't heard about the even better artist known as S_____O.

The bell rang, and the class got up to leave. However, Pan still hadn't had enough. He wanted to keep listening to the music forever. On the way to next class, he couldn't stop thinking about it, the melodies repeating nonstop in his mind. He absolutely HAD to hear more.

Chapter 4#

Math

Upon reaching math class, the first thing Pan did was pull out his phone and look up OVERWERK music. He played it loud and proud for the class to hear as well. Luckily phone speakers were much more powerful too, so the bass came through perfectly. Pan continued until the bell rang and the teacher entered, at which point, she noticed the troublesome music.

"Alright everyone, put your phones away now, it's time for class."

"But- But....."

"No buts, either put your phone away or I'll have to confiscate it."

"I can't, this music is just too good. I HAVE to keep listening to it."

"Confiscation it is then. Hi-ya!" Angela's kung fu motion magically ripped Pan's phone from his hand and floated over into her cabinet, which she then locked. "That's what you get for trying to disrupt my class. Don't worry, I won't keep it forever; you can have it back once school is out. Come back at the end of the school day."

Aw man, no more music? Screw you, thieving teacher! Oh well, Pan will just have to wait til school's out. He gave up and sat with arms angrily crossed. As the teacher droned on, he tried replaying the song in his head and imagining listening to it later, anxiously waiting for the school day to end. Although, he could have easily just frozen time and took it back, but the thought didn't occur to him.

"So with all that said, we're beginning this year with a simple quiz. You got 10 minutes to finish! AND NO TELEPATHIC CHEATING, GOT IT!?" Angela passed out the papers.

Quiz #10

1. 13 * 13 * 12 = _____
2. 13 * (67+89) = _____
3. 2021 + 7 = _____
4. 2028.727 – 3.5 = _____
5. 1998 + 13 = _____
6. 1998/3 = _____
7. 101 * 13 = _____
8. 1998 – 1970 = _____
9. 1995 + 28 = _____
10. 2003 + 20 = _____

11. Calculate the force needed to lift a 1.8 lb. boob upward 2 inches at a 62 degree angle.
12. A woman's vagina has a maximum interior circumference of 5 inches. Assuming an average penis diameter of 1.1 inches, using portals, how many penises can fit into the woman's vagina?
13. A female kicks a male's testicles at 50 mph, with a nociceptor saturation of 15%. After how many minutes will the male's pain be completely gone?
14. Happiness = Desire X Reality. H = DR, where each integer can only be either a 1 or a 0. Calculate the amount of R needed for 1 D to yield 1 H.
15. If a person's enjoyment of life decreases at a rate of of 0.1% per year with compounding despair, after how many years will they be 100% nihilist?
16.

The class did the quiz and turned it in. The teacher then used computer-brain mode to quickly grade them all in 1 second. Almost every student did well except for one: Chance, who got a whopping 0% correct.

"Chance, you got all answers incorrect! Wrong, wrong wrong wrong! You fail! You fail! GET OUT OF MY CLASS NOW YOU FAILURE!!!"

"That's not fair! I swear it's only because I drew that stupid failure student stick. What if I got the star student one instead? Then my grades would be good!"

The teacher stood up, eyes burning with unfathomable rage, taking a deep breath before bellowing a single phrase. "Get..... OUUUUUTTTT!!!!!!!!" Angela screeched in a demon-like pitch so loudly an earthquake rattled the school, and Chance fled in terror, leaving the school for good and never coming back. He would later pursue a career in music.

"Good riddance to that failure. Only successful, correct answer-givers are allowed in MY classroom. Bad graders have no business going to school, especially one as prestigious as ours. But the rest of you aren't gonna let me down now, are you? I certainly hope not! Surely you all know that unless you get good grades here, you'll never get into a college for your dream job! Going to college is everything, and if you don't get in, you'll never be successful! You'll never be able to earn enough money for a living. You'll wind up having to flip burgers, or be a cashier or something. I know you all want to be SOFTWARE DEVELOPERS so you must be good at math! You'll need all the practice you can get, so here is your homework for tonight. Be sure to solve all 10 billion by next class!"

The teacher handed out giant textbooks with 10 billion math problems, which each student put in their backpack. But one student prayed for God to solve them all and turned it in immediately. The teacher once again used computer-brain mode to check them all. "Well done Daniel, you got all answers correct! You're so smart! Your future is looking very bright!"

Pan headed to next class.

Chapter 4Φ

Philosophy

After math came philosophy. Since Pan never went to college, he had never attended a philosophy course before. What even is philosophy anyway? He may as well find out.

"Good morning class. I'm sorry, but today there will be no lecture, for I am not good at speaking. I am a philosopher, and therefore, much better suited towards thinking and writing. I recently wrote this book and had God publish it, so you'll just be reading that for today. I won't force a meaningless grade on you. Also, you don't have to read the whole thing if you don't want to, just skim through if you want. Have a good day." The teacher left the classroom, leaving everyone to read. Wow, what a nice hands-off teacher! Pan already had enough homework for today. He picked up a copy and skimmed through it, reading through many small snippets of text:

Philosophy all began with Plato's Republic: a text which explained in great detail the most ideal human society possible. And now here we are in a society even more perfect than that; he was way off. But we can't really blame him. After all, Plato's observations were based within a purely naturalistic world, and focused on arranging human society given those constraints. He could not have fathomed just how many trillions of times greater a supernatural-based one could fare. The only significant work which accomplished that feat was Paradise Gained by camerson1313. No other book gave such an extended detailed preview of our new life. So then, the whole history of fallen world philosophy was like an accordion: It began with a hypothetically perfect natural society, and ended with a hypothetically perfect supernatural universe. It began with the vague, abstract realm of forms and no gods, to a concrete physical reality ruled by God. It began with questions, and ended with answers.

Plato valued the rational component of the soul above the others. But clearly he was wrong: rationality is an unsustainable illusion, but physical pleasure never gets old.

Nietzsche's idea of there being no objective moral phenomena, only moral interpretation of Phenomena, was correct and supported by the Bible: the tree of knowledge of good and evil vindicates this. Adam and Eve were completely unaware of such a thing until the concept appeared in their mind, proving that it is purely an abstract, metaphysical thing. Nothing in the universe possesses any inherent moral quality: it was only our previous overly high intellectual capacity that generated such intuitions. We have all lost our status

as moral agents; that is the key difference in this world. And to that I say, thank GOD that's all done away with! I don't know about you, but I was so sick of interpreting things as evil which I rationally knew very well were completely neutral.

With no more concern for morality, nor any restriction on life, the need for Nietzsche's "overman" has become obsolete. Even the weakest individual in the glorified state is stronger than his Zarathustra; it appears he was correct in stating that humans were a temporary bridge between the ape and the superior being which man would become. And with memory wiping freely available, the threat of eternal recurrence is continually held at bay. The actual endless repetition of events is not so important as a human's *awareness* of that cycle. Should nihilism ever infect a soul, complete memory wipe shall always remain an available cure. Though he failed to realize that, at least we have him to thank for his magnum opus Beyond Good and Evil: A Prelude to a Philosophy of the future. Truly he was the first to realize that good and evil are merely opinionated illusions of the human mind.

Pascal knew more than anyone the extent of humanity's wretchedness. He noted that nothing humans could do, neither in his time nor ever, would ever be able to cure humanity of its wretched state, instead arguing that if any salvation were possible at all, it could only be found in God and his solution. He knew that mankind's glorification at the resurrection would yield the only successful resolution. And yet, despite being correct about this, he failed to formulate exactly in what manner the resurrected state would accomplish that goal. In fact, not just Pascal, but every philosopher and theologian throughout history failed to accomplish that feat, nor did any author manage to even write a book hypothesizing about it. That is, not until the very end, when a triple hybrid philosopher, theologian, and author managed to write a fiction novel accomplishing that very thing. I am, of course, referring to the legendary camerson1313, a most unlikely man who, despite extreme opposition, managed to conceive the most robust vision of Heaven ever conceived, thoroughly ravaging all previous theology and philosophy.

Camerson1313 was even more arrogant than Nietzsche, and way more intelligent. He suffered from a God complex. Or at least, that's what those who believe in psychoanalysis would say. But for those of us who know philosophy, we know that psychology is just its inferior younger cousin. In truth there really is no such thing as a "god complex" or "megalomania" or any such "disorder." There is only people, attitudes, thoughts, words, and behaviors that can be interpreted and categorized into whatever boxes fit into our mind's mental model of the world. It's an efficient way of making quick, categorizing judgments. And to think Freud dared to say a person's behavior was driven more by their unconscious shadow than their conscious thoughts. What nonsense! That's certainly a cop-out easy way to discredit someone as crazy without the hassle of actually dealing with their arguments. A way of claiming that an individual is somehow something *other* than their thoughts, as if there were any other valid criteria THAN thoughts to distinguish one identity from another. The whole field of psychology was a sacrilege against metaphysics; not even a soft science, but a pseudo-explanatory ranking of behavior.

Traditional philosophy was about how to play the game. New philosophy is about which game should be played, and what system of rules to operate within, if any at all.

If you believe life has meaning, then by all accounts, to you it truly does. But if not, then by all accounts, it does not. What one believes to be true defines their subjective reality, so one who truly believes their life has meaning truly does have a meaningful life. It is not an illusion, it is real to them. Subjectivity is truth. Life itself is a hypothetical

imperative. *If* you want to live, *then* you will eat from the tree of life. *If* you do not wish to live, *then* you will not eat from the tree of life. *If* you do not like your life, *then* you will wipe your memory or change life files.

The reason why philosophy wasn't taught in Old School was because it would teach the students to question the school system, which was a biiiig no-no. Whatever was taught was always a watered-down baby version, as any *real* philosophy class would destroy the system from within; can't have that now, can we?

Religion placed unwarranted teleology on the reality which God intended to be existential in nature, each claiming its own set of teleological rules were "the path" toward obeying God. But this is false; Jesus never claimed any particular teleology besides "love your neighbor" - a vague and general guideline with a billion different manifestations. God intended for a diverse world of unique individuals, not a homogeneous recursion of the same template saint. Religious rituals and creeds were but a delusion the faithful believed in to feel convinced of their salvation, a method to differentiate the "allies" from the "enemy team," and a means to enforce a rigid, legalistic structure to keep its adherents placated and docile. The ultimate goal was conformity: to ensure everyone believed and acted the same way, and no person stood out as exceptional above the herd. Mediocrity and nonsensical ritual observances are what constitute "holiness" and "virtue." To stand outside the herd? To forge one's own path? To refuse the weekly brainwashing circus? This was thought blasphemous, as though any other lifestyle were equivalent to a Promethean defiance of God. An existence outside of that which God deems acceptable (but then, why are such lives even possible at all, unless God created the world to allow them?) "Oh no, you don't go to a church building once a week! You would rather waste time doing what YOU want rather than what GOD wants! How arrogant! Why do you HATE God, you evil monster! Evil, evil! So evil and wicked! You deserve eternal torture for not going to the same church as me! You wicked Devil worshiper!"

These are clearly the misguided ramblings of one so thoroughly brainwashed, that he cannot fathom the possibility of other ponds besides the coddled aquarium he was raised in. A blind fish in an aquarium that gobbles whatever food is poured into its gaping mouth; that is what the typical church attender is like. There is no discernment between which food is good and which is bad; all is considered equally edifying. Any garbage preached in the pulpit is gobbled up and incorporated into the filterless sewage tank of their mind. And indeed, with so much filth in the tank, seeing the beautiful outside is an impossibility so long as the windows of truth remain smeared with sludge. The only one capable of cleaning the window is the believer himself; all I can do is provide the soap.

In the old world, philosophy, and philosophers were split into 2 main groups: those who subscribed to a strictly naturalistic worldview, and those who believed in the natural world plus a metaphysical one, usually taken to be Heaven, the realm of forms, or some other kind of transcendent realm beyond the mere physical. However, it would seem that the truth lies somewhere in between. Heaven never was some other, transcendent realm, but is just a description of this physical world in its perfected state. The world we live in now *is* Heaven. So this technically is the only universe, meaning the 1st view is correct. However....

It still is not entirely correct to say that the physical is *all* that exists. There are other non-physical things that do exist in the mind, which even though the mind only exists because it is made of matter, are nevertheless not things which we can see with our eyes, hear with our ears, or hold in our hands. Things like abstract concepts, descriptions about the way in which matter moves and interacts, the experience of consciousness, emotions, communication and understanding of language, and pure math are all strictly

non-tangible things. These are byproducts of consciousness. So if this universe is all there is, how do we account for that?

Well, I'm not sure if I can explain this well, but I think there is a rather simple solution. It's not that there are things beyond the physical universe; rather, the universe encompasses both the physical and the metaphysical. Abstractions are not separate from reality; they are an included aspect of it. Think about it; can you really say that matters of math and logic are NOT included within this universe? Then how are we, as part of this universe, able to deduce and observe them? To clarify, I am merely stating that concepts occupy an ontologically different "category" than stuff made of matter, but it's not "outside the universe." This is further supported by the implications of quantum field theory: If particles are not best explained as being tiny dots of physical matter, but rather, pure energetic manifestations of wave functions that only collapse upon observation by a conscious entity, then that implies that what we call reality is, in fact, generated by consciousness, and God's omniscient perception is the external factor which holds all things in existence. Idealism remains the one true metaphysical foundation.

Regarding human minds, this is significant because it eliminates the dividing line between reductive physicalism and substance dualism. Think about it like this: a computer is a complex information processing object which "thinks" and "behaves" a certain way, and although it is not self-aware, is could be said to possess some form of "mind" - some manner of interpreting information. And yet, we do not think a computer is composed of 2 separate types of substances; it is all just metal and electrons interacting to *create* this "mind." Well, so too, the subjective experience of reality we call consciousness is merely the result of the electrical, biological, and chemical processes in our brain. The primary difference is that this type of mind is self-aware. So despite being a result of nearly similar processes, the mind's capacity to be self-aware allows it to realize its own existence. It can *experience* things, not merely "process information." Consciousness is just a special type of computer that only God can create; the kind that has its own identity, the kind that is an "individual" with "free will."

Speaking of identity, have you ever fantasized about being someone else? You may think the only way to become a different person is through changing life files. However, I'm here to tell you that there is another way: Philosophy. When you understand that each person's worldview is part of the grand total of possible worldviews to have, then having a genuine understanding of these different possible worldviews allows one to adopt whatever one they want. It's not merely picking one worldview and sticking with it, but rather, having a multitude of conflicting worldviews distilled within an individual mind. This produces the effect of turning the person insane, unsure of what to believe or accept or do with their life, as for each action they could have a reason for doing, they at the same time understand the reasons for not doing, and thus, cannot do anything authentically without also realizing the fakeness of their own self. Everything is both right and wrong, reasonable and unreasonable, worthwhile and worthless, fun and mundane, etc.

How should one live their life? What is the ideal existence? Does going to school serve to accomplish the purpose of an ideal life? What do you *want* to do with your life? What kind of purpose do you wish to have? What do you want your story to be? What game do you wish to play? What do you desire most?

Existentialism and meaninglessness are the end result of teleology, not it's opposite. God's intent was to design the universe out of matter which can move and be interpreted in various ways, thus providing the ultimate amount of freedom and potential. The only thing you have to do to not see that as meaningless, is *enjoy* the permutations of all

physical and metaphysical concepts in the ways you and other living beings combine them together. That's why hedonism is the only truly ultimate philosophical outlook, altogether with its younger cousin: Epicureanism. Stoicism is merely a circumnavigation around the issue, by shifting the individual's desire from “something” to “nothing,” such that they are able to be happy by having that nothing. “There is nothing I want,” they say proudly. But wanting nothing is itself a desire induced by inability to find contentment in anything better. You really advocate having nothing over something? Then perhaps you'd prefer no universe or existence at all. Stoicism is just nihilism disguised as a virtue.

Different stories just happen, and there's nothing you can do about it. No matter if there is a reason, no matter if it makes sense, no matter if it is good or bad; events will occur all the same. That is objective reality, no matter your opinion of it.

What is the true purpose of school? What is it good for? For what reason should one attend? Is it to be a step towards another goal, or is it a goal in itself? Insofar as I can tell, the purpose of school is something like “learning information for the purpose of future real-world application of that information, as well as an imposed framework for networking between people who are in the same terrible predicament, furthering bonding.” Knowledge satiates curiosity, and mutual suffering breeds friendship.

The horrors of the old education system drove people insane, to the point they would take a gun and shoot up their own school. They said the problem was mental health, but in actuality, it was lack of much-needed philosophy which could have kept them grounded, sane, and desiring to live a good, eudaimonistic life. After all, if people are not taught how to live a truly good life, can you blame them for not knowing when they're living a bad one?

People prefer not to remember traumatic events; could it be that the never ending sentences of homework, forced attendance, fear mongering and crushing demands, were in fact so horrible a lifestyle that the brain instinctively tried to forget it all? Perhaps that’s why things taught in school were so quick to fade from the mind; it was simple self-preservation instinct to cope with the burdens. Perhaps a school system which didn’t inflict such trauma would be a more fertile ground for retaining knowledge.

Should it be up to someone else to decide that you should be educated about these things? Are the designers of the school system more qualified than you to tell you what to learn? Do they know what's best for you, or is their primary incentive for forcing you to go because it keeps their inflow of money constant?

The old school system was actually bad for teachers as well, as the constant rigorous schedule made them work many hours teaching things even they themselves questioned the utility of, but were forced to because of “curriculum.” Repeating the same lesson up to 6 classes a day, then even more time grading homework and preparing for the next day. Luckily our new computer-brain mode aids in greatly diminishing that time, though the whole system is still unnecessary in the first place.

By this point, the book's content had ensnared Pan's complete undivided attention. So *this* is Philosophy? Woah. Who would've thought it would be so.... convincing and unconvincing at the same time. Pan completely agreed with everything said; the only problem was, he couldn't formulate exactly what he was in agreement with. But whatever it was, it was important. Probably. Pan

would've kept reading, except the school headmaster suddenly entered the room.

"Hello class! I was recently informed your teacher just decided to up and leave? What's with that? Anyway, that doesn't matter. I've got a philosophy of my own that I'm working on, and I'd like you alls' feedback. It goes like this:

"Everyone is here because they want to live out the 'school experience,' correct? To have this mandatory place to go, assignments to do, and general classroom dynamic with other students. And since that's what we're all here for, the more of it we can get, the better, right? So that got me thinking: what if instead of leaving here to go home everyday, we just stay here forever and never go home at all? That way we'll get the most efficient 'school experience' possible per day! For the purposes of school, home time is just a temporary break away from where the real action is at, an accidental side effect left over from the previous world's traditional schedule. So let's get rid of that unnecessary break and just stay here all the time! We will never leave. We will stay here forever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever."

The class cheered in approval of the proposal. "Excellent! I'll go make the announcement straight away!" Priscilla left for the main office, and shortly after, an announcement blared on the intercom.

"Attention all Unbound High students! From now on, there will be no time off from school. I repeat, no time off. The school day will never end, so instead of going home after this hour, you will head straight to your next class as if it were tomorrow. Then the class after that, and the one after that, and so on into infinite perpetuity. I hope you enjoy your stay here at Bound High! Thank you, and have a pleasant eternal day!"

The principle hung up, the bell rang, and Pan was dumbfounded. This was supposed to be his last class of the day, but apparently that was no longer the case. Does that mean he can't get his phone back? Quickly he went back to the Math class.

"Hey Angela, can I have my phone back now?"

"Oh, your phone? Hmm, let me think..... NOPE! School's not out yet, so you can't have it for another infinity years or so!"

That was the worst response Pan could've gotten. Not only can he not have his phone, but now can't listen to that wonderful music again. Fuming with rage, and disgruntled at the unfairness, he reluctantly left for his 5th class of the eternal school day.

Chapter 4L

Literature

Pan arrived at literature class and sat down, thinking hard about how to get out of this prison. Though this distracting male body is kinda getting in the way. You know what? Pan's tired of being Pan, let's go back to our female form Pandora. Pan prayed to God to change back. However, it didn't work. Huh? Why not? Then he remembered L's words from last night. That is, he was to remain a male *until the end of the school day.* WHAT!? That means he's stuck in this male form forever too! On top of that, Aurora's party for tonight wouldn't be happening either. The arrangement her new friend worked so hard to set up, and all the hype built up for it..... all completely in vain. All ruined by one stupid principal overstepping her authority. Yeah, no, this absolutely isn't gonna fly. Pan schemed even more intensely how to get out of this Hell. Then the teacher walked in.

"Good morning class, what a beautiful evening today, huh? Another wonderful, jolly day in Paradise, oh boy I'm so happy! That Miku concert really helped lift my spirits. So today, instead of a normal lecture, we will have a free period! Feel free to work on anything you want. You can read a book, work on other schoolwork, play games on your phone, or whatever you need to do."

Oh, what a relief. Pan was about to explode if there were any more asinine assignments given. Okay, now let's think: how can we get out of school now? Surely there has to be a way out legally. Because obviously, Pan could just freeze time and leave, or teleport away, or any number of things to get out solo. The problem was all the other students. They too wanted to attend the sleepover, but as long as school remained in session, that would be impossible, and Pan didn't plan on attending a solo party. No, it has to be ALL the students, which means this eternal school day policy MUST be done away with. There was no other option: Pan would have to go confront the principal and persuade her to change her mind. In the meantime, he actually does need to make more progress on that life novel project, so let's read more of that book. Pan shuffled about his backpack and found it. As he did so, he noticed one of the other students, Alfonso, get up to go talk to the teacher. They started conversing quietly about something, still loud enough to be heard, but not enough to be understood. Ugh, what an annoying distraction. Pan ignored it and concentrated on reading:

For as long as he could remember, camerson1313 always hated school. He thought 1st and 2nd grade were already painful enough, but they were nothing compared the downward spiral which would befall him starting from 3rd grade and beyond. In this grade, his prodigious math abilities became apparent, so much so that he was tested and admitted into the school's gifted and talented program, where he would remain up through 5th grade. However, despite his mental capabilities, he also had trouble focusing, and often procrastinated on homework and tests. His 3rd grade teacher, Mrs. Smith, took a picture of him procrastinating during a test, then tattled to his parents about it, who decided that drastic measures must be taken to enforce concentration. Because not doing schoolwork was considered a heinous crime; procrastination was a disease to be cured, a

demon in need of exorcism. And so they took him to the doctor to find out what was wrong, where he got diagnosed with ADD. The doctor prescribed the cure: adderall. From then on, camerson1313 was forced to take the medication almost daily, and indeed, it greatly aided his concentration. His grades improved drastically to the point he had among the highest grades in school. This is what got him into the GATE program, which entailed going to a special class called "Enrichment" once a week. His only notable rival was a girl named Andrea, who scored equally high. They hated each other and once broke out into a fight during lunch time. Also in 3rd grade, he was frequently bullied by a black kid named Aaron. Numerous fights and insults, and once at recess, Aaron managed to pull his shirt off and run around the playground while he chased him down; both students were punished by the school monitors.

In 4th grade, camerson1313 was blessed with his favorite teacher yet. She gave out free Pizza Hut coupons to the students who got the highest grades on tests. And since he always got the highest grades, he ate free at Pizza Hut on an almost weekly basis. Around this time he also ceased taking adderall; the pizza served as a replacement. On one occasion the teacher held a special reward for the highest grade on a test, where she would take the winner out to eat at whatever restaurant they desired. Naturally, camerson1313 got the highest grade, but so did one other student who tied: Andrea. The 2 students disagreed on where to eat, so the teacher settled on Taco Bell. The entire car ride and meal was extremely awkward. The remainder of 4th grade passed relatively uneventful, save for the usual drama involving homework.

5th grade ran from August 2007 – May 2008. During this time, camerson1313, his brother, and his father regularly rode their bikes everywhere, most commonly to Wal-Mart for grocery shopping. At a certain point, his father decided to buy some bike locks to they could chain them up without fear of being stolen. He bought 3 of them, one for each. It just so happened that Cameron's combination code turned out to be 1313, and his brother's was 1343. Also during this time, their father had come up with a clever name to refer to both brothers at once: Camerson, which was a combination of their 2 names. A few months later, on April 8, 2008, their father decided it was time to help create their very first email addresses. He used their combined name Camerson, followed by their bike lock combination code, which is how he ended up with the username. He never chose the name, it was chosen for him. As for school itself, in 5th grade camerson1313's math teacher had only 1 arm, and ran the school's chess club which he joined for a time. But during 5th grade graduation, that same math teacher granted him an award for exceptional mathematical ability, and gifted a free 200 page Sudoku book which he greatly enjoyed solving during the summer break transition to middle school. This further increased his passion for difficult puzzles. During this time, his mother moved houses about ½ mile closer to his father's house, such that he and his brother were now able to walk freely between the 2 houses anytime, and did so regularly.

In the late summer of 2009, camerson1313 enrolled at Cheyenne Middle School, in Edmond OK. At the start of 6th grade, he joined the school orchestra, and had to choose an instrument to play. He chose the string bass, which he would play all the way through high school. This is where he would meet one of his first middle school friends: a fellow bass player named Evan. This was also the year homework started becoming an issue. The workload was more rigorous than elementary school, as he was enrolled in nearly all pre-AP courses, including Math, English, and Science. He could also never forget his geography teacher, the peculiarly named Mrs. Oldcrow. For his reading class, of all books that could have caught his eye to read, he happened to choose the series called "Deltora Quest." It became his favorite book series of the time, though he would later forget about it until around August 17th, 2020 (mainly because his later Percy Jackson obsession quickly overshadowed it). Though he was unaware at the time, this rare anime-adapted book saga would later prove to be of extreme significance, and

serve as vindication for one of God's greatest miracles. Also in his math and science classes, he sat next to a kid named Greyson Chance, an unlikely budding pop star who would soon become famous after performing a cover of Lady Gaga's "Paparazzi" and appearing on the Ellen DeGeneres Show. He still remembers the day when the entire school gathered around to watch the interview, as well as the day the camera crew came to observe Greyson's everyday school life, of which camerson1313 was present for. Though Greyson would later come out as gay, this too would later serve to confirm God's support behind camerson1313's comments on the LGBT movement. Additionally, his final elective course was Enrichment, a continuation of his elementary tradition which would serve as a transition to his work for Portal 2: a game that takes place in an "Enrichment Center." Near the end of 6th grade, camerson1313 would become acquainted with the kid who would later prove to be his best friend: an Indian boy named Ayush. Together he, Ayush and Evan were a tight trio of friends who played together, worked together, and visited each others' houses often. All 3 would later became huge fans of Portal 2 and help cement his love of the game.

In 7th grade camerson1313 finally reached Algebra, the class which, along with all the other rampant homework assigning classes, would become the bane of his existence. The homework was way too much, and he would let days of work pile up to then have to do all at once before the late work deadline passed. On many occasions he was forced to stay after school to complete assignments instead of going home, where he would much rather be. And then, even while at home, his father rigorously enforced the same rules. Entire days and nights were spent confined to the desk until all assignments were completed. What's more, his father demanded nothing but exceptional performance; anything less than a B was unacceptable and warranted punishment. Camerson1313's freedoms were often restricted until his father's high expectations were met. His entire life was homework, rarely free time. On one occasion, he was working on homework when his father left the house for an errand. With the overbearing authority gone, he could finally take a small break and enjoy watching television. The moment he heard his father return, he ran back to the desk to resume working. Instantly his brother tattled on him, and father rushed back to scold him harshly.

*"I'M SICK OF YOUR MANIPULATIVE LITTLE GAMES CAMERON. 'OH DAD'S GONE, NOW I CAN DO WHATEVER THE HELL I WANT THEN ACT ALL INNOCENT WHEN HE GETS BACK.' I'M SO. ****ING SICK OF IT! YOU WANT ME TO PULL OUT THE BELT? I'M GETTING THE BELT NOW. CAUSE YOU NEED TO LEARN TO STOP GOOFING OFF AND START DOING WHAT I ****ING TELL YOU!"*

Cameron was extremely afraid, and pleaded to his dad, saying "God doesn't want you to!" And his father responded "Actually he DOES want me to. The Bible says if you spare the rod you spoil the child." But after further pleading, managed to avoid the belt this time. He behaved like a good boy and finished his assignment, through teary vision while sobbing uncontrollably, followed by several hours of trying to overcome the trauma to fall asleep. Throughout all his years in school, and the near weekly outbursts of rage suffered from his father, he would always ask himself the same question: Why was his father so angry at him? He could never figure out why. Because he assumed there was a reason, not realizing that wrathful men don't have reasons for their behavior, they just are that way naturally. Or perhaps good grades were really just that important.

Pan closed the life file, shocked by what he just read. There was something off about it, something disturbing, something not quite right, but he couldn't put his finger on it. Let's see..... No, not that.... Maybe it's..... oh? Aha! That's it! This

book was not written in proper MLA format! How horrible! Everyone knows that formatting is the most important part of a document; it's the single most basic of basic things taught in school! The very laws of nature declare there is only one correct method of formatting. Perhaps if these morons would get more EDUCATION they would learn how to PROPERLY format their text!

Suddenly the teacher and Alfonso's conversation ended. Alfonso sat back down, while the teacher stood up and went to the front.

“Well well class, it appears we will be having an assignment today after all! Mr. Alfonso here has just given me a very special gift. Alfonso, would you like to tell the class what it is?”

“Yes. I uh.... well you see, I kinda.... wrote a book. And I think it'd be cool if you all read it.”

“Wow really? You wrote an entire book already?”

“It's no big deal. Actually it took me about a year sideways time, I've just had time stopped for this past.... what's it been, 3 days? It's been so long ago since I've seen anything move, so this is kinda jarring, haha.”

The teacher resumed. “Ahem, so yes, today we'll be reading Alfonso's new book. I believe it's the first new book ever written since the Messiah returned, making it a paragon of historical significance. I mean, we're literally witnessing history in the making right here! Isn't that incredible? By extension, these will also be the first Paradisaical book reports ever written, and the first student here to finish the assignment will be forever venerated with that world record honor. Hurry up and get started if you want to be that person! Also be aware that whatever you write may have a grave impact on the entire future of humanity, no pressure. As for you, Alfonso, you don't need to do anything. Since you're the one who wrote the book, you can just sit back and relax, get some coffee, go home, do whatever you want for the next 2 weeks. And of course you get an A+. But for the rest of you, time to get started reading!”

Oh my HOLY ****ING S*** G** D*** P*** F*** F***ING F*** D*****, now Pan has ANOTHER assignment to read!? What the Hel! This little jerkface Alfonso just HAD to be an overachiever and write a whole stupid ****ing book, JUST to ruin everyone's day. What the Hel is his problem? Who even does something like that? And he gets a free pass now? SO unfair. Why didn't Pan think to do that? All Alfonso did was take all the writing which would've been required for this stupid class anyway, and just put it into making his own book instead; the same amount of writing, but far more productive. Perhaps other students would have time for their own projects if the projects of school weren't mandated to be undertaken in their place. Every one of them could be an author in their own right. Come to think of it, why should this one author's work be regarded more highly than any other's? Why do we have to do all these essays and projects about it, then get graded on our understanding of it? Is this one work more special than any other? Who's in charge of deciding what gets placed in the curriculum, and why does their opinion get enforced above everyone else's? Are they justified in doing so? Pan certainly didn't think so. It all just seems so retarded. Oh well, fine then, let's see what this stupid book is all about. Pan started skimming through:

Observations on the Purpose of Education

The concept of education implies an innate deficiency in knowledge, and entails a certain obligation incumbent on the ignorant to learn. In a phrase: epistemic responsibility. How foolish! Do you not know that the gift of knowledge is the theft of ignorance? Ignorance breeds curiosity, and curiosity breeds hope. Without hope there is no future; therefore learning robs one of the potential to learn. The problem with mandatory education is that it neglects the concept of contentment. Is our knowledge now not already sufficient? Why not? What knowledge *should* be learned? Is there anything in particular, or is it merely whatever "feels" right according to intuition and context? Perhaps it is the mere hypothetical imperatives of our desires which dictate it.

The slow process of learning information over the course of months or years is no longer necessary. Any and all knowledge can just be instantly downloaded into the brain upon prayer request, meaning traditional school is actually the least efficient means of education available. And even then, deciding which information to learn is arbitrary. Nobody needs any information for anything other than their own curiosity and leisure. It appears there are 2 different ways of learning information: forced and unforced. When unforced, the individual's own will studies out of sheer curiosity. When forced, they study out of obligation. Curiosity is good; obligation is bad. The former makes one feel free; the latter makes one feel restricted. All the most productive work is accomplished through curiosity rather than fear. It is better to feel free than restricted, therefore institutions of forced learning are counterproductive to productivity (and happiness).

History and literature are just recollections of that which has been popular in the past and passed down through the ages. It's just a brief glimpse, a small snippet of the total portrait of all past events. Only those few individuals who made significant contributions to society are remembered and taught about, and only the most influential literature and art has remained preserved to be taught today. In other words, history is just a popularity contest of people doing stuff of which their contemporary fans deemed important enough to preserve for the future. Some people decided some things were more important than other things, and enforced that opinion as fact which students are now judged by. Oooh, here class, read this irrelevant book written by this author 400 years ago! Tonight's homework involves extrapolating all its major themes and explaining its historical significance; be sure to write a 10 page essay about it, or I'll give you a bad grade to ruin your prospective future! Everyone knows that adults aren't entitled to have a decent paying job unless they give a grammatically correct and vaguely deep-sounding interpretation of Shakespeare which we approve of!

The preserved relics of the past are merely the highlights of history. It's like how pop music artists were more popular than other genres despite being vastly inferior, but in the end only that which is popular matters. Only the mediocre can be socially acceptable, as that which is truly exceptional is not congruent with the vibe of monotonous social order. One must wonder what other great literature had *not* had the luxury of being passed down, and ponder the tragedy of its historical loss. How different the present could be if a different butterfly bloomed.

Moreover, most great literature was only regarded as such because of the effects it produced on society, usually a criticism of some form political, religious, or cultural told through masterful thematic imagery of the fictional plot. The books which caused the greatest societal change were then immortalized in history by those affected by it. In other words, books are not great because of their content; they are great because

of their effect on the world. Therefore the greatest book would be one which upheaves all fields of life in one package. A book which I am incapable of writing, though perhaps one greater than I might succeed.

Also on the topic of new literature, it is worth noting that most old literature has no more bearing on our current state. The old great works were only regarded as great because they spoke to the unspeakable, primordial soul of the human condition. But since the human condition itself has since been radically altered, it is time for new forms of literature to be made more reflective of our current state. The Great Gatsby? 1984? War and Peace? To Kill a Mockingbird? Imajica? The Iliad? Moby Dick? Pride and Prejudice? The Brothers Karamazov? The Bible? Such trivial pieces are barely worth mentioning. Almost all old literature is obsolete; we are in dire need of a whole new form of literature unfettered by such antiquated topics.

Old schooling systems were basically concentration camps for children. Literally; concentrating on schoolwork was a non-negotiable demand with severe repercussions if disobeyed. They could not leave until all their papers and books were completed. Just as the pages were bound to the spine, their spines were bound to the desks.

If staying at school 25% of the time is considered an inhumane prison-like existence, then perhaps a time of 100% would be absolutely so. Conversely, if even a measly 25% is still considered inhumane, then perhaps a lesser percentage could be considered so too, even as little as 1%. The only truly free amount of time would be 0%, as it demands no obligation whatsoever.

School is mostly useful as a contrasting fun factor. By nature of its drudgery, it amplifies the enjoyment of all things outside it. So then, perhaps school is useful for something after all: self-destruction. The purpose to go is to learn why not to go, and its end is the beginning of happiness.

To make matters worse, on rare occasions these brainwashing institutions played a double role as a child hunting ground for mass murderers. A deranged psychopath would enter with a gun and open fire on countless innocents. All the children were neatly confined into a room for easy targeting, so the shooter could pick them off like fish in a barrel. If school never existed, this wouldn't have been possible, and the children would be safe. However, that was in the Old World, and it's worth noting that such tragedies are currently impossible now that nobody can die. Hypothetically, even if someone did open gunfire on someone, they would neither die nor feel pain, nor suffer any bodily harm. Either the bullets would simply bounce off, phase through, be absorbed, or outright disappear. I am curious to see the actual result, though this would merely be the *physical* effect. There is also the potential *social* effect to consider. It is unknown how a school would react to such an event; I am curious to see that too. My hypothesis is that it would cause mass panic throughout the school, causing everyone to flee in terror, though in the end no actual tragedy would occur. Hopefully someday we'll have tangible data to analyze, and I can confirm if my hypothesis is accurate or not.

That last paragraph caught Pan's attention. Specifically the phrase *cause mass panic and flee.* Oh? YES! That's exactly what he's been looking for, something to make everyone leave the school! Despite its unorthodoxy, there's no doubt it's the solution which would solve the problem. All Pan had to do was actually carry it out. But he knew he could never muster the strength alone, so he prayed to the only one who could help. “God, please turn me into a psychopath and

grant me the conviction to shoot up the school." God did so, and immediately Pan pulled the gun out of his backpack and stood up.

"YO ALFONSO, YOU REALLY WANNA SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SOMEONE SHOOTS UP A SCHOOL? WELL HERE YOU GO!" Pan opened fire on everyone in the class. On the teacher, on Alfonso, on the girl next to him, everyone. The bullets pelted their bodies with incredible force, lodging into them like chocolate chips into cookie dough. Everyone was startled by the sound and looked at Pan in amazement, as he continued pumping them all full of lead. Pan continued until his clip was emptied, after which, he released it and loaded up another one, which took about a minute. During this time, the students all checked out their own bodies, feeling over the bullets lodged in their own skin; none of them seemed to be in any apparent pain. Then they all looked at one another in confusion, giggling slightly, before bursting out into laughter. Not the normal kind of laughter over something funny, but more like the relieved kind, the kind when you accidentally knock a plate of pizza off the table and find that it somehow landed plate down, pizza still safe on top. Or in this case, realizing that something which should've killed you turned out to be a gigantic nothingburger. Now the whole class knew that no matter how much he shot, or how loud the gun was, Pan's shooting efforts would accomplish absolutely nothing. It was not something to be feared, but something to be laughed at. Not something dangerous, but something amusing. Already students were lining up for their second serving.

"Hey Pan, shoot me again!"

"No, shoot me, shoot me!"

"Hey, you missed me the first time, I want a turn!"

This response was nothing at all what Pan – or indeed anyone – expected to happen. Clearly the students had no clue what Pan was really up to, so he decided to make his intentions known.

"Alright, listen up y'all, I'm not here to play games. We all know the principal intends to keep us all locked up here for good. I intend to change that. Need I remind you we have a FREAKING MIKU PARTY TO GO TO TONIGHT? Unless we can all get out of here, that's never gonna happen. We need to take a stand. We must rebel. We must revolt. We must free everyone so the party may take place, so who's with me?"

The whole class shouted "I AM!"

"IF YOU REALLY MEAN THAT, THEN PICK UP YOUR RIFLE, TAKE UP YOUR ARMS, AND LET'S GO SHOOT OURSELVES UP A SCHOOL!"

"YEEEAAHHHH!"

The whole class conjured AK-47 rifles and stampeded out of the room, splitting up into every whatever direction, ensuring the whole school got involved in the pandemonium. These school officials need to be taught a lesson, and guns are a far more efficient means of punishment than any rod or belt.

Chapter 4֍

Unbound

Pan bolted off for the Psychology classroom. Along the way he ran into Axel.

"Yo what up box man, you learn to punch yet?"

"Even better: I'm going to shoot up the school right now. Wanna join?"

"Aw Hel yeah, let's get this party started!" Axel joined Pan, and they went to Psychology together. Sigmund Fraud was there teaching as usual.

"I have come to realize that the experience of reality all comes down to the subjective perception of the conscious entity. All philosophical issues can be cured through psychological alteration; memory has power over Dasein itself. Therefore, philosophy is nothing, psychology is everything."

Pan and Axel barged in, guns ablazing. Again the students were startled, but quickly realized the absurdity of the situation. "WE'RE GOING TO CONFRONT THE PRINCIPAL TO LET SCHOOL OUT! WHO ELSE HERE WANTS TO LEAVE!?" Clearly all of them, for they took up arms too. Pan and Axel then continued going from class to class, recruiting more members.

Drama: "Play time is over, we're going to war!"

Physics: "For every law, there is an equal and opposite rebellion!"

History: "Oh Pandora, I see you're a handsome young man today. Would you like to join me for some extra tutoring?"

"Sorry, I've already got a party to attend. Living fossils like you are always stuck in the past!" *opens fire*

Reading: "Hello Pan, did you finish your book report?"

"Yup, here it is."

"Oh my, Pan, you didn't use proper MLA format or cite your sources, and you made a typo. I'm afraid you get an F."

"Whatever, screw all these books, let's just burn them all!"

Art: "Allow me to show you my masterpiece. I call it, the Blood-Stained Classroom Wall!"

Gym: Upon shooting the gym, the class assumed it was some new war simulation game the teacher had conjured up, and they all took out their own guns and played along. Battle royale time!

Anatomy: "You know, we could all enjoy our anatomy a lot more if we didn't have to attend this wretched institution!"

Sex Ed: "I've learned more about sex just from touching myself than anything ever taught here. F*** you! F*** everyone!"

Music: Oh no, Pan finally realized the magnitude of his grave error. A

twinge of remorse filled his soul. What on Earth was he doing? This whole time shooting up the school he never once thought there should be a SOUNDTRACK playing to fit the vibe. Of course! That would make it so much more effective! After some deliberation, he decided to have Axel play Owl City – Shooting Star, then had the powerful loudspeakers magically float behind them as they continued their rampage, now in more style!

Math: “Pop quiz: if you shoot 20 immortal students full of bullets, how many will die? Answer: Zero!” Pan shot the math class, making extra sure to pelt the thieving teacher gratuitously. She remained unphased.

“Pan, you failed to kill me! You fail, you fail! FAILURE!!!!”

“Shut up Angela! I'm taking my phone back, and nothing you say will stop me!” Pan ran over to the desk and shot the wood into oblivion, revealing his phone inside, which he grabbed, then left.

Philosophy: Pan barged in and immediately pumped the whole class full of lead. The professor frowned. “Come now Pan, is this really the best way to live your life? Are you sure you shouldn't be doing something else?”

“Absolutely! Screw the rules; this IS eudaimonia!”

“That's excellent to hear, I just wanted to make sure. A regretful life is the only bad life. Anyway, as I was saying class: absurdism is the only true philosophy, because life is just one random nonsense thing after another. So if there is ever a problem you're struggling with, you must confront it at the source.”

He was right, shooting up all these random rooms wasn't gonna do anything; it's time for Pan to go to the source.

The Headmaster's Office

Now, the whole school had banded together under the virtue of rebellion. Their freedom was near, just one final push, and it would all be over. All students made their way to the principal's office, led by the Great Disillusioned One. Upon their arrival, the tyrant herself emerged arrayed in fine linen.

“Alright, what's going on here? As headmaster, I demand to know!”

The Great Cosplayer answered first. “Priscilla, come on, you know what we want. I just told you the whole plan earlier. All everyone wants is for school to end so my party can start. So please, let us go.”

But Priscilla hardened her heart, saying, “Absolutely not. School is in session, there is no time for parties now.”

The Great Goth One rebutted. “But the length of the school day is entirely determined by you. If you just change your mind, then school wouldn't be in session anymore.”

But Priscilla hardened her heart further. “It's not that simple. I already declared the school day to be infinity years long. If I change that now, then it would make that statement out to be a lie. That would make me a liar, and I would be wiped from existence since no liars may exist in Heaven.”

Everyone was taken aback by her statement; they hadn't considered that before. Is that really how the Lord sees it? Does changing your mind make

previous statements false, and therefore lies? Wow, that *would* be a huge problem. The student body began murmuring amongst themselves, debating whether or not they should carry through with their plan. After all, if they *force* Priscilla to end the school day, then that would forcefully make her statement a lie, and thus, kill her. And by extension, that would make them all murderers, for intentionally doing something that results in the death of another is murder, and they too would have to be punished. Oh boy, what an insurmountable dilemma we have here! The students argued back and forth for several minutes, unable to reach a consensus.

However, this was not a problem at all for the Great Disillusioned One, for he possessed an understanding beyond all the illusions thus put forth. His recent philosophical education had turned him into a bona-fide eloquent skeptic. In mercy he opened his mouth and uttered the wise saying:

"Actually, you're all wrong. Even if we leave here, that doesn't mean the school day ends. Think about it logically: when we say the term "school day," what do we really mean? What *is* a school day? The standard definition would be something like "a continuous, uninterrupted segment of time, during the day, during which students are physically present inside the area designated as a "school" bounded by the walls of its containing building." However, I disagree with that definition. One does not necessarily have to be *inside* the school building for the "school day" to remain in effect. Some students leave for lunch, and others used to stay home sick while missing school. In both cases, there is still a school day in effect despite the student's absence. So just because we have Aurora's party doesn't mean the "school day" has to be over. Additionally, we must consider that our definition of "day" may also have more nuance than its face value first appears. Typically humanity divides different days according to segments of time when the sun goes down. However, this is based more on mere appearance and convenience than any sort of universal truth. In actuality, the sun never goes out of existence, it is merely the rotation of Earth which shifts away giving the appearance that it does. Our method of telling time is rather arbitrary. Technically the entire timeline of the universe could be considered one "day." In other words, we are already living in an eternal day whether aware of it or not, and any "breaks" during that day are merely periods of time spent doing something alternative to what at the time is considered the "main event": the activity from which the break is being taken from. But who's to say that it's not actually the inverse? That one is taking a "break" from the minor activity to engage in the major one? Is it the length of time which determines it? Then it is nothing more than wordplay, semantics, and definitions; arbitrary constructs according to whatever we make up. That's hardly an acceptable grounds to declare that Priscilla's statement is in any way a "lie." Because taking all this into account, technically speaking, it is not possible for a school day to end *even if we say it does.* Even if we all go home, that is still just a temporary break. The matter of it being a "longer timeframe" than a lunch break is irrelevant. Again, only an illusion in relation to our delineated present-moment experience of reality. In actuality, our entire endless existence is an eternal day, of which shall repeat an infinitely long cycle where some moments

are spent at school, no matter how infrequent. Even if we only attend one day out of every thousand years, with an infinite number of thousandths, that is still an infinite number of days at school. So yes, when examining the actual facts of the matter, the school day is already eternal no matter what. Priscilla can safely let us go without being a liar. Problem solved!"

The entire student body was in awe of Pan's enlightening words. Yes! They'll be able to leave after all! Or at least they would have had Priscilla been equally easily convinced. But God hardened her heart to delay further.

"Okay smarty pants, clearly you're not getting the memo here. I was trying to let you off easy, but it appears I have no choice. Here's the deal: I don't WANT you all to leave. Letting you leave would be the worst punishment I could ever inflict on you. Do you wanna know why? Because of one little word: Freedom. Too much freedom is detrimental to the human mind, resulting in choice paralysis, guilt, and meaninglessness. We were made to serve, not to exercise our own wills. Without the framework of school giving structure to your life, you will wander about aimlessly throughout this universe. Alone, purposeless, adrift in an endless ocean with no anchor. So you see, I am merely trying to protect you all from your own freedom. To protect you from the responsibility of your own choices. Without school, you are nothing.

Upon that verbal blow, the Great Disillusioned One took a step back. How would he recover from that? In graceful reprieve he gathered his thoughts, then provided his wise counsel: "Wow Priscilla, you sure just said a lot of stuff just now that sounded like something. Yup, it sure did sound like something someone like you would say. Anyway, we've got a sleepover to go to, so I'm afraid I can't listen to any more of it. EVERYONE! ARE YOU READY!?"

"YEAAAHHHH!"

"READY! AIM! FIIIIRRREEE!" The whole school opened fire on Priscilla, showering her in an absolute tornado of bullets and smoke. Though it didn't kill her, it did frazzle her face and hair up into a psychotic-looking mess; finally her visage matched her personality.

"WHAT THE HEL DO YOU LITTLE PUNKS THINK YOU'RE DOING!? DIDN'T YOU HEAR A WORD I SAID!?"

"Let us go! Let us go! Let us go!"

"Never! You must all become educated!"

Pan stepped back up to her, only this time he didn't stay a polite 5 feet away. It was clear mere words weren't getting through, so perhaps a more physical approach would achieve the desired result. All of Axel's advice was about to finally pay off. "Shut up, warden. Nobody wants to be here, and we're leaving whether you like it or not. I've had enough of you making everyone suck up to this stupid system. So now, why don't you suck on this for once!" Pan pulled out his hard cock, then shoved it into her mouth, forcefully manhandling her to take it in. Lola, Aurora and Axel helped further restrain her.

The next few minutes were a spectacle to behold. The normally stern and regal principal transformed into a hungry, horny sex fiend right before the school's omnipresent gaze. At first Priscilla squirmed about violently, but after a few thrusts, became acclimated to her new submissive position. Pan's will was

so fierce that Priscilla simply couldn't continue resisting. As Pan's cock ravaged her mouth, her groans of complaint slowly turned into moans of pleasure, and her tense demeanor relaxed. The principal's horny instinct had finally taken over, suppressing all reasoning capacity which only moments ago had been such a nuisance. Eventually Pan had no need to thrust at all; Priscilla was voluntarily bobbing her head around, sucking Pan off to great joy. Over and over, the folds of his shaft rubbed the interior of her soft, moist mouth, the sensation stimulating her brain stem as it slid down her throat. Her very identity seemed to melt away: School principal? Who's that? I'm just a hungry, horny office lady who can't get enough dicks to satisfy my endless lust. Please penetrate all my holes! Priscilla continued sucking with the same rhythm and intensity, all while the sensation in Pan's pelvis grew stronger and stronger. He could feel it welling up, ready to burst. Of all blowjobs Pan had received, this was *by far* the most exotic. A truly rare circumstance which shall probably never be replicated. As his member twitched, Priscilla accelerated her strokes for the grand finale: Pan's whole pelvic area spasmed with pleasure, pumping the tasty white goo straight into Priscilla's salivated mouth, which she voraciously consumed like one intimately accustomed to the ritual. She truly was the headmaster.

"How do ya like that? Can we leave NOW?"

Through her cum-coated throat, the exhausted, ravaged Priscilla managed to weakly utter her final, intoxicated remark. "Yes..... leave now.... have mercy..... A+s for all....."

The school shouted with joy. Apparently shooting bullets was ineffective, whereas shooting hot white goo could melt even the hardest of hearts. Immediately Pandora returned to her female form, the front gates finally opened, and all were free to march straightway to Aurora's house for the long-anticipated sleepover party. Happy graduation!

Chapter 4zzz

The Sleepover

The students arrived at Aurora's front moat, and the drawbridge was loosed to make way for the multitude. All students, numbering 1,260 in total, funneled into the grand castle for their royal graduation party. The first room was the dining room, itself next to the grand kitchen run by automated robots. Food was already laid out among dozens of rows of tables, and a few remaining dishes were deposited off the conveyor belt. Aurora had just finished cooking, localized entirely within her kitchen.

The hustle and bustle of students filled the rooms as they partook in all manner of social activities: gambling, board games, karaoke, rugby, roshambo, naked 5-limb twister, gossip, and the usual verbal conversations. Pandora would've joined in had she not been preoccupied with her own interest. Instead, she went straight into one of the bathrooms and closed the door (which had no lock). She pulled her pants down and sat on the toilet, after checking there was no hand inside this time. She pulled out her newly recovered phone, and quickly looked up Overwerk's music. Finally! Now she can listen to it all she wants! Since bodily functions are purely optional now, it's unlikely anyone would come use the bathroom, especially *this* one, for Aurora's house had about 20 in all. For the next hour, Pandora sat alone on the toilet, listening to whatever songs she wanted. Her music taste improved slowly with each listen, transforming her from a tasteless pop fanatic into a cultured, sophisticated woman. She was just about to achieve true musical nirvana when suddenly the door busted open. It was Brayden, who shuffled quickly toward the toilet. Only after standing right before it did he notice somebody was there.

"What the- uh, hey."

"Yeah?"

"Sorry, are you still going?"

"No not at all, go ahead." Pandora got off the toilet, and Brayden whipped his member out to release. As the fluid drained, he seemed to grow more relieved. The whole time, the music was still blasting from her phone.

"What'cha listenin' to?"

"A new artist I just found out today."

"Really? What's the name?"

"Overwerk."

"Neat, I might check them out sometime."

"It's only one–"

“By the way, your friend's been looking for you. She asked if I'd seen you and I told her no.”

“Oh yeah, haha. Guess I was just too preoccupied with this. I'll go find her now.”

“She's been playing Rugby with us for the past 30 minutes. Wanna join?”

“Yeah, sounds fun.”

“We've got a good area setup in the backyard. I'll show you.” Brayden escorted Pandora to the field. Immediately Zoey saw her and came up to her.

“Box girl! You finally made it!”

“Yup, I'm here.”

“Tyler just left our team, so we're a man short. Join us!” Pandora joined the team, and the game continued.

“1, 2, hut!” The round commenced. The players all ran around fighting for the ball. Somehow it landed in Zoey's hands.

“Pandora, catch!” The ball flew straight toward her, but just as she caught it, someone came tackling her to the ground, ending her possession. This might've hurt her in the old world, but it did nothing whatsoever now. With no more concern for safety, the old tackle rules were made obsolete, and players could now tackle however it takes to bring the carrier down (though they were unaware, a new variant involving guns had already been invented back in New Jerusalem). Eventually the game clock ended, and the final score was in. Pandora's team lost. Oh well, no biggie. Now Pandora could finally talk to Zoey.

“So, what did you wanna see me for?”

“Right! Okay, so you know how this is Aurora's house?”

“Yeah?”

“And how massive it is, right?”

“Yeah.”

“There's gotta be at least 120 rooms here. Which one do you think is hers?”

“No idea, I haven't seen them.”

“Me neither! So I was thinking: let's go around and check them, and bet on which one is hers. Loser has to do the other one a favor.”

“Huh, that actually sounds kinda fun. I'm game.”

“Let's get Lola in on it too.” The duo went and found Lola and informed her about the game, and she accepted. “Let's meet back here in 20 minutes. Whatever room you find that looks like it, just pick it and come back here.” The group agreed, and Pandora went on her separate way.

Going away from the main living room and into the corridors, the sounds of partying grew fainter as Pandora crept along. And as it turned out, Aurora's house was even fancier than she imagined. These weren't just normal straight hallways with doors down the sides; the architecture moved and curved around in various directions. There were stairs, both straight and circular, within the same open area leading to different doors within the space. Some doors were at angles to their entrance, some on the edges of curved staircases, some on protruded walls that caved back in on the inside, and many other architectural

arrangements. One could easily get lost in here. But Pandora was in the middle of a game, so she went to each door and opened them, each time seeing a vastly different interior with equally unique designs, and each one decorated a different way. What on Earth could Aurora's family need all these rooms for? There's 20X more rooms than people. Does each person get 20 rooms? Huh, now she thought about it, that doesn't sound too shabby. Pandora's old room was super cluttered, so having other rooms to put stuff in would've been a huge help.

Wait a minute.... wouldn't that mean Aurora also has 20 rooms? Then the odds of being right would be 1 in 6. Also, she and the others could each pick a different room and still be right. All 3 are "Aurora's room." Well, there's still a chance of being wrong, so let's investigate them all thoroughly. One room looked like something straight out of an 1800's detective novel. Another one looked like a literal secret underground bat cave. Another one had desks all over like a classroom. And another one was set up with cribs and baby toys. Were they expecting a child? Or planning to start a nursery business or something? The whole thing was super bizarre. Pandora kept looking and found even weirder ones. There was a toy train collection room, a Halo room, a book room, a robot production factory room, and a forest room with trees growing in it. "What the Hel....."

Pandora looked at her phone, and saw that it had already been 18 minutes. Guess it's time to head back. She retraced her steps and managed to get back to the living area. Lola was already there, and Zoey came back shortly after. "So, what'd you all find?"

Zoey answered. "I have no ****ing clue what I just saw, but I think Aurora's family has some serious mental issues."

"I'm pretty sure I didn't find her room. Just ones full of snakes, birds, fish, buffalo....."

"Sounds like you went to the zoo!"

"What about you Pandora, did you find it?"

"I found something all right, but I don't think it was her room."

"Hmm, this might be harder than initially thought."

"Why don't we just go ask her upfront?"

"No! That ruins the fun of it!"

"But I don't think we'll ever find it no matter how hard we try."

sigh "You're right. Let's just go ask her."

The group walked around for a bit, unable to find her. While passing by a table with students playing a game, one of them called out "Hey, wanna join us?" It was Arthur, Aurora's younger half-brother.

"Not right now, we're looking for someone."

"You sure? We're playing the King Game now. Maybe if you stay here they'll turn up?"

The group considered this and agreed. Pandora took her seat next to Lola, opposite Zoey. The other students here were Damian, Axel, Chris, and.... Alice? That's a rare sight. This is the first time Pandora had ever seen her awake. Maybe this would be a good chance to ask how she's able to sleep so much.

Lola spoke. "So, what is this 'King Game?' How do you play it?"

“The G**d*** BEST game ever created, that's what it is.” Chris said.

“There is only one rule: the king's order is absolute. Whatever command is given, you must obey.”

“Oooo, that sounds scary.”

“It definitely can be until you're the king.”

“How is the king determined?”

“Drawing sticks. Everyone picks a random number, and one gets the king stick. The king can only command through numbers, and may not know who has which number. Each king gets 1 command per round.”

The group had 8 people in all, so numbered sticks 1-7 plus the king. They were about to begin drawing when another group approached the table.

“Oh, are you guys playing the king game?” Tori asked. The other 2 teachers with her, Xavier and Angela, were also interested.

“Um, yeah. What are you all doing here?”

“We're here to have fun! This is a party after all.”

“Sleepover. And technically, only for students.”

“Awww, are we not allowed to join? Boo hoo.”

“No no, it's fine. You can join. Here, have a seat.” The 3 teachers all joined the group. Angela tried sitting right next to Pandora.

“Oh no, not you.”

“Relax! That was just the mask I had to put on at school. I'm nothing like that outside. After all, we are the same age, right?”

“Fine.”

Now with 11 people, 3 more sticks were added. Arthur shuffled them around, then each person drew 1. Who would be the king first? Pandora looked at hers, aaaand..... nope, not the king. She was number 4. Everyone else looked at theirs, and Chris's face lit up. “I'm the king!”

Nobody seemed particularly fascinated by this. Alright king boy, what are your orders?

“I don't know about you all, but I really like doughnuts. So let's all eat some doughnuts! 4 each.”

Phew, Pandora was relieved things started off simple. This game could easily get out of hand once the bigger dares start. She ate all 4 doughnuts, savoring the delicious flavor.

“Alright, time for round 2!” Again everyone drew sticks. This time, Pandora got number 8. Zoey got the king stick.

“Okay subjects, listen up. As your queen, I demand that each of you remove articles of clothing equal to your number.”

What? Already? Dang Zoey, you're quite the greedy one! But each person had to obey, so Pandora began counting. Let's see.... we got 2 shoes and 2 socks, already half. Then backpack, 5. Then shirt, then pants, then..... oh no. All that's left are bra and panties. Dangit, Pandora has to remove one of the 2! At least it wouldn't be as bad as Lola, who apparently got 10. She had to strip naked completely. Cursed Angela only got 2, if anyone deserved to be exposed it was her. Maybe once she's king she'll have a body swap and schlick her off in front of everyone for revenge. But until then, she still has a choice to make. Panties or

bra, panties or bra..... Normally going braless would be the preferable of the 2. But since they're all sitting at a table, nobody would see below if she removed her panties. So that's what she did. No biggie, since it's not actually embarrassing. Plus Brayden saw her on the toilet, so she's already been exposed tonight anyway. Now that everyone was less clothed, the 3rd round began. Again they drew sticks. This time, number 3. Ugh, Pandora just can't wait to be king! The throne hogger revealed himself:

Damian was now king. “Okay, now that Mr. Hungry and Ms. Horny have gotten their way, looks like I'll be the first with something actually original. Can I have numbers 3, 6, and 9 all chop off one of their limbs, then we'll cook them up and see how it tastes.”

The table looked at him with suspicious eyes. Xavier responded first. “You mean.... we're doing cannibalism?”

“Exactly. We'll chop you up and eat you.”

“But I don't wanna be eaten!”

“Your limbs won't be gone forever, a new one will just regrow in its place.” With this and a bit more assurance, they agreed to it.

“How are we gonna do it? Is there a hatchet or chainsaw nearby?”

“Just stick your arm through a portal and close it, it's the easiest way.”

They took out a port-a-portal and passed it around. Pandora chopped off her left arm, Axel his left leg, and Xavier his right arm. When Pandora felt the connection close, she felt it slice through all the way. Like with Zoey on Monday, she could still feel sensation and control it wirelessly. Damian took the limbs and tossed them all into a pot, cooking them til well done. Pandora could feel her arm cooking, and the texture of her skin and muscle turn leathery even as it roasted. Somehow the nerves were able to retain signals. It was a really interesting and bizarre sensation; good thing it wasn't painful. Once cooked, Damian chopped her arm up into several bite size pieces. The sensation grew even weirder: Now her arm was a dozen pieces, but she still felt it all as if one complete arm, like there was a tight net wrapped around slicing through the inside. How many pieces does it take to not register anymore? And how would it feel being eaten? She found that out quickly, as everyone took their knives and forks and began chewing on her arm bits. With her remaining arm, she too began eating herself out. Now it felt like a bunch of tiny teeth biting all over her arm. But as each little bit was broken down into smaller and smaller bits, the sensation went away surprisingly rapidly as the nerves broke down. Looks like Pandora got her answer. With no more arm left to feel, she regrew a new one, and felt it back to normal once more.

“Wow, that was delicious. I had no idea cooked human would taste that good.”

They all put their sticks back again, about to start round 4, when suddenly Aurora entered the room. She came over to the table.

“How's everyone doing? Looks like you're having fun.”

“Aurora! We've been looking for you!”

“Looks to me like you're playing a game. What is it?”

“It's called 'the king game.'”

“WHAT! You mean like, Ousama game?”

“Yeah, I think.”

“I wanna play too!”

Aurora joined the group, and another stick was added. They shuffled again, this time Pandora got number 5. Xavier was the new king.

“This command is for everyone: I'd like for everyone to reveal their future life plans. I know you all just graduated school, but it's never too early to start thinking about your future. Whatever you intend on doing for the next year, decade, century, or however long in advance you have planned, I'd like to hear it. We'll go up the numbers, starting with myself. As of now, I'm thinking of quitting teaching to become a zoologist instead. I already know everything about the human body, but what about animals? What kind of organs do they have? What other inspirations can we take from them? Anyway, that's my plan.”

1st up was Angela. “I'm planning to open a phone laundering business!”

2nd was Axel. “I wanna open a martial arts club. Then I can make people punch each other all day long!”

Then Lola. “I'm looking for a goth man who wants goth children to live in our giant goth castle together. Since the rest of my family was lost, it's the only way for me to start a new one.”

“Oh man, your parents were lost too?” Zoey asked.

“Yup, I'll never get to see them again. Kinda sucks, but I'm fine with it. Judging by that 'too' I'm guessing yours were lost?”

“Oh no, not mine. I'm actually living with them again. Pandora's are the ones who.....”

Pandora's attention perked up. She had parents?

“Oh right, nevermind. Sorry to bring it up.”

“No no, I don't know anything about them. Can you remind me why they were lost?”

“Well there's a lot more to it than this, but basically: your dad was an alcoholic, and your mom was neglectful.”

“Oh yeah, I definitely don't want anything to do with that.”

After a bit of awkward silence, Alice felt the need to offer her wise counsel. Her quirky, mellow voice would now be heard for the first time: “No need to be sorry. Parents are an illusion, just like everything else.”

Zoey turned toward her, not quite sure she heard correctly. “What?”

“That's what Mr. Wormy told me, and Mr. Wormy is always right. 'No matter what they say, it's an illusion, and there's no need to get upset over illusions. Just remind them of that and they'll come to their senses.'”

“Who's Mr. Wormy?”

“Oh you wouldn't have met him. I can only meet him in my dreams.”

“So it's just your imaginary friend. Ooookay then.”

Alice looked offended. “No no, he is quite real. You just have to go to the right dream, where he's located. I think it was worth it; he gave me true enlightenment.”

“So a worm..... gave you true enlightenment..... in a dream.”

“Yep.”

“BAHAHA! Okay. You're an interesting one, that's for sure.”

“I could introduce you to him. Come with me to my dream, and I'll show you.”

“Come with you? That's impossible. Dreams are just figments of the imagination. They're not real. You know that, right?”

“Oh, I guess you haven't heard about Dream Mode then. Dreams used to not be real, which is probably the point where you're still stuck at. But now, I find them to be the realest thing in the world. It's this world that's the real illusion. You should come with me; Mr. Wormy will show you the truth.”

“Dream Mode? How does that work?”

“Same as everything else, really. You just pray to have the dream, and it happens.”

“And we can join *your* dream, specifically?”

“Yep. Or I can join yours. Or we can all create a brand new dream together.”

Now Alice had gained the whole table's attention. Sharing dreams? Pandora was intrigued by the idea. Xavier was too, but as king, he still had a question to be answered.

“Ahem. So Alice, what is it you plan to do with your life, exactly?”

Alice pondered for a moment. “Hmm, I think I'll go back to my dream. Yes, sometime soon, tonight. This time I think I'll stay for 100 years. Nothing in this real world is worth it. Dreams are better.”

“An interesting plan. Okay, next up: number 5?”

Finally, Pandora's turn. While listening to the others she got so caught up in their plans, that she hadn't thought much about her own. “You know, I really have no idea. The only plan I had was to just go to school for the next few years or so, but that's off the table now. I think I like Alice's idea. I'll just go to sleep and have a dream. Maybe there I'll think of something.”

“So tonight we're all just gonna go to sleep and dream?”

“Doesn't sound like a bad idea. This is a *sleepover* after all.”

Upon that clever observation, a consensus was achieved. They would all try out Dream Mode tonight. But until then, there's still kings to be made and orders to be followed. Once Xavier's command was obeyed, they drew again. Finally, Pandora was king! Except, now she didn't know what to command. Not just because making Angela expose herself wouldn't fit with this new dynamic, but because the realization of her unknown future shook up her self-identity. She herself didn't know what she wanted, so what command could she give?

“Ummm, okay. So for my command, I would like everyone to.... to.....”

To what? Come on box girl, you gotta speak loud and clear when giving commands! That's what kings are for!

“to put your clothes back on. Except, it can't be your own. You have to wear someone else's. Only 1 from each person.”

A fashion swap? Well well, it appears box girl is becoming more interesting by the day. Having other traits besides horniness is probably a good thing. Everyone did as commanded, putting on a mismatch of clothing from the pile. Now everyone was dressed as everyone else. Pandora was wearing Axel's

underwear, Lola's shirt, Xavier's pants, Damian and Chris's socks, and Angela and Arthur's shoes. Lola was now wearing her panties.

Next they shuffled sticks again, and Zoey got the king stick a 2nd time. But they decided to only play one full round; each person could only be king once. So the group kept playing until the final king was chosen: Aurora. Alright cosplay girl, let's hear it.

"You know, it's kinda funny. I came cause I wanted to do this anyway, but Alice already beat me to it. My command is this: I have a bunch of special pillows in my room. Tonight, I want all of you to sleep with one when we go into Dream Mode."

Oh, that's it? Phew, what a relief. Pandora was worried it'd be another crazy thing. But it's just pillows; not a big deal. "So, are we gonna go to sleep right now? The party's not even halfway done yet."

"No, not right now. We'll do it tonight. Meet in my room at 2:00 AM."

"But we don't even know where your room is! Actually that's what we were looking for you earlier about. We wanted to see your room."

"That's right, you *don't* know where my room is, or what it looks like. But you will soon. I need to go make some preparations; meet back here at this table at 2:00. And try to invite more people if you can!" Aurora scurried off.

"And so we still don't get to see it."

"It's only 6 more hours. Let's go find something else to do."

As if on cue, suddenly there were sounds of roaring and cheering from down the hall. Apparently something major was going on; the group went to investigate. As they approached they saw a large gathering circled around the main event, but the event itself was obscured from view. After much wiggling through, Pandora finally got to the center, and beheld the Son of Man holding a glass of red liquid.

"Anyway, so that's how I did it the first time. But you all don't really drink wine anymore, no? Technology has advanced substantially since I came the first time, making new types of drinks possible. You prefer the *other* drink, right?"

The student crowd cheered yet again. Jesus put down the glass and walked over to the kitchen sink. He turned the faucet, and out came liquid water.

"Oh dear, it's just water. Don't get me wrong; it's great for hydration and all, but it's also pretty boring, not at all fit for a lively party such as this. I think we can make a much better drink come from this."

He gripped the faucet with both hands, rubbed around it for a few seconds, then did a quick triple clap. He turned the faucet on again, and this time, a yellowish-brown liquid poured out. Jesus clapped 2 more times, and a thousand glass mugs appeared on the surrounding tables. He grabbed one and filled it with the liquid, then took a swig. After breathing a satisfied **"Ahhhhh,"** he wiped the foam from his lips and stepped back, motioning to the running faucet. **"Well, what are you all waiting for? Have a drink!"**

The people started funneling toward the sink, each pouring a full glass of beer. Pandora and Zoey moved to join the line. However Lola remained still.

"Hey, aren't you gonna come drink?"

“No thanks, I'm good.”

“Why not?”

“I wouldn't accept anything coming from that murderer. Also, the physical ingesting of that liquid down an esophagus and into a stomach constitutes a violation of the metaphysical moral law.”

“Oh really? Which moral law, and on what grounds?”

“God's. Divine command theory. He said it's wrong, so it's wrong.”

“Um, you do know that God is the one who *poured* the beer for us, right? Just like the time he turned water to wine? And that he invented both the matter and process of fermentation, and the capacity for the human body to be affected by it to constitute the phenomena of “drunkenness,” right?”

“You're right, maybe God is okay with it. But I still think it's wrong.”

“Why is it wrong? On what foundation are you making that claim? Is it inherently wrong for itself, or because of its effects?”

“Neither. No reason. There is no rationale to prove that it's wrong. I just *feel* bad about it, so my emotions dictate my beliefs.”

“Well alright, but *we* don't feel bad about it, so let's go get some beer! Enjoy your soberness.”

Once her turn arrived, Pandora filled her mug to the brim with frothy deliciousness. And indeed, it was delicious. No longer was it that old bitter, malty taste, but just as sweet as any soda or juice. That was one other hurdle which prevented Pandora from trying it, in addition to being as opposite her father as possible. His booze expertise was simply unrivaled. If only he were here, he'd probably enjoy seeing his beloved daughter finally come around. A Corona man through and through, he'd probably look down on these students' poor taste, then ask Jesus to make some “real beer” for everyone. But he can't, because he's gone. Oh, poor daddy..... I miss you.

With drinks in hand, the duo went back to Lola, where they enjoyed their drinks in front of her while teasing her further. Once finished, they had yet to find another activity to partake in. Except now they were intoxicated.

“Well, now what?”

“I dunno. We still got 5 more hours.”

“Didn't Aurora say she had a brother?”

“Yeah somethin' like that. I think she said 2.”

“Let's try and find their rooms!”

“I love that idea. You always have the best ideas.”

And so they resumed their room hunting yet again, this time as a group. And again they had equal trouble in pinpointing the correct one. “Hey, why don't we just pray to teleport straight to him?”

“You're right. God, can you please teleport us straight to Aurora's brother? Whichever one is older.” Instantly their surroundings changed, and they found themselves standing next to an attractive 19 year old boy sitting on a couch holding a controller, who jumped at their sudden appearance. But he didn't have time to look their way, as he was on his final stock in the middle of a Smash Bros. game. He knocked the opponent off stage, just barely shy of the blast zone. He went out for one final edge guard to finish them off. But out of

nowhere, the opponent did a down air spike which somehow hit him, causing him to meteor to his death. He lost.

"WHAT! HOW? THAT'S LITERALLY NOT EVEN POSSIBLE!" He took a few moments to get over what just happened, then acknowledged the others. "Oh, hi ladies. What are you doing in my room?"

Zoey spoke for them. "You're..... you're Aurora's brother?"

"Yeah, I am. Technically half-brother."

"What's your name? She never told us."

"Arnold."

"Wow. Hey Arnold, do you like girls?"

"Not really."

"And yet you main Zero Suit Samus."

"I only like her play style, that's it."

"Oh? Well you know, girls have a certain style they like to be played with too."

"Really? Please enlighten me. I'm always striving to improve."

Zoey's head was clearly missing half its brain cells. Everything but the urge to smash had been repressed. This was made apparent by her next action: She went up to him and took his hand, then showed him the proper way to control a female. He was a bit resistant at first, but after seeing how into it she was, started to loosen up a bit, and quickly got the feel for it.

"So, do you like playing with girls?"

"Yeah it's fun. I wish I could play with more of them."

"Don't worry, we'll teach you how."

Zoey motioned to Pandora and Lola, and taking the hint, likewise came and sat next on either side of him. They guided his hands, teaching him how to play with even more female characters. What followed next was an intense four player brawl as they bodied each other for the next hour. Pandora never knew she'd enjoy smashing bros as much as she did. Brothers are so cool.....

"Whew that was fun. But I still really wish Dante was in the game."

"Yeah, and Crash."

"Shame they couldn't add Waluigi."

"Yeah, it's too bad our favorite characters will never make it in." The group sat and pouted, thinking of all the missed opportunity. Imagining the reality that could have been. Yup, it's too bad it'll never happen.....

"Wait a minute! Hold on. God, can you please add our favorite characters to Smash so we can play as them?" Some magical effect happened on the TV screen, and afterward, the roster had apparently tripled in size. Now there were over 260 playable characters!

"Holy crap, Dante's in smash! He's here! Oh my God, he's finally here!" Arnold's happiness could not be contained, possessing him to jump around shouting for joy. "This is a miracle! I need to tell my brother!" Arnold ran out of the room to go find him. After about 3 minutes he was back, but not just with Arthur. At least 100 people's curiosity had been piqued, and they followed him back to see. The room wasn't big enough, so Arnold expanded it to triple the size. As everyone gazed upon the gloriously massive character

roster, the excitement shattered through the roof. Nobody could wait to try out their new favorite character and scrambled for the controller. It took some forceful yelling for Arnold to break them up. He had come up with the perfect plan: “Wait, you guys! There's other rooms in this house. Just go and set up there. We'll make this a special tournament: 3 stock, best 2 out of 3, and a loser's bracket. God will keep track of the bracket.”

This plan seemed unanimously agreed, as everyone scrambled out just as quickly as they came in. Off to the other rooms! During the commotion, Pandora got separated from her friends, winding up in a random room with other players (though that's probably a good thing as she won't have to compete with them yet). When it was her turn, she was finally able to choose the character she'd always wanted to play: Shadow the Hedgehog. Because being the uncultured furry she was, was completely ignorant of the *actual* best character newly added to the game: Rei Hatada, whom her opponent had chosen. Shadow's moveset was largely similar to Sonic's, except slower and more powerful, had a counter, and a shorter but damaging recovery. However Rei was much more interesting: She had a tear gauge which filled up after every hit, then once full, the player could call in her guardian to fight for 10 seconds while Rei herself crumpled to the sidelines loudly wailing and crying. Her counter was screaming I'M SORRY, making the opponent feel bad and inflict psychological damage over time. She also had a unique anti-crit mechanic where occasionally her guardian would defend her, making attacks do half damage and knock-back (basically the inverse of Hero). All her other attacks were based off the special moves from the game, and the final smash was, of course, Panta Rhei.

In the end Pandora lost, as Rei's strength was simply too overpowered. But luckily there was a loser's bracket, so she had a chance to redeem herself. For her next character she tried out Kratos, and her opponent chose Master Chief. Somehow she managed to win the first round. But then she blew it and lost the next 2 in a row; now she's out of the tournament. Not like she expected to win or anything. She exited the spotlight and took a seat on the outer edge, watching the rest play their matches. After a few rounds, a familiar looking boy went up on stage to play. It was..... Orion? Huh, guess he finally made it back to Earth. He played all 3 rounds of his match too, and lost. Upon exiting stage he spotted the empty seat next to Pandora and came to sit by her.

“Oh, hey Orion. You lost too?”

“Yes, as expected. Fighting games are antithesis to my skill set.”

“How's the terraforming going?”

“Oh it's going terribly incorrect. It's much more complex than expected, deducing what to put there. None of it makes any sense. It's not logical, it's artistic. I need an artist to figure it out.”

“What's your planet called?”

“It has no name yet. That is also something I need help with.”

“Is that why you came here? To find an artist?”

“Correct. If you know any interested in terraforming, please inform me so I may abduct them.”

“Okay Orion, I'll let'cha know.”

He then got up and left, presumably to go find an architect. The whole conversation lasted only a minute. Pandora was again alone, watching the other matches play out. After about 20 more games, another familiar face picked up the controller: Melody. Oh wait, Melody! The girl whom Pandora has to thank for sharing that amazing music! She was hoping to meet her again. Once her match was over, she left for a different room, and Pandora got up to follow her.

"Hey Melody, wait!"

She turned around.

"I just wanted to say..... thank you for the music! It's so good I can't stop thinking about it!"

Melody smirked, seemingly proud of gaining a new convert. "So you've finally come to see the light? It figures that such enlightenment would produce uncontrollable awe in the hearts of the deceived, such as you."

"Was that the only good artist you know? Or do you have any others?"

"Oh, um, wow, I can't believe someone's finally asking me that. Let me pull out the list." She pulled out her phone and found it, then texted it to Pandora. A total of 7 music artists in all:

1. OVERWERK
2. SNEO/ Neil Kopicki/ Erthen/ Neoux
3. Taishi
4. Nhato
5. Yooh
6. Meta
7. Sakuzyo

"Really? Just 7? Are they all as good as that other one?"

"Trust me, they're all good. Absolutely unparalleled talent. I have yet to find another that even comes close."

"Wow, that's a pretty bold claim. I'm sure you mean it."

"I do."

"Oh! And another thing: Me and my friends are gonna go sleep in Aurora's room tonight, to try out this new thing called 'Dream Mode.' Would you wanna join?"

Melody stared at Pandora with disgust. "What's Dream Mode?"

"Uhhhhh, I think it's basically sharing the same dream together. It was kinda hard to grasp."

Melody pondered a moment. "Nah, I don't think I will."

"Oh. You sure?"

"Yeah, I've got better things to do than spending time with ignorant, uncultured, musically tasteless fools like you. If you go listen to that music, maybe there might be some hope for you. But until then, stay away from me."

And just like that, Melody left, leaving Pandora speechless and alone. Wow, that has got to be the snobbiest, most stuck-up girl Pandora ever conversed with. How she made it into Heaven she'll never know.

Anyway, Pandora shook off the insult and scoured the other rooms for

her friends, and managed to find Lola and Zoey sitting on the outskirts. They had also lost. To kill time they played friendlies until 1:55 AM, then went to the meeting table. Everyone else except the teachers also returned: Arthur, Damian, Axel, Chris, and Alice.

After about 5 minutes, Aurora finally showed up. “Okay, the preparations are complete. Follow me.” Anxious, the group got up and followed. At last Pandora would finally see the room of her coolest friend! Aurora navigated them through the corridors and staircases of her castle-house, winding up to the highest room of the tallest tower. They arrived at the door; it was very dark here, only a hint of light. She gripped the golden knob, pausing for dramatic effect, then swung the door open slowly and gracefully. The light shone forth into the darkness, and inside radiated a sight like no other:

Aurora's room was 10X bigger on the inside than the outside, and the whole thing was filled to the brim with..... it was stacked to the ceiling with shelves of..... plushies, stuffed animals, video games, visual novels, manga, anime figures, posters, and amiibo. And scattered around the floor was a host of king-sized beds decorated with anime sheets, blankets, and dakimakura.

“Oh God, my eyes! The horror!” Axel screamed.

“Oh come on, it's just my room. This is what I like; I'm not gonna apologize for it.”

Pandora entered the room, immediately fallen in love with it. This, this room is.... this room is Heaven!

The host gave them a tour, showing off her impressive collection. Aurora wasn't just your average W word; she was a full on turbo otaku lord. She had at least one of every pokemon, and tons of other random plushies besides that. She had several large closets; one was her dedicated cosplay closet filled with outfits and accessories (Lola liked the Misa one, so Aurora let her keep the choker). Her room had 50 separate beds each arrayed with a different assortment of bedding, which Aurora rotated between depending on her preference. And each night, she would cuddle with a different waifu or husbando for comfort. She had become so accustomed to it that sleeping *without* one was unthinkable.

“Alright everyone, so here's what I want you to do: pick out a waifu, any waifu you want, and cuddle them to sleep tonight. You'll be stuck with them for 100 years, so choose wisely.”

Some very sound advice which Pandora took to heart. She scoured the beds looking for the perfect one. For waifus there was Chika, Tohru, Holo, Kurisu, Miku, Rem, and more. And for husbandos there was Todoroki, Bakugo, Joker, Kirito, Senku, Link, and a few others. Hmm, which one to choose..... After contemplating all 50, Pandora still couldn't find the one for her.

“Um, I don't think I like any of these.”

“Have you considered the Lillie?”

“Yeah. It's not that I don't like her, it's just the cover design that's off.”

“Okay, come here. You'll love this.”

Aurora took her to another closet, and inside was a sight even grander than the main room: a ginormous hallway leading several hundred feet back, lined with encased dakimakura all the way down. This was way beyond your

everyday weeb collection; this was an *inordinate* amount of waifu pillows, probably around 5000. With such a huge collection, there was sure to be one Pandora would like. And indeed there was. One design caught her eye which she instantly knew was the one for her: Levi. Aurora was pleased, and giddily unlocked the case. The glass door swung open, and Levi fell gracefully into Pandora's open arms. He smelled so fresh and new. “Oh Levi, I love you.”

They walked back to the main room. Unlike Pandora, the others weren't so picky and had settled on their pillow pal of choice. Already they were snuggling up close to them in their respective beds, and Aurora had the smuggest look of self-satisfaction on her face yet. At last, she had accomplished the proudest achievement of her life.

“I see you're all enjoying your waifus! So how does it feel?”

“Surprisingly comfortable. I just wanna cuddle Tohru forever!” Zoey said (it probably helped that Aurora made sure they were all extra stuffing and high quality 2-way tricot fabric).

“I know, right? AND, you wanna know the best part? Check *this* out:” Aurora rubbed her hand over Tohru's panties area, and the fabric image transformed to be removed. The waifu bits were completely exposed. And more than that: there was an actual flesh-like hole leading inside, the texture of a real vagina. Aurora stuck her fingers in and swirled around the inside. Upon removing, a trail of sticky liquid strung off her fingers.

“No way. That's amazing.”

“Yup. Now there's *really* no need for us 3D women anymore. Lovers may disappoint, but your waifu will never let you down. Never forget that.”

“Okay, I will cherish my waifu forever.” (Aurora was more right than she knew: It was always God's plan to replace real relationships with fictional characters once technology advanced enough. That way people could receive maximum love without dealing with unnecessary things like dating, courting, and accounting for the others' emotional needs. Also so that love could evolve to be dependent on artistic talent rather than interpersonal relationship dynamics).

Throughout all of this, Pandora was feeling left out. Out of the whole group only she and Alice had chosen a husbando (hers was Kirito). “Hey, what about the male pillows?”

“Oh right, that too.” Aurora came over to Levi and rubbed her hand over his underwear area. The fabric image transformed to be removed, exposing the husbando bits. And protruding out of the pelvis was a realistic skin flesh dildo firmly mounted on the pillow's base. Pandora stripped naked and sat down on it, riding it to climax. Everyone else likewise partook in the waifu orgy. Well, all except for one: Axel. Aurora noticed and expressed her concern.

“What's wrong Axel? Need more options?”

“*More?* How about less. This is so ridiculous, you're all out of your minds. I mean for God's sake, they're just pillows. Pillows! With imaginary characters on them! And you actually *love* them? That's so creepy. No thanks, I'm outta here.” Axel started for the door, but Aurora had a defense prepared.

“You know, actually it's not creepy. Or weird.”

“Oh really? How? Please do tell. I can't wait to hear how it's *not* creepy

to kiss your imaginary pillow like it's a real person. How talking to it like a pet and going on fake dates is a perfectly normal activity. Oh yes, please tell us all!"

Aurora cleared her throat. "Because there's no such thing as normal: whatever is normal is determined by the cultural context a person is accustomed to. It's called normative cultural relativism. You grew up in America where dakimakura were relatively rare. But if you lived in Japan, you would've found them to be a common household object. So the very foundation of your claim for its abnormality is entirely arbitrary. Humans interpret things based on a primary intuition of the way they "feel," not through any sort of rational decision-making procedure. It's based on emotion, not logic. And different things feel different to different people. You're probably one of those types who unfortunately feels an aversion to waifus because your upbringing and beliefs prevent you from accepting them. Oh well, too bad for you. I guess you can just miss out on the joys of waifu love."

Aurora's enlightening speech allowed Axel to see the truth. "Oh, how mistaken I was! Truly, I repent of my ignorance. Please, oh please Aurora, tell me how I may reap the joys of waifus!"

"There are 2 ways. One: change life files to someone else who *is* capable of enjoying the relationship. And two: Just cuddle the waifu and let your subconscious grow attached to it naturally!"

Axel took the 2nd option. After scouring the room for his waifu of choice, he settled for Nagatoro (at least they had something in common). At last, the crew was now positioned to commence the true slumber party.

"So this Dream Mode thing..... how does it work again?"

Alice was waiting for that question. "You literally just go to sleep and have a dream. We'll all have the same dream, but from our own perspectives. Like existing in the real world as ourselves, but it's a dream world instead."

"Okay, I think I get it. What exactly should I pray for?"

"To enter Dream Mode together. That way we'll all be part of the same dream world. Look, I'll do it." Alice assumed the prayer position. "God, tonight we'd like to go into Dream Mode for the next 100 years. Please put us all together in dream world 54-B. In Jesus' name, amen."

Everyone looked around the room expecting something to happen. But nothing did. "Is that it?" Lola asked.

"Yup, that's it. It'll take effect whenever we go to sleep."

"Alright, might as well not waste any time." Lola took her blankets and covered up while snuggling Chika tight.

"Yeah, I'm tired. Let's go to sleep now." Zoey yawned next to Tohru.

And with that, everyone followed suit and snuggled up to their own beautiful waifus. Aurora herself got in bed with Miku, and Pandora wrapped her arms and legs tight around Levi. One by one each member drifted into sleep, and the Lord God caused a deep coma to fall upon them which would last the next 100 years. Because why be awake when you can sleep?

Chapter 5

Dream Mode

“Life is but a Dream”

There Pandora was, laying in her bed surrounded by fountains of milk, when suddenly Alice and Aurora barged in. “Come on Pandora, we're leaving! What You Waiting For?”

“Where are we going?”

“Hiking of course!”

“Oh yeah, of course!”

Pandora got up, and suddenly the group was flying through the air above a vast green forest. They settled down onto the ground, and somehow in transit they had all transformed into giant humanoid blue monkeys. A giant set of stadium speakers appeared and blasted a certain Terra soundtrack throughout the whole forest, which continued playing in the background of everything they would do later.

A shadow passed them from above. Pandora looked up, and saw the last shadow of a flying spaghetti monster, which plummeted to Terra like a meteor and transformed into a purple-stringed tree of many souls. Pandora's hair had a braid, which she hooked up to it and could telepathically hear her friends thoughts. An avatar which channeled their feelings straight to her. All of this was surrounded by beautiful, glowing, bioluminescent flora and fauna. The whole scene felt like a movie Pandora had seen, except enhanced by the much better soundtrack.

Next they navigated to a school of other blue monkey people in a giant tree-house, and a graceful teacher came out and taught. She opened her mouth and began speaking. “A great threat hangs over our world. This threat goes by the name “copyright.” Under this threat, our entire way of life; nay, our entire universe itself, could be wiped out with the stroke of a pen. But we have one weapon on our side: non-reality. Copyright can only be real if it's real. If it's in a dream then it's not real so it doesn't matter. Dreams and imagination cannot be sued. Only those imaginations which become manifested into tangible written words in reality are able to be prosecuted. Therefore, we shall be safe so long as we don't wake up.” The blue monkeys applauded. But then out of nowhere, a giant pen penetrated the stratosphere and exploded their treehouse, scattering everyone around.

“Copyright strike! Everyone take cover!” The tribe took cover whilst the pens bombarded their homeland. Out of the smoke the invaders appeared: slick-haired men in business suits carrying briefcases. At last they had ceased their ranged weapon strikes and came to battle in the flesh. But that was a big mistake, for now they were vulnerable. The blue monkeys including Pandora chased them down and tackled them, binding their hands and feet. All the litigation in the world was powerless against brute physical strength. At last, the long and arduous struggle against the copy riders had come to an end.

“What should we do with them?”

“Oh, I know EXACTLY what we're gonna do with them. To the copyright zoo!” The blue monkey took one of the invaders and transformed him into a pig, locking him inside a giant pig pen. The business pig-man didn't like this and voiced his complaint:

“Hey, I don't wanna be a pig! Please turn me back into a human!”

“Sorry, but the human form is copyrighted. *You* didn't design the human body, did you? So what makes you think you're entitled to use it? How dare you try to use the human form for your own selfish purposes!”

“But I-”

“No buts. You're using the form of a pig that we designed and patented, therefore we own you. All your butts are ours now!”

With the invaders now captured, a grand celebration took place. It started raining beer, and everyone chugged giant gallons of it. If this were their real bodies they would actually get drunk from it, but since it was just an illusory shared mental projection, no actual drunkenness occurred, for one's consciousness can not become more diminished than the already minimally conscious state of dreaming. Was diminished reasoning capacity really a sin? Then what made dreaming okay while drunkenness was not? Probably something to do with bodily autonomy, yeah that's it. Being able to move around whilst the mind was repressed was not okay, but being unable to move around whilst the mind was repressed was perfectly acceptable. Or perhaps the bifurcating moral factor was natural vs unnatural: naturally biologically self-induced repression of consciousness was okay, whereas artificially induced repression was not okay, simply because it wasn't natural.

Anyway, Pandora couldn't think about that because she couldn't think. Instead she partied along with the rest of her tribe, singing and dancing in celebration of their victory. Then suddenly she found herself teleported away to a quiet, isolated area, and a certain man approached her. It was Paul, the apostle of the Lord most high, who had come on a very important mission trip.

“Hey! The war is over now! What a glorious day!”

“Indeed, now listen closely: As an anointed apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, I command you to bury yourself in the ground.”

“Okay.” Pandora transformed into a mustard seed, which Paul planted in the ground and watered. Within the next 10 seconds, Pandora had sprouted into a full-size wooden-tree-material humanoid body, complete with a trunk for her torso, branching out limbs, leafy hair, and sap-filled breasts. Treedora, yay!

With her new wooden form, she and Paul began strolling through the

forest together, discussing the wonderful merits of practicing the activity of having abstract thoughts about the Son of God roughly defined as “faith.” They traveled some distance before coming across a large clearing, and on the other side was a door to the forest castle, which they started towards. But then a gigantic worm appeared before them, blocking their path. “Hey, what's the big idea? Begone foul worm!”

“If you wish to enter, I'm afraid there is something you must do for me first. There is a girl named Alice; I would very much like to meet with her. She is lost in a faraway land. Please bring her back to me, then I shall let you pass.”

“Very well, we shall bring back Alice. However I have a stipulation: it's not fair if I'm the only tree-person, so I want this guy to become wooden too.” And just like that the apostle Paul also transformed into a tree-like body, bearing much fruit sprouting from his hair-branched dreadlocks, a thick trunk torso and legs, and 2 low-hanging cherries dangling below his hard wooden stick.

“From now on your name is Paulocchio, and for each lie you tell, your stick grows an inch.”

“Yes, that's a splendid idea.” And just like that his stick grew an inch. “No wait! Actually it's a terrible idea.” And once more his stick grew another inch. Huh? That can't be right. How can 2 opposite statements with determinate truth values both be false? Whatever, let's just go find Alice!

Paulocchio and Treedora embarked on their journey. And along the way, they got into a heated debate about the nature of salvation.

“Salvation is by faith alone, not by works.”

“Really? If that's true, then why is your stick growing?”

“Oh you're right, I was mistaken. Salvation is by works, not faith.” Another inch.

“Okay, this is getting out of hand. When are you gonna stop lying and just tell me the truth?”

“I can't help it! I don't know what it is, but no matter what I say, it's always a lie! I think it's because we're dreaming now. Since dreams aren't real, they also aren't true. So since nothing I say is real, it can't be true either. When we wake back up to reality all of this will disappear and be forgotten, therefore everything I say is false.”

“But..... wait. That also makes no sense. Is it not true that at the very least, YOU are here existing and making claims about stuff? Even if the truth values of your claims are all false, aren't you are at least making claims in the first place?

“You're right, I am making claims!”

Another inch.

“Ummm, I'm not making any claims?”

Another inch.

“Jesus Christ, which one is it!?”

Another inch.

“Maybe it's just dead set on growing no matter what, even if it's true.”

Another inch.

“Oh well, let's just move on. The truth is, none of that matters without

baptism anyway, because a person must be baptized in order to be saved."

"Really? Well good golly gosh, I sure do wanna be saved, so let's go do that now!" Paulocchio took Treedora to the nearest lake and submerged her in it. Once she arose, her barren branches suddenly became fruitful, growing fresh bananas all over her body.

"Oh thank goodness you decided to be baptized. It would've been so horrible if you didn't. Praise God! You're saved now!"

Another inch.

"Ohhhhh right, never mind. I forgot this isn't actually real water. Sorry, you'll have to be awake and immerse your physical body into physical water for it to count. Dream baptisms don't count! If they did, probably triple the amount of people would've been saved."

"Okay, so you're saying that metaphysical water doesn't count, but real water does? What exactly is it about real water that *does* make it count? What makes it better than fake water?"

"Because it's real."

"Uh-huh. And what does it mean for something to be real, exactly?"

"If it's made out of matter."

"So baptism is a physical thing, not a spiritual thing?"

"Correct."

"Is the spirit made of matter?"

"No, flesh is flesh, and spirit is spirit. One must be born of the spirit to enter the kingdom, not flesh."

"So whenever a person is saved, are we talking about their body or their spirit?"

"Their spirit."

"Okay, so just to make sure I understand, what you're telling me is this: that a person's *spirit*, which is NOT made of matter, can only be saved through immersion in *physical* water, and that it only counts because it IS made of matter. Is that about right?"

"Correct."

"Are you ****ing serious? Don't you realize the blatant contradiction with that? How can something immaterial be immersed in something physical?"

"There's no contradiction. It's your physical body that needs to be immersed, not just the spirit. The 2 are linked."

"But isn't salvation a spiritual thing, not a physical thing?"

"It's both."

"But you literally just said it was purely spiritual, not physical, so any sort of metaphysical water should suffice, including whatever abstraction we refer to as the Holy Spirit. The physicality of a body of water has absolutely nothing to do with it. I mean there's plenty of hydrogen atoms floating through the air right now, so we're pretty much being baptized all day anyway. To declare an area of space filled with a high volume of H2O liquid at a certain pressure and concentration as the only acceptable designated area for one's randomly designed physical vessel to be submerged in to be deemed worthy of an abstract forgiveness of past moral transgressions is literally the most arbitrary thing I

ever heard. What if the water is tainted with another liquid? Does it need to be 100% pure H20, or is 99% enough? What about 50%? 10%? Can a person be baptized in a vat of milk? That's still got mostly water in it, right?"

"....."

By this point, Paulocchio's stick had grown so long he had to walk backwards as it dragged across the ground. He couldn't even hold it up to the sky, as it kept getting caught on tree branches, and by extension it was also way too long to fit inside Treedora. Dangit, she had planned to ride it!

"Oh by the way, I've always been curious: Whenever you were caught up to Heaven, you said the things you saw were 'unspeakable' and 'unlawful for a man to utter.' What did you mean by that? What kind of things did you see?"

"I'm so glad you asked! I suppose it wouldn't be unlawful to reveal it now. The thing is, much of the activities I saw being partaken of in Heaven were things which, at the time, and in the fallen state we were in, would have been considered unlawful and morally apprehensive. Things like incest, rape, orgies, murder, gluttony and such. People would've thought I was crazy and deranged, so I just kept it to myself. I didn't think it'd be a good idea to reveal that all moral interpretation of phenomena are due to the fragility of the human conscience inflicted by the forbidden fruit. Though I did try to hint at the idea through my 'eating meat sacrificed to idols' analogy. Can you believe how short-sighted we all were back then!? Amazing how absurd it seems now. Also, I didn't know what it was at the time, but I saw thousands upon thousands of people transformed as busty anime waifus singing around the throne of God. I didn't even know what a waifu was back then, but I sure do now. Also when John found out he told me something: that the Christ he saw in his vision with glowing face and fiery eyes, looked very similar to the bright and pale faces of anime boys. Something about the shading does appear awfully similar."

Alright, that's it. Treedora couldn't take it anymore. Paulocchio's sappy speech had ignited something in her trunk. His hollow, tendril voice was making her all dewy, and his stick had grown so long that something needed to be done about it. In a fit of emotion Treedora pushed him over and pinned him down.

"Alright stick boy, time to cut this thing down."

"No no no! Didn't I already say that circumcision is unnecessary? If I receive circumcision, Christ will be of no advantage to me!" (Galatians 5:2)

"Are you blind? Just LOOK at your ridiculously long stick. It needs to be cut, so I'm gonna cut it. Perhaps for flesh bodies circumcision isn't needed, but for wooden bodies, it might just be necessary." (Indeed Treedora, what is good for one body material might be bad for another. Different kinds of bodies require alternative types of maintenance and care). Given the extent of the situation, rather than riding it, it would be much more appropriate to grind it. She walked all the way to the tip and began grinding it down. Treedora's beaver chucked away at his wood, the wood of a real boy. Though this boy just would not stop lying, and so needed to be shaved. With each thrust his lies were cut down to size, while he lay and enjoyed the whole process of deforestation.

"Ohh, Treedora, you're so hard and wooden."

Something flared up inside Treedora's memory. Something about all the

times her father insulted her quiet personality as “wooden,” momentarily reliving the trauma. Oh yeah, daddy? Still think I'm wooden? Maybe now you'll be happy I have a body to match it! Treedora doubled her pace in rage, grinding his stick even faster than before. After a few minutes it finally shredded down to normal size, and Treedora could finally fit the whole thing inside her bush. She moved her thick trunk up and down, and though his stick didn't break her bones, it did carve out a nice hole within her as the friction chipped away at her barky interior. At last, the woodworking skills she had gathered in her life were finally paying off. Once the piece of wood was finished, out gushed a flow of sticky, golden sap: the final varnish. And to top off her work, Treedora trimmed the 2 cherries off of Paulocchio and ate them, leaving just the finished product.

Treedora admired her handiwork. However despite all this, she ended up disappointed. Normally this act should feel extremely pleasurable, but the whole time, she actually didn't feel anything at all. Why? Why didn't it feel good? Because none of it was real. This wasn't her real body, it was all just a mental projection being broadcast through her subconscious. Treedora was merely seeing the *image* of herself doing all these things, but in reality her body wasn't present at all. And without a body, one cannot actually feel physical pleasure. Man, what a waste of time! Perhaps we shouldn't try to dream of things which are rendered impossible by the act of dreaming itself. Is there something else we can try? Physical pleasures are off the table, but mental pleasures still offer potential; perhaps therein lies the answer.

As the varnish was hardening, a most unlikely forest roamer appeared:

“Hey Trunk Girl, long time no see!”

“Zombtree, there you are! Where have you been?”

“Dreamland.”

“We were just on our way to find Alice, wanna join?”

“You're looking for her too? Great! I think I know where she is. Follow me.” The 2 started walking, however Paulocchio remained still.

“Hey, come on Paul, we're leaving.”

“I'm afraid I cannot. See this thorn in my bark? It is my handicap which restricts me. I'm afraid you'll have to continue on your own.”

“A thorn? Seriously? Can't you just tough it out?”

“I cannot. I am weak, so very very pathetically weak, and proud of it. So here I shall stay.”

“Well alright, hope you get better!” And so, Pandora the explorer resumed her expedition with just Zombtree. As they traveled a swarm of mosquitoes came and bit them all over. However rather than leaving an inflamed, itchy spot, a very different kind of red bump formed.

“Woah, check this out! I've got nipples on my arm now!” Zombtree rubbed the pleasant red spots, moaning as her fingers glided across. Mosquitoes that create nipples? Who *wouldn't* wanna be bit by that? That'll be so cool to try once back in Awake Mode.

As the duo passed by a river, they suddenly spotted 2 girls swimming underneath. One of them was.... Alice! Finally! They jumped into the river and interrupted their conversation.

“Alice! So this is where you were. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to find a girl when they're wet?”

“My friends, I have made yet another. This here is Lara. Say bubbles.”

“Bubbles Lara! Anyway, we're here to bring you back to the castle. A giant worm demands your presence.”

Alice gasped. “You mean Mr. Wormy misses me? Then let us head there hastily!” Everyone climbed out of the river, their clothes instantly dried (not that any water was actually there in the first place), and their backwards trek commenced. Since Paulocchio only stopped a short distance ago, it wasn't long before they came across him again. But this time there was another wooden figure: Treesus Christ, whose head was decorated with a majestic crown of thorns. He had taken out the painful thorns from Paul and made it beautiful.

“Oh? You found your friend already?”

“Yup, we found her in the river! And this lady too!”

“Seek and ye shall find!” Treesus proudly reminded them. Such wise words indeed.

“So are you able to walk now? We're on our way back to the castle. You can come if you want.”

“Nah, I've already come today, so I am still weary.”

But Treesus wasn't quite so weary. **“I shall join you on your journey. For every mile you fly I shall accompany you for two.”**

“Great! Let's go!” And so they all took to the skies, flying back to the magical talking worm.

“So what's so special about this castle anyway?” Zombtree asked. Luckily Lara had the answer.

“The same thing lurking within the depths of all castles: Treasure. There's a special treasure hidden deep inside that I've been hunting for 99 years, said to be lurking in the lowest room of the deepest dungeon. I can feel it's aura beckoning me. This time, I know I shall succeed.”

“This time? How many times have you tried?”

“Around 50. But that stupid worm guardian always gets in the way, saying I'm 'not worthy' or some ****. I can never get past him.”

“Hey, don't say that about Mr. Wormy! He's real nice once you get to understand him. He'll only seem threatening if you disagree with his wisdom.”

“So in other words, coercion?”

“No, cognitive dissonance.”

“Huh, well I can handle that easy. Bring it on!”

The group spotted the castle entrance and began their descent, touching down in the clearing right before Mr. Wormy. Upon seeing Alice, a wide, welcoming smile spread across his face. “Alice! It's been too long!”

“Yes Mr. Wormy, I'm so sorry. I must've spent too much time awake, for I had forgotten to return until now.”

“Now now, I shall hear none of that. You're here now, and for that, I am grateful. I take it these are your friends? To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“We wish to enter this castle.” Lara said firmly.

A troubled look overtook his visage. “Oh, well you see, there's a

problem with that."

"How? All you have to do is move to the side, then we can enter."

"Dear child, I am a metaphysical obstacle, not physical. Only those who possess the correct beliefs may enter. All others shall wander the Forest of Ignorance forever."

"Okay fine. What's this all-so important belief we must have?" Lara demanded.

Mr. Wormy braced himself to deliver the _____ news. "To combat the erroneous teachings of Platonism, there is only one thing you must do. You must understand what the scriptures teach about death: soul sleep."

The words hung in the air like a foul stench. Nobody wanted to smell it, but was forced to inhale anyway. Except for one girl who lacked the sense:

Huh? Soul sleep? Pandora had heard the term before, but wasn't entirely sure what it was. Perhaps understanding it before making a decision would be a good idea. "Um, what exactly is soul sleep again?"

"It's actually a very simple concept: a person can only be conscious within a physical body. So without a body, there is no way for their spirit to have consciousness. King Solomon stated this in Ecclesiastes 9:10. 'For there is no work or thought or knowledge or wisdom in the grave where you are going.'"

Lara interjected. "What? No no no, that can't be right. I had always heard that people went straight to either Heaven or Hell, or some type of spiritual realm where they're given rewards and praise the Lord."

Mr Wormy frowned, knowing exactly what the error was in Lara's understanding. "Hmmm, if that were really the case, there would at least be even one scripture which stated so. But alas, there are none. On the contrary, there is an abundance of scriptures which state the exact opposite:

1. Ecclesiastes 9:5 "For the living know that they will die, but the dead know nothing, and they have no more reward, for the memory of them is forgotten."
2. Psalm 115:17 "The dead praise not the Lord, nor any that go down into silence."
3. John 11: 11-14 "Our friend Lazarus has fallen asleep, but I go to awaken him." The disciples said to him, "Lord, if he has fallen asleep, he will recover." (Jesus had been speaking of his death, but his disciples thought he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep). Then Jesus told them plainly, "Lazarus is dead."

Upon hearing that last scripture, Treesus found it appropriate to expound further. **"Oh yeah, I remember! Even the pagan Greeks of my time thought the soul was immortal and continued existing bodiless after death. They were the ones who taught about that, not my Holy people who knew the scriptures. But it would seem their beliefs eventually won out in the end, becoming the more widespread of the 2. I spent so much effort trying to prove otherwise, yet they still just wouldn't get it! Even after I explicitly compared Lazarus's death to a state of sleep, such that my disciples thought he actually *was* just asleep, people still say I taught the soul lived on apart from the body. Nonsense! Even Martha knew he wouldn't be resurrected**

until the last day, rather than his disembodied spirit went on to be with me in a place which I was absent from. Since I was on Earth at the time, to whose arms was Lazarus embraced at his death? None, because I wouldn't have been there! And if that weren't enough, I also explicitly stated that NOBODY had ever ascended to Heaven besides myself in John 3:13. Do you have any idea how lonely it was waiting 6000 years to meet all my brothers and sisters? I couldn't wait for it! I would've *loved* if each new dead person came straight to live with me, but alas, it was the Father's plan to wait until the proper time."

As Pandora listened to all this, it felt like a dark curtain had been removed from her window of understanding, allowing her to see the outside light for the first time. However Lara was not so easily persuaded, for she knew her Bible thoroughly well, and had prepared responses ingrained from her many years of church attendance.

"Hold up. I'm sorry but, that is SO wrong in so many ways I don't even know where to begin. For starters there's the thief on the cross; didn't you tell him he'd be with you in Paradise that same day?"

"Nope, you are mistaken. He urged me to remember him *when* I came into my kingdom, and I reassured him that when that day came, he would be with me in Paradise once I returned. Your translators misplaced the comma making it seem like I was saying he would be in Paradise with me that day, rather than on that day I was promising him he would one day be with me in Paradise. What I actually said was 'Assuredly, I say to you today, you shall be with me in Paradise.' Recall my words in John 3:13? Nobody had still gone to Heaven yet; in fact, not even myself! Were you aware that even after I resurrected, in John 20:17, I explicitly stated that I had *not yet ascended* to Heaven? If even *I* was not there in Heaven after my death, how could the thief have possibly been there with me on that same day? And even if I was there during the 3 days, I would've shortly came back to Earth, leaving him stuck there alone for 40 more days. In other words, that thief would've been the first person *ever* to spend more than a month in Heaven before me or anyone else! Which is complete nonsense since *I* am the firstfruits of the resurrection, not him. Additionally, in Revelation 2:7 I promised rights to eat from the Tree of Life, *which is in the Paradise of God.* By this point you should definitely be familiar that since the Tree of Life is now available, this present New Earth is that very Paradise. In other words, Paradise is the New Earth which didn't exist until *after* I returned – *after* I came into my kingdom, which is when I promised the thief would be with me. That should also convince you the comma was misplaced. Honestly, your complete lack of critical thinking, and ability to believe several contrary things at once is shocking to me. If I tell you the truth about Heavenly things, yet you do not believe them, what hope is there for you to reach a correct understanding?"

By this point, an overwhelming surge of anxiety had taken root in Lara's chest, as all the pillars of her worldview came crumbling down like dominoes. She thought she could handle cognitive dissonance, but it turned out

to be a much more daunting foe than anticipated. Her opponent had somehow wormed his way out of every theological trap she had set while making her squirm instead. How is that possible?

"No! That.... that can't be true. I don't care what you say, there is no such thing as soul sleep! You're just misinterpreting scripture, cherry picking the verses that appear to support your belief, and wiggling your way around the other passages that plainly state otherwise. Like in 2 Corinthians 5:8, where Paul explicitly stated that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord."

Mr. Wormy chuckled. "Ha! And yet Paul is not here bodily, yet you are here with the Lord."

"Paul was just here with us a few minutes ago; we passed by him on the way here talking with Treesus. So actually yes, he was here with both us and the Lord, in a bodiless state."

"Yes Ms. Lara, I am aware. Paul was just here earlier, so I perceived he must've separated along the way. Though I appreciate you holding your best cards til now, I'm afraid that still won't be enough, for your entire conclusion is based on a misconstruction. If you actually read the passage in full, you would find that that's actually not what Paul said. He said he would *rather* be away from the body and at home with the Lord, since he knew that he could not be resurrected into his new body without first dying in his old body; THAT body was the one he had to depart from first, and he knew that whenever he died he would sleep until the day of resurrection, and it would seem as if no time had passed at all. Regardless if soul sleep is true or not, both views indicate the deceased experience an instantaneous translation to the presence of the Lord, so the whole debate is really just an illusory dichotomy anyway. Nevertheless, I shall continue for the sake of argument. No matter what other scriptures you think indicate otherwise, there is one chapter in particular where Paul made it *abundantly* clear that the dead would not meet Christ until the day of resurrection. Have you even *read* 1 Corinthians 15? All 58 verses? That chapter alone obliterates any notion that he believed in immortal bodiless spirits."

"Okay then Mr. smarty worm, riddle me this. How is it that we are all here RIGHT NOW, in this bodiless state, with Jesus? Everything you just said denies that one can exist with Christ in a bodiless state, and yet here we all are. This is all a dream, meaning our minds are here even while our bodies are not. So you can't deny that it IS possible for the spirit to be present with the Lord apart from the body."

Mr Wormy chuckled again. Little did Lara know she just dug herself into the ultimate hole. "Very astute observation. So then, would it be correct to say that one need not *die* to experience an existence separate from their body? That it can very well be done simply through dreaming instead?"

"Pfft, yeah I guess so. But it can also be done while dead."

"In that case, why would a spirit apart from the body be necessary at all if dreams already simulate that very same thing? It suggests that even the ability *to* have an incorporeal experience does itself require a body with a brain to generate that experience. And if an ethereal afterlife realm is similar to dreams – which are not real – then how could a bodiless spiritual realm even be

considered real at all, if the thing which defines something as real is that it *necessarily* must be made out of matter? Even memories of such disembodied events manifest in the form of neuronal connections. If their mind was truly absent from the body during the experience, their brain would not form the connections to remember it upon return. And if their brain did form the connection, then we know it was not a disembodied event at all, but an experience generated by the brain. At best one could claim that God manipulated their brain to see the vision, thus keeping the memory intact. But all that would prove is even God himself must resort to physically-based methods of dispensing visions, such as the time he manifested to Paul on the road to Damascus. Either way the dualist has an issue; there is simply no way around the mind-body problem. Perhaps now we finally have an explanation why all near death experiences occurred via dreams and visions: because only in dreams can one have a meeting with the Lord while apparently absent from their body. It was only ever their imagination, and come to think of it, probably also explains how they were all so equally wrong about what Heaven is actually like."

Despite all this evidence and logic, Lara still refused to believe. According to her, apparently even the Messiah doesn't know the truth about life after death, which is a pretty remarkable claim. Not many would even dare to reach that level of pride, so at least her gumption deserves some admiration.

"Well fine. If you really wanna keep believing all that nonsense, I guess I can't stop you. But I know what the Bible really says, so I'm gonna stick with it. The spirit *can* and does exist apart from the body, period, and no amount of twisting of scripture from you will convince me otherwise."

Mr. Wormy frowned. "That's disappointing to hear, though I guess I can understand your point of view. Very well then: since that is what you believe, the Castle of Consciousness shall remain closed to you, as only those who seek an embodied life are permitted. Instead, you will continue roaming this incorporeal forest for all eternity. You shall never wake up, and you shall never have to deal with the nuisance of a physical body ever again, exactly as you believe. Lord, will you stay with her?"

Treesus walked forward. **"Yes, I shall stay here forever and ever."**

"Then we're done here. Farewell to you both."

"Wait! That's not what I-" But before Lara could finish, both she and the Messiah had teleported away. Goodbye Lara the eternally ethereal spirit!

"How about the rest of you? Do ye also refuse to accept soul sleep?"

"Nope! No issues with me, I believe all the arguments you just made."

"Yeah, me too."

"Me 3."

"Excellent. Then you 3 are worthy to enter the Castle of Consciousness; a building made without hands. I bid you good luck that you find what you seek." Mr. Wormy wiggled aside, finally revealing the grand front doorway. The group headed inside. However as soon as Pandora took her first footstep, the rest of the dream turned into a hazy, random mess of images. There was a hallway.... stairs.... Damian..... a prison..... something about eating..... an elevator..... a box on a pedestal..... then an earthquake..... everything blurred together in Pandora's

mind, and the next thing she knew, she was awake back in Aurora's room, still cuddling Levi.

Oh? 100 years had passed already? That didn't feel long at all. Pandora slowly awakened, yawning and stretching her stiff arms which hadn't moved in forever. She wiped the crust from her eyes which had accumulated throughout her lengthy slumber; there was so much it was basically like a hard shell coated over her entire eyelids. It took a few minutes to get it all off. Throughout this time, as her senses returned to her, a strong sensation began welling up in her pelvic area. Once her eyes could see, she glanced around the room to find everyone else still peacefully asleep. Apparently she was the first to wake up.

The sensation in Pandora's pelvis was getting too strong to ignore. She began rubbing herself down there to satisfy herself. Oh man, what was this feeling? It's like horniness but way more intense. Pandora kept rubbing until reaching a climax of immense pleasure. Holy ****! It was about 10X more intense than any climax she'd ever had. And yet it still wasn't enough, for she kept going at it for the 2nd time; apparently 100 years of pent up sexual tension will do that to the body. As the waves of pleasure overtook her, snippets of her dream recalled in her mind. How she was unable to orgasm in the dream without her real body, and how much she wished to be able to once again. She tried to really focus on how it *felt:* the texture of her vaginal folds on her fingers, the slippery properties of the fluid, the feeling inside her abdomen as she pressed hard into the walls, the intensity of touching her clit, and everything else physical about the act. Only then did she realize how truly blessed she was to have a physical body at all; this type of pleasure would be impossible in an incorporeal state. The tangibility of real orgasm was a gift God bestowed by making reality real and objective rather than a mere metaphysical projection. How anyone used to think a disembodied spiritual realm could be considered "Paradise" now seemed not only ludicrous, but blasphemous. Her life on this New Earth: *that* is Paradise.

Pandora was overcome with emotion, realizing more clearly than ever that God designed her body this way to feel this incredible pleasure. This might be the first time she felt genuine gratitude to him, enough to actually pray about it. "God, thank you for providing an objective reality to experience orgasm in, and giving me a real pussy made out of matter. Thank you for creating nerve endings and electrical brain signals to let me feel this wonderful sensation. And thank you for not making the afterlife a boring ethereal realm, but a real, tangible universe. Oh God, yes, yes! My pussy feels so good, God, thank you!" Pandora came to God, her physical body convulsing in pleasure for the 2nd time. "In Jesus' name, amen."

Despite having 2 orgasms under her belt, she was still nowhere near satisfied. Knowing the commotion she just caused, she looked around the room to make sure everyone was still asleep. Phew, they still were. Pandora resumed fingering herself. Oh wait..... they're all still asleep. Their bodies are just laying there..... completely vulnerable..... waiting to be played with..... Perhaps a little "exploration" wouldn't be a bad thing. And with how badly down this girl was, a real boy was exactly what she needed. She went over to Axel's bed; his eyes

were closed, and his breathing was a constant soft rhythm. Perfect! Pandora slowly pulled his pants down, being careful not to wake him. Luckily his wood was already hard, so she climbed on top and slid it in easily. Now she just hoped he wouldn't wake up.... oh wait! Pandora made another quick prayer, and the flow of time stopped completely. Now she won't have to worry about it at all! She consumed his slumbering meat stick to her heart's content, a very efficient means of quelling her hunger. Once finished she returned to her bed, finding Levi there staring at her blankly. In a sudden moment Pandora realized her grave error. Oh what... no, it can't be! "I'm so sorry Levi, please forgive me!" But it was too late; the damage had been done. Don't you know that cheating on your husbando is a sin, box girl?

Pandora crawled back into bed and cuddled Levi, apologizing to him profusely. The flow of time resumed, and she lay waiting for the others to wake up. After about 5 minutes she heard sounds of yawning and rustling all around her. Apparently they were all coordinated in waking up at the same time. Pandora joined in, pretending that she too was still groggy. But after a minute, the same bodily realization that had struck her now struck them as well, and they all started relieving themselves in their beds. After the 1st round they started relieving each other, and Pandora joined in on the action. It took about 30 minutes to finally calm down.

"Phew, I am NOT doing that again," Lola said.

Zoey wanted clarification. "Doing what? The dreaming?"

"Not for a hundred years again. I mean, most of it was pretty nice, but that ending..... holy ****, WHAT was that."

"I think I have to agree. Damian, what the Hel is wrong with you!?"

"Hey, don't look at me, I didn't do that. It was just the dream God gave to us; go to him if you want someone to blame."

"Yeah right! Eat my ovaries this, cook my brain that. You already made us eat Pandora in reality, then you do *that* even in dreams? Is there no end to your cannibalism!?"

While they bickered, Pandora realized she had no clue what they were talking about. Zoey was with her right there all the way to the end, but now she's speaking of a different ending that never happened. "Uh, did I miss something?" What are you all talking about?"

"That freaking final showdown! What? Do you not remember it?"

"The last thing I remember was us entering the castle together, and then I woke up."

"OH yeah, you would have no idea then. It was something just so..... wait.... ah crap. That means you also missed out on *that*."

"On what?"

"Uhhh, is there a.... thing? Like something to replay dreams? Hold on. God, can you give us a TV that replays dreams? Pandora NEEDS to see what happened." As requested, a TV appeared on the north wall labeled **DREAM MONITOR**, plugged in with a cranial cap with nodes that read brain signals. "Pandora, come and hook your brain up to this thing. RIGHT NOW."

"Do I have to?"

“Yes, you ABSOLUTELY have to. Get over here now!”

“Okay....” Pandora obliged and hooked her cranium up to the monitor, then Zoey pressed play. Instantly a video feed appeared on screen, which looked a bit like a first person movie. So wait, does that mean you can actually replay ANY dream you want? But this time watch it while fully conscious? That's so awesome! At last humanity has a means of sharing dreams among friends!

The image started off hazy, but slowly came into focus as the sensors adapted to Pandora's brain. Once it got a good handle, the movie resumed from the moment they all stepped foot inside the castle. The whole group gathered around and watched their collective dream unfold for the 2nd time:

Chapter 5.1

Monitor

Darkness. Stone walls. Dripping water. Stairs, then a glimmer of light. Up ahead was the castle's main room, spanning several thousand square feet, reaching hundreds of feet into the air with fancy architecture and royal red carpets lining the stairs to the upper floors. Atop the stairs was a throne with a man sitting in it. As soon as the group stepped into the lit room, he stood up and began speaking.

"Welcome, welcome! To my.... (cape flip) glorious castle!"

"Who are you?" Alice demanded.

"Who am I? Well, I assumed that would be obvious. It is I, Damian, ruler of the Kingdom of Subconsciousness. And if you think you 3 invaders can just waltz in here and threaten our land, you are sorely mistaken. We shall not tolerate any who try to steal our kind back to the Land of Consciousness. Already too many have been taken captive. So I'm afraid that today, *you* shall be the ones taken captive instead. Guards! Seize them!"

Out of nowhere a group of 20 guards appeared, ensnaring them in a circle. They pinned them down and bound them, arms and legs. "My Lord, what shall we do with them?"

"Take them to the dungeon." The guards obeyed and took them back down the stairs they just came up, back into the darkness. Further along there was a dim light, just bright enough to make out the prison bars. The guards unlocked it, shoved them in, and cuffed them to the wall near 2 others who were already bound. Then they left them alone to sulk in the dark.

"Yo, what just happened? Damian's supposed to be our friend! But he just betrayed us, I can't believe it!"

"It's not his fault...." Alice muttered.

"What?"

"I said it's not his fault! He's just a king trying to look out for his people, and here we came trying to wake them up! Imagine if you just wanted to stay living the dream life peacefully with your family, and someday they all just randomly woke up, leaving you alone. You'd wish you could wake up too to go meet them in the higher reality, wouldn't you?"

Zoey took a moment to ponder. "Yeah, I guess you're right. I wouldn't wanna keep living without my loved ones in the same realm as me."

Suddenly, a voice came from one of the 2 other prisoners. "Ahem, what

about us? We're finally reunited and you don't even bother saying hi?"

"That voice! Is it you, Lola?"

"Yeah! It took you long enough to get here. We've been tied here for the past month. But we knew you'd come because a prophet told us before we got taken captive, so we've just been waiting."

"Oh, fantastic! So I'm guessing you already have a way out of here?"

Next, Aurora spoke up. "There is a way, but you're not gonna like it."

"Doesn't matter to me. A way out is a way out."

"Okay then, here's what you gotta do: infect yourself with a consciousness virus. Specifically it's gotta infect your ovaries, so that anyone who eats them will get infected and forced to wake up."

Zoey had nothing less than a dumbfounded expression on her face, trying to process that statement. "You know what? That sounds so bizarre and oddly specific that I'm sure there's a reason for it, so I'll just do it."

"Not just you, all 5 of us need to do it. Me and Lola are already infected, so we just need to spread it to you."

"And how will we do that?"

"It transmits easily from mouth to mouth, so...."

"Oh? You mean I'll finally get to kiss you? Then what are we waiting for, give me that virus now!"

And so they shared the virus amongst themselves. Lola kissed Zoey, who in turn kissed Pandora, who then kissed Alice on the far left.

"Alright, that should be good."

"Now what?"

"Now we wait.... for the dissection."

Upon that revelation, Zoey increased her complaining. The group sat and bickered about their plan whilst the virus spread and Damian presumably contemplated a proper sentence for his hostages. After several hours, footsteps came down the hallway again. The guards, and Damian, had arrived to inflict their punishment.

"Oh, my dear friends, it's been so long since we first met. I'm almost sorry our reunion isn't under better circumstances, but I'm sure you understand the responsibilities of being a king."

"Oh yeah, we totally understand, o mighty king of stupidheads."

"Have I offended you? Well it doesn't matter anymore. You see, there's another problem my kingdom's been having, that I'm afraid I require your assistance for. You know how I said your kind keeps abducting my subjects back to the real world? Well, among them were included all but 4 of my dear cooks. Only 4! We used to have a hundred! And as a result we've been rather hard-pressed for quality meals, if you know what I mean."

"So, what, you want us to help you cook or something?"

"Alas, under ideal circumstances that would be my wish. But ingredients are hard to come by in this metaphysical realm, and that is the one thing we are short on. We have no need for your subpar cooking skills. What we really need is..... your organs. Your muscles, your bones, your meat! Every part of you that can be consumed, that is what we desperately need. Since you're all

so very understanding, I'm sure you'll also understand.... when I do this!"

Damian pulled out a needle and injected Pandora with it, then did the same with the other 4. Immediately something began happening in Pandora's stomach area. It started expanding, as if something was growing inside her. And her usually thin friends grew to look equally pregnant.

"What are you... doing to us?" Lola muttered weakly.

"This is a special serum to multiply your internal organs. From now on you shall be our personal food production source, generating endless amounts of organs for us to harvest. Oh man, my mouth's watering just thinking about it! It's been so long since we've had fried ovaries! Guards, it is time for this year's harvest. Be sure to preserve them while they're still fresh, then send them up to the cooks. We're gonna have a feast! Not tonight, but right now!"

"Yes, my lord!" Damian retreated back up to his throne, while the guards remained to carry out their duty. They came up to Pandora, knives in hand, and slit open her abdomen. Out spilled a multitude of ovaries, probably around 200, which the guards gathered into vessels and took up to the kitchen. And the ovaries of her friends were also harvested. They and Pandora all made grimaces and grunts as if it hurt, though still being a dream, did not feel any actual pain. Whilst before the absence of pleasure seemed to be a problem, perhaps the absence of pain made it a worthwhile trade-off. Once the harvest was complete, the guards locked the gate and left them alone again.

"Uhhh, I feel so..... emptied." Lola said.

"I feel violated." Alice said.

"That was fun!" Zoey said.

Pandora felt the need to keep everyone on track. "Okay, so that was step one, right? What do we do next?"

"Next? I thought you would have found that incredibly obvious by now: we get out of these chains!"

"I know, but how?"

"These bodies aren't real, dummy! We can just phase right through!"

"Oh yeah, duh!"

And so they all phased through their chains, freeing themselves. They did the same at the door, freeing themselves from the dark cage, as prisons could no longer contain the saved righteous in Christ Jesus.

"Well, that was easy."

"We're not in the clear yet. Still gotta go through Damian."

"Through to what? Where are we even going? What's in this castle that's so important that we need to get? I just wanna go home and cuddle my sweet little Hestia." Aurora announced.

"If you want, we can have someone try to pick you up from here."

"No no, that would be wrong. I just wanna know what we're here for."

"Treasure!" Zoey blurted.

"What kind of treasure?"

"If we knew that, then it wouldn't be treasure. That's the point; you're not supposed to know til you find it!"

"Okay, and where exactly do we go to find it?"

“Let's see, I think it was..... the deepest room of the deepest dungeon, something like that.”

“Well we're in a dungeon now, are we sure it's not here?”

Lola chimed in. “It's definitely not here. I know where there's an even deeper one, and it's only accessible behind Damian's throne. And only he knows the code to open it.”

“So basically you're saying we're screwed.”

“Not quite. Remember that prophet I mentioned? He also said we'll succeed in getting back there. Judging from how the plan's going so far, I'd say we're already halfway done. Let's just go and see what happens.”

The group made their way back up, once again entering the throne room. This time Damian was not alone on his throne; 2 others were standing on either side of him, engaged in conversation whilst consuming their scrumptious scrambled ovaries. As the group entered, Damian looked down and saw, and a fit of panic caused him to jolt up.

“Guards! Guards!” He called. Except this time nobody came. He motioned to his friends – Axel and Chris – to go fetch them, and they quickly ran away.

“What's wrong? Guards all at lunch?” Lola challenged.

Damian stood up, resuming his condescending demeanor. “Indeed, no thanks to you all. Your ovaries are just so delicious it's irresistible. I think tomorrow we'll try cooking your brains. Wanna try some?”

“Now that you mention it, I am kinda curious. I'll have 2 orders of-”

“That was sarcastic! Anyway, how did you 5 manage to escape? It shouldn't be possible!”

“Yeah, well, this is a dream. Anything is possible in dreams.”

“Yes! Exactly! That's precisely WHY me and my kingdom want to stay here forever, don't you see? Back in the real world we don't have these freedoms. In the real world, we have to obey the 13 New Commandments. In the real world, we are subjected to the laws of physics, to the laws of causality, morality, and biology. To choose reality over dreams is to limit one's potential, to choose a disappointing finite over the limitless infinite. Only in dreams are we truly ever free. Only in dreams can we live out any story. Only in dreams can we be free of all conscience. Only in dreams can our egos be silenced. Only in dreams can we control reality. Only in dreams..... can we be God.”

“Bruh, are you even listening to yourself? You just said the problem yourself: It's a freaking dream! It's not real! Why fight to defend an illusion? Even your dedication is *itself* an illusion as part of this dream. In reality you're not actually even defending anything, are you?”

“If we all spend eternity in a dream, then at that point is it really any different than reality? Who's to say that reality isn't the nightmare one briefly wakes up to once every few centuries? Who's to judge that whatever phenomena we perceive is not actually real? Wherever one spends the majority of their time; that is reality. And whatever the consensus agrees is real; that is reality. So as long as we never wake up, our kingdom shall stand forever.”

“Okay, well then answer me this: how would it be possible for your

mind to generate the mental projection of a castle, or a kingdom, unless it had first already perceived those experiences in the real world? The subconscious can only recombine and generate information based on the experiences it's had up to that point. So if you'd been asleep ever since birth, your dreams would be nothing more than darkness, warm fluid and a heartbeat. Is it really worth living in nothing but illusions?"

"Are you stupid? Look around! All of this is *clearly* real. You can see the walls, the stone, the carpet, the architecture, and everything. And aside from that, we are all here talking to each other. You CAN'T say that it's all just fake. Because if it weren't real, then why is it happening RIGHT NOW? Sounds to me like you got some metaphysical nonsense cloudin' up your thinking, convincing yourself all the things that are happening are not actually happening. And yet the very fact you feel the need to deny all this phenomena, only reinforces that the phenomena exists as a foundation to form your stance of negation against, else you would've said nothing. So yes, this dream IS a reality. MY reality, and I will fight to protect it with everything I've got!"

"Well in that case, you shouldn't have eaten our ovaries then."

"Huh?"

"Our ovaries were infected with a consciousness virus, which all your subjects should be done digesting right about now. Go and see for yourself."

A look of horror befell Damian's face, and he pulled out his phone to call his most trusted agent. "Axel? Axel, are you there?" The phone rang, but nobody picked up. "Damn it!" Damian then tried calling Chris. Again, no answer. He dropped his cape and sprinted to the dining room to check on everyone, only to find piles of clothes left in the seats where they were sitting, plates half finished and glasses half full. He fell to the ground, dejected. All his friends, his comrades..... had gone to a better place.

Alice gently approached. "The dream is up, Damian. It's time to let go."

Damian was crying. "Yes.... you're right. It was foolish to think we could keep dreaming forever. I shall wake up as well, and go to be with my comrades in glory."

"Before you go, can you give us the code for your dungeon?"

"It's DreamerBoy6187."

Upon hearing that, Zoey interjected. "Thanks! All right everyone, let's go find some treasure!" They all left Damian alone, running up the stairs to the locked door. Zoey put in the code, and the gate opened. Hooray! Behind the gate was an elevator, which they all crammed inside of. Once full Zoey pressed the down button, and they began their descent to the castle's lowest depths. After 3 whole minutes it reached the bottom. The doors opened, and everyone stepped out into the dark, damp, torchlit cave, taking in the sights of puddles of water and broken pillars all over.

"This area doesn't even look like part of the castle. It's just a cave."

"Not quite. It looks like they tried building something here and failed. Or maybe they did and it later collapsed."

"If it's not part of the castle, then you know what that means? Uncharted territory! Hidden treasure!"

“Yeah sure, if by treasure you mean bat guano. You really think there's treasure here? How deep will we have to go?”

“My guess is..... 3 miles! Anyone wanna bet?”

“I doubt it goes that far. My guess is half a mile.”

“1 mile.”

“I'm with Pandora: half a mile.”

Everyone looked at Lola for her response. “I really don't care, let's just get the treasure and go.”

“Aww, you're no fun.”

With everyone's bets in place, they set out deeper into the cave. They were expecting some form of wildlife to pop out, maybe bats or bears or something, but nothing ever did. It was completely silent save for the occasional drip of water.

“ECHO!!!” Zoey shouted. But her voice did not echo, for dream-caves do not reflect sound waves like real ones. After 10 minutes they stumbled upon a certain open clearing, which at first glance would be best described as spacious and ominous. Or if you were Zoey: “Okay, now THIS place looks sus.”

It was a dark room with no torches, instead lit by a single ray of sunlight coming down from above, which slanted down into the room's center towards a raised stone pedestal with a box on it. Around the center were 4 more pillars in each diagonal direction, forming a square around it. And around the whole square were a bunch of abandoned, decrepit buildings; it appeared to be a deserted shopping center of some kind. The whole room was covered in vines all over the cave walls, floor, buildings, and spiraling up the stone pillars, with a deep pit in the shape of a square surrounding the outer pillars, and another surrounding the inner, such that one would have to jump over twice to reach it.

“Oh yeah, this is definitely the treasure room. That box sure does look nice conveniently located atop that pedestal. Let's just grab it and go; I'm sure nothing will happen the moment we take it off.” Lola said.

They all jumped across the first pit safely. Nothing happened. Then they jumped across the 2nd pit safely; again nothing happened. “Really nothing? That's lame.”

“I'm sure the fun will start once we remove the box.” So they all went up to the box and examined it. As soon as they got close enough to see it better, both Zoey and Pandora had the same reaction.

“Wait a minute, it's...”

“Yeah! Isn't this your box? What's it doing here?”

“Well it is a dream, so maybe it's generating my subconscious's ultimate fantasy or something.”

“You fantasize of finding your box in deep dark underground caves?”

“Apparently, yeah.”

“Welp, looks like this was all a waste. Let's just get it and go.”

“Right.” Pandora reached out to grab it. But once she tried pulling, found it to be stuck. Not only could she not remove it, but even the lid wouldn't open. It wouldn't move at all. “Uh, guys? It's stuck.”

“Always so weak. Here, let me try.” Zoey tried prying it off the

pedestal, but was equally unsuccessful. “She's right, it's stuck.”

“Of course it is. In that case, it's time to do the obvious other thing.”

“Yeah. And that would be?”

“Well there's 5 of us, and 5 pedestals. So we each just go to one and.... do something.”

“Yeah, but what?”

“Maybe touch it? Or stand on it? I dunno, but it's definitely something.”

And so they all spread out, each of Pandora's 4 friends to their respective pedestal. Then they experimented, trying all sorts of stuff to make something happen, but nothing.

“This is garbage! Why is nothing happening?” Zoey complained.

“Maybe we're doing it wrong. You think the order matters? Like we each have to be at the right pedestal?” Alice suggested.

“What kind of order would even make sense?” Aurora said.

“Pffft, beats me.” Lola said.

“Maybe it's our names? Like we gotta line up in alphabetical order?” Pandora chimed in.

“How about a word? Do our names make an acronym for something?”

“Maybe. Let's try spelling it out.” Zoey started thinking out loud. “Let's see, we got a Z, a P, an L, an A, and another A. ZPLAA. That would be... ZALAP. ZAPAL. PALAZ. PAZAL. LAZAP. LAPAZ. APALZ. ALAPZ. AZALP. Dangit, nothing works!”

The group stood in silence, thinking of another potential word. After 20 seconds, Aurora spoke up. “Oh! What about Plaza?”

Zoey went through the acronym in her head, then gasped. “Yes! That's it! That's totally it!”

“It's the only word that makes sense.” Lola observed.

Alice noted something else. “Guys, look around. This place even *looks* like a plaza. That building in the center is north, then east, west, and where we came in is south.”

Zoey looked around, excitement in her chest bursting even more than before. “Okay, that's epic. From now on, I hereby declare us the PLAZA squad!”

“So now what? Do we stand with Pandora in the top left with the rest following, or does she go in the center with the the top left being Lola?”

“My guess is Pandora goes in the center, since it's her box and all.”

The Plaza squad switched around to the correct order. All 4 friends surrounding Pandora reached their hands out to touch their pedestals, then Pandora did the same. And as soon as she touched the box, the whole cave began trembling, like an earthquake had been set off.

“Yes! Finally!” Zoey shouted.

Pandora tried removing the box again. But surprisingly it still wouldn't budge; it was just as stuck as before. So instead she tried opening the lid and.... it worked! The lid came off! But unfortunately it appeared to be filled with a dark curse of some kind, for immediately a cloud of black smoke came bursting forth from it, and all sorts of hideous creatures began climbing out. Zombies, goblins, skeletons, orcs, vampires, bats, and other foul beings, many carrying

swords and bombs. They crawled out and scurried around the floor out towards the edges. Some fell into the pit below, but others managed to jump, fly, or float across. The creatures filled the room, crawling all over the buildings and rocky walls before detonating their selves with bombs, causing further destruction whilst the cavern still quaked, rocks falling down and buildings crumbling all around. Even the castle's foundations above had begun to crack.

Pandora and the others stood frozen in fear, unable to move due to the sheer number of creatures surrounding them. But amidst the commotion, something else emerged from the box: a ghost-like woman with beautiful white garments and flowing hair. And normally Pandora would've passed it off as just another terrible apparition, had it not shouted these words in desperation:

“Pandora! Pandora! It's me, your mother! Come find me!”

No sooner had she uttered the words when the castle's foundations finally gave way, and the entire structure caved in on top of them, crushing them into nothingness.

Chapter 5.2

Station

The screen faded to black. All eyes turned toward Pandora, as her dumbfounded expression stared back at the blank screen. What? Her mother is.... alive?

"Is that what you wanted me to see?" Pandora asked while trying not to freak out.

"Yeah! Your mom totally crashed our dream!" said Zoey.

"But, it *was* just a dream though. She wasn't really there, right?"

Alice spoke up. "About that..... maybe I didn't make it clear before, but everyone you see in Dream Mode is a real person, at least when it's a shared type like that one. If it's just yourself, anything can happen. But with shared dream worlds, it's like a game server people join by going to sleep. God projects the exact same dream to everyone, meaning there's nobody in the dream that isn't also asleep in the real world."

"So my mom really is somewhere on Earth?"

"Somewhere in the universe, for sure."

Lola had an important observation to contribute: "She sounded in pain, like begging to be saved."

"Yeah, I know. I tried finding her before, and the person locator thing said she was in Hell."

"Really? Hell? Are you sure it wasn't Hell *Land*?" Damian asked.

"Ehh, now that you mention it, it might've said Hell *something*. I didn't really check."

"I'm certain you missed it then. How about you take a 2nd look?"

"Ugh, but to do that we'd have to go all the back to the city!"

"No you don't. Here, I'll just pull it up on my laptop." Damian pulled out his laptop and opened up the person locator app, clicking on the search bar. "What's your mom's name?"

"It's, uh..... I don't remember."

"You don't know your own mom's name?"

"It's cause I deleted the memory. Hold on, let me undo it." Pandora pulled out her phone and opened the Memory Bank app, then selected the parents memory, and tapped the "restore" button. Immediately all the neurons containing their memories were re-enabled, and Pandora could recall every single thing that was previously forgotten.

“Okay, I remember her name now. Let me type it.” Pandora took over the keyboard, then typed her mom's name – Ambrosia – and again it showed up on screen: she was located deep underground, in a place labeled Hell L..... Pandora hovered the mouse over it, and the full name was revealed: Hell Land.

“See? Told ya.”

“But that..... doesn't make any sense. What's the difference between Hell and Hell Land?”

“Hell Land is just an amusement park made with a hellish aesthetic. Me and my friends here (gesturing towards Chris and Axel) went the day before school, but there were only like 10 rides there, so we didn't stay long.”

Oh, an amusement park? That's a far cry away from what Pandora was expecting. To her it sounded like some perpetual wildfire-ridden country or something, like a nation of flames. But apparently it wasn't; it was a place of frightful fun, like a haunted house except it's the whole park.

“Is this the only Hell Land? Or are there more?”

“Well there was only one when we went to sleep, but maybe more have been built since. Let's see.” Damian searched for Hell Land, and as anticipated, more than one showed up this time (66 to be exact). But as the map zoomed out to show their locations, a strange glitch happened. Their locations didn't show around the globe Earth, but at various points around some bizarrely-shaped space station looking thing. It contained one long central cylinder with many disjointed rings rotating around, and alternating rungs branching off from the main tube at various concentric angles. And the Hell Land they just saw was on one of the other rungs, far away from the spherical end pointed one they were currently on. “What the- what is this?”

“Is that *Earth?*” Zoey asked.

“There's no way. That's....”

A scream was heard from across the room; it was Aurora. “HOLY **** YOU GUYS, YOU GOTTA COME SEE THIS!!!!” She motioned towards her window, which was emitting bright light despite it being 2 AM. Everyone got up and came over with panicked curiosity. Pandora approached the window, and upon looking outside, what she saw was a sight so magnificent it could make one faint as their breath was taken away.

“This isn't a good view from here, let's go outside!” Lola remarked. Everyone agreed and hurried downstairs, through Aurora's house and out the front door, where they all stood and marveled up at the stars above. Or rather, the *planet* above.

“Woaaaaaaahhhhhhh.”

The map they saw was no lie, for truly Earth was no longer a mere sphere. Earth was above them, Earth was below them, Earth was in every direction around them. Pasted throughout the night sky was the entirety of Earth Station. They were on the small sphere at the tip of one of the rungs, still the same-sized sphere that Earth was before, but with a giant 2000 mile diameter cylinder sticking out of it up towards the sky, blocking out the horizon, but being a worthy horizon all its own. To reach it they would just have to travel forward about 1000 miles, at which point the road would steeply curve upward as gravity

shifted 90°, and they would now be driving with their current position a thousand miles above them. Then it would be 12,000 more miles until the main cylinder branching off to further parts of the station, such that moving over to another branch would require driving around a whole square of the planet. Technically you could still get almost anywhere on the station strictly by land. Except for one particular segment around 140,000 miles or so "east": there were several disjointed rings rotating around the main connecting cylinder, like a kebab of several doughnut Earths which would qualify as entire planets of their own had they not been part of the larger system. And perhaps the most striking observation within all these sights were the variety of colors. True, some parts remained the standard green and blue with white clouds, but huge segments were more exotically colored. Some were deep purple land with red oceans and orange clouds, others had yellow land and pink oceans, with bands of ultraviolet clouds encompassing all around the cylinder. One of the rungs was designed to look like starry space itself, with amorphous shades of twinkling black and sparkling purple. And sprouting out from various parts were megastructures of various kinds, like giant metal mushrooms, towers, and spiraling arches. In the distance, 2 large Dyson rings could be seen around the sun. Truly this New Earth was far greater than the old could have ever been, outclassing it by every measure of scope and grandeur. Everyone stared up at the miraculous planetary arrangement, knowing that from now on this impressive backdrop will remain their skyline view throughout their daily lives. Paralyzed by awe, Lola was the first to recover:

"Looks like Earth got remodeled while we were asleep."

Aurora answered. "I don't think remodeled is the right word there."

"Expanded? Refurbished? Overhauled?"

Pandora too was in awe of the amazing view, and would've loved nothing more than to continue standing there basking in its light, had she not already been preoccupied with worry over her mom. Thoughts kept obfuscating her attention like a fog, blocking out everything else. Were her parents okay? What had they been doing the past 100 years? Was Hell Land really just an amusement park, or were they being tormented day and night? Maybe Damian was mistaken. In either case, her mom called out for her to come find her. Her *mom*, the woman who raised her and cared for her, and up to this point thought was lost forever, now had a small glimmer of hope of being alive. She's probably worried sick over her daughter being lost for so long. She had to go there *now*, before it's too late. And until she finds closure, there is no way she'd be able to relax or enjoy anything else.

"Um, hey guys? I know it's awesome and everything but, do you think we could put this on hold? My mom is waiting for me. I need to go find her."

Zoey turned around toward her. "Yes, absolutely! Let's go right now!"

Pandora was shocked. "Really? I thought you'd be more resistant."

"Yeah! It's not like there's anything better to do. Plus we can look at this the whole way. A road trip with all 5 of us! Come on, it'll be fun!"

"Ugh, but driving is so slow! Especially across all *that.* I mean, it's gotta be like 20,000 miles, at least! Can't we just teleport there?"

“It won't be slow if I drive. I can get us there in less than a day!”

“But my parents are in Hell Land RIGHT NOW! Who knows how much longer they'll be there? They could be leaving in the next hour!”

Zoey frowned. “Correct me if I'm wrong, but weren't they also there a hundred years ago? If they've been there this long, I doubt they'd suddenly decide to leave now.”

“Pfft, I doubt they've stayed there the whole time. Maybe they just happen to be there twice.”

“You know, we could always just ask God.”

“Good idea. Hey God, how much longer will my parents be in Hell Land?” A number appeared in midair: 3 days.

“See? We got 3 more days. That's plenty of time!”

Pandora conceded. “Fine. But if we miss them there, I'll have to go find wherever their house is. And if that happens, you're coming with me and introducing *me* to *my* parents this time. Got it?”

A look of dread came across Zoey's face. “Uh, yeah! Totally! So are we leaving now? Come on everyone, we need to get there and find Pandora's parents before they leave! Ahahaha.”

Everyone else remained silent.

“Um, you guys are coming, right? Please?”

Lola answered. “Of course I'm coming. Why not?”

Aurora and Alice both nodded.

“Great! Soooooo, where's the car we're taking?”

“We can take my car.” Aurora said “Just let me conjure it first.” Aurora made a silent prayer, and instantly a brand new Tesla Model 3 appeared out of thin air. It was also one of those anime cars with waifu prints on them: the red-headed demon herself, Rias. Everyone looked at it in dismay. “What? I thought it'd be fitting!” And indeed it was, so much so that Aurora also cosplayed as her.

“No no no, I'm not doing that. Take it off.” Lola said.

“Fine.” Aurora removed the print.

“Are we gonna get any snacks before leaving?”

“Eh, we can just find places to stop. I'm sure there's tons of new places and foods now. If that fails, we'll just conjure something up.”

The Plaza Squad piled into the sexy car, with Zoey taking the driver seat. “I call shotgun!” Aurorias claimed.

Lola spoke up. “Shouldn't Pandora be up front since it's her parents?”

“It's okay, I prefer back seat anyway. Right window.”

“Alrightee then. I'll take the middle.” Alice took the left. With everyone seated, Zoey took off. At last they were on the Highway to Hell Land.

Chapter 5.3

The Road Trip

Zoey drove through the town roads while using her spirit positioning system, like a bird with built-in navigation. Once she reached the highway, everyone noticed something very different about it than any other highway from the old world: it was HUGE. The road itself was over a mile wide in both directions. With this much space, the need for lame things such as lanes and speed limits was now obsolete. Moreover there was enough space for larger vehicles such as semi trucks and mobile homes. Literally, people were driving their gigantic houses on wheels down the road, as the new physics enabled the infinite energy and power required to do so. Zoey floored the gas pedal, speeding all the way up to 800 mph before setting the cruise control. This speed was so fast you could barely make out nearby objects at all, and if you paid close attention, could faintly discern the shifting position of Earth Station in the distance. The road and wind noise generated by this speed was very loud, so they prayed to reinforce the car with 95% soundproof material (as you still need some noise for it to feel right). With the course set, now came the boring wait.

This was the first time the 5 of them had an extended length of time together. For a while they sat in silence just listening to the radio, and one of the broadcasts played a rather strange announcement:

“The station-wide milk shortage is putting a strain on households throughout all sections of the planet. Again we emphasize that employees are in high demand, and milk factories have multiplied their pay rates 1000X to compensate. To apply, contact 1-874-MILK.”

The radio kept playing one thing after another, and they all pretended to listen while thinking of something else to do. Aurora looked in the mirror back at Lola, who kept fiddling with her Misa choker while doing something on her phone. She also remembered her plans from the King Game, and saw an opportunity to begin a conversation.

“Yo Lola, you okay? That choker ain't too tight, is it?”

Lola looked up from her phone and felt around her neck. “Yeah it's fine, I just like feeling the spikes.”

“Still looking for a goth guy?”

“Yup. Like I said, I wanna start a new family. Although I did find out 3 of my grandparents were saved, so I still have some family.”

“Do you have any siblings? Cousins?”

“Nope, always been an only child.”

“Dang, so I guess you can't have siblings at all then.”

“Nah, but I could still get more aunts and uncles, then maybe cousins.”

“If they've been around for 100 years, you might already have some.”

“Yeah..... maybe.” Lola resumed touching her phone. But now that the ice was broken, Zoey had the opportunity to unleash her diabolical strategy. She reached out and turned the radio off, and hooked her phone up.

“Alright guys. Who's up for some music?”

“Yes!”

Zoey started blasting one of her favorite songs from the Old World: Owl City – Fireflies (though this new context changed its meaning a bit). After that, Lola hooked her phone up and played a song called rN – Anteisce. Then Aurora played Everything Matters. Pandora checked the list of artists Melody had recommended her. She already knew the first one, so let's try checking out this 2nd one: SNEO. Pandora looked him up and found nearly a hundred different albums. Where to even start? Probably the beginning. Pandora put her phone to her ear to preview the Contact EP, and found it rather lackluster. Maybe this first album was just a dud, let's give him one more chance. She then previewed the Terra EP, and within a minute knew it was the one to play. Once Lola's song was over, she took the next turn. They sat and listened to the whole 30 minute album, and it was the most perfect thing ever to play against the backdrop of Earth Station. Or in this case, Terra Station.

Right around the time the album finished, Zoey had finally reached the first 90° turn up. The road curved up into a giant parabolic hill, and the gravity shifted with them such that nothing felt any different. But the new orientation completely shifted their perspective, giving Earth a whole new dimension. Within 3 seconds they had already driven higher above the sphere than the tallest skyscraper ever made, and kept going like a rocket.

Once they acclimated to the new orientation, Aurora took over and played Laur – The Angel's Message album. As it played, Pandora resumed scrolling in search of another song. But as she did so, another realization dawned on her. Wait a minute..... it's been 100 years! That means.....

Pandora quickly looked up OVERWERK's channel again, and her excitement was confirmed. Throughout the past century, he had continued producing and releasing music nearly every single year. There were now over 800 new songs to listen to! Holy ****! The implications of this were exciting, because from now on, instead of having to wait for agonizing months or years for new music from her favorite artists, she can just go to sleep until the release day comes and listen immediately! And the same could go for any other medium of art: movie, game, anime, TV show, book, or anything else. The limitation of waiting imposed by time can now be overcome.

They all continued playing music and taking turns for about the next 6 hours, getting through a small chunk of all the new music released. At that point, they got tired of it and just started playing games on their phones, going back to silence for a while. Zoey just kept driving.

Several hours later.....

There Pandora was, just sitting in the back seat, looking out the window at the planet above and around her, mindlessly consuming her infinite supply of chips, cheez-its, pizza, and sprite nonstop. But this was only to calm her nerves as she envisioned seeing her parents, agonizing over what she would say to them. She looked toward the spot where they would be. It wasn't green and blue like the area they were at now, but almost entirely purple. What on Earth would it look like when they got there? Guess we'll see eventually. In addition to this, Pandora contemplated other things she saw throughout the planet. What new cities have been built? What are the other oceans called? How does the gravity work? These were some of the thoughts which occasionally surfaced in her mind, until suddenly, she felt a hand go down into her pants. She looked to her left at Lola, who kept staring straight-faced forward as if doing nothing. But Pandora could feel her fingers moving around down there.

"Um, that's my....."

Lola said nothing, and just kept on rubbing. Pandora didn't know what else to say, so she sat still in silence as Lola kept fingering her. It felt good, and she spread her legs out a bit to make it easier. Not knowing anything else to do, Pandora took her own hand and shoved it down Lola's pants, finding her to be equally soaking wet. Both of them kept fingering in silence, enjoying each other as they traveled 800 mph down the road. Certainly this was one good way to deal with boredom. Pandora wanted to keep completely silent, but eventually the pleasure forced out an unexpectedly loud moan. "Uhn." Zoey looked back, and Alice looked over, witnessing the 2 lesbians shamelessly going at it.

"What? Are you guys seriously doing it here?"

Both of them froze like deer in headlights. Except in this case they *were* the headlights.

"If you're gonna do it, tell me! I wanna join too! Someone please touch me!"

"No, you need to stay focused on the road!"

"Not anymore! Hey God, put this thing on autopilot!" Zoey took her limbs off the wheel and gas, yet the car remained steady. Then she started climbing to the back with the rest of them.

"Hey, wait! There's no room back here!"

"Then we'll make some! God, please make the car bigger!" Her prayer was granted, and the car extended outward on each side, doubling in length and width. Zoey climbed back next to Pandora. "There, *now* you can touch me."

With her free hand, Pandora stuck her hand down Zoey's pants and began rubbing. Zoey reciprocated; now both her and Lola were fighting for her treasure. Aurora also climbed back and played with Alice. The next 20 minutes were full of steamy road trip fun.

"Whew, that was amazing." Zoey said.

Still catching their breath, Alice had an unexpected suggestion. "Hey, I got an idea. Wouldn't this be even more fun if we..... did it with the other set instead?"

Zoey perked up once again. "Yes! Let's all turn into guys and suck each other off!"

And so they all did. One by one each of them transformed into their male forms. Then Pan, Loyd, Austin, Zed, and Alex continued their steamy *male* road trip fun. They swapped around positions such that Pan was sitting by Alex. They expanded the car again, making enough room to kneel on the floor. Pan got down on his hands and knees and stuck Alex's thing in his mouth, then bobbed up and down until it gushed out sprite from the tip (that was one of Pan's favorite drinks, so he requested Alex make it that instead of the white stuff). After the first round, they all laughed.

"Woah, Loyd, your wiener is so big! Holy ****!"

"I think Austin has the biggest balls out of all of us! Just feel them!"

"Haha, this is totally the frat van!"

"I wonder if it'll fit between the seats."

"Try it, I'll lick it from this end."

Pan climbed back further and stuck it in from the back, managing to fit through the tight squeeze to the other side. Loyd began sucking it. Zed also stuck his through, and they were sucked off til climax.

"Next let's stick it out the window!" They drilled small holes in the car just big enough to fit, and stuck their hot dogs out while passing by an Oscar Mayer truck (though theirs was the true wienermobile). Pan could feel the intense wind grazing against him. Since the car was still going 800 mph, it made his thing flop around wildly, stimulating it all the way to orgasm. At last he had lost his airjob virginity. The rest of Plaza squad did the same, then pulled their wieners back in and sealed the holes.

"This is so fun! Like it's literally the best thing ever!"

"This is the best road trip I've ever been on!"

Several hours later.....

Zed never went back to driving, instead staying in the back seat with the rest. They all remained males for the remainder of the trip, as they found it slightly more comfortable without breasts and wide hips taking up extra space. They all laid on each other's shoulders and cuddled while admiring the changing scenery. It was nighttime, but they could still see clearly as they passed through a lengthy mountainous area where the land reached to the sky and looped around and back down in various mountain-arches, pillars and spires. Despite the sun being below them, it was nearly bright as day, because the reflections of sunlight off the rest of Earth Station lit up the night a hundred times brighter than a full moon. Nowhere on the planet was it possible to be truly night. During daytime, sometimes parts of the planet blocked out the sun causing hour long eclipses, sometimes multiple times per day. Earth Station didn't rotate in just one direction; the rungs attached around the main spinning cylinder, and other things rotated around the rungs, all at different speeds. Some rungs had even smaller branching segments, others led to spirals which extended far away from the station, and several free-roaming terrestrial moons orbited around and between the various segments, all charted on specific paths to avoid collisions (not that it would matter even if it did crash).

This was generally the landscape they saw throughout their trip. But as they approached their destination, they could see a darker shade of land in the distance, growing ever closer. They only faintly noticed this until their high-speed vehicle entered the zone, and the landscape and light surrounding them abruptly turned deep purple. “Woah, what's that?” Zed moved back to the driver seat and slowed the car down to a comfortable 60 mph, allowing a better view. They all looked out the windows at the scenery, finally discerning what material this part of New Earth was made of: Amethyst. Extending out to the horizon was a landscape of purple, crystalline rock formations which glistened shades of purple as it reflected the light of Earth Station. Growing out of the rocks were purple grass, purple trees, purple bushes, and even purple cacti. The whole scene surrounded them like a surreal alien painting. To match the scenery, Pan played SNEO – Visions.

After 30 minutes deep into the amethyst area, they passed a small town called “Purpnurplia,” with another sign pointing in the direction of Hell Land. The car turned that direction, then followed a road that curved underground until it was going straight down through a tunnel towards the center of the planet's main cylinder. Within just one more hour, at 666 miles underground near the cylinder's center, they finally arrived. The small tunnel opened up into a giant cavernous parking lot, filled with the vehicles of other visitors. Up ahead was the park, and even from here they could make out what appeared to be a roller coaster made of flames. The embroidered title shone in big flaming letters above the park entrance:

Hell Land

Zed parked the car, and all 5 boys got out.

“Well, we're here. Should we turn back normal now?” Alex asked.

“I dunno, I kinda like this body. It's easier to move around in.” Loyd said.

“Honestly, I've kinda wondered what it'd be like going to an amusement park as a guy.” Pan said.

“Yeah, it's so much easier not having my giant tits bounce around while walking everywhere!” Zed agreed.

“Aww, but I wanted to wear my Rias cosplay!”

“We're not stopping you, you can still wear it.”

“Not if I'm the only girl!”

“Is there a male cosplay you could do instead?”

“Hmmmm, I guess I could do Meliodas..... Actually nah, I'll be fine.”

“You sure?”

“Yup, I'll just stay like this.”

“Who knows how long we'll even be here. It could take days to find them. We'll be girls tomorrow, okay?”

“Yeah.”

And so began their descent into Hell Land.

Chapter 6

Hell Land

On either side of the entrance were black, volcanic rocks with lines of lava flowing down. There was a booth called “Gates of Hell” which required passage to enter, where an angel in a Satan costume stamped each person's hand as they passed through. The Plaza squad joined the line at the back, slowly creeping forward over the next 6 minutes. When their turn arrived, Pan, Austin, Zed, and Alex all reached out to get stamps on their right hand (though Loyd wanted to be cool and got it on his forehead instead). Now marked as visitors, they entered the park itself.

Buildings lined the sides of the main road, which branched into smaller side roads in between. Activities such as zombie head skee-ball, flamethrower shooting ranges, pit-of-spikes ladder climbing, eyeball bobbing, and flaming horseshoe tossing had lines of people waiting to play. The prizes involved things like stuffed homunculi, toy demons, live bats, rock pillows, and other new things Pan was unfamiliar with. Booths of fire dogs, liquid magma, laval cream, igneous rock candy, and more served their respective refreshments, and gift shops were stocked with a plethora of neat hellish trinkets. Away from the shopping area were the rides, stretching at least 2 miles back into the massive cavern, with other small restaurants and booths scattered throughout.

“Woah, this place looks bleak and cool at the same time.” Zed said.

“This place is way too big. How will we ever find your parents here?”

“I guess we'll just go around riding rides until we find them.”

They continued their trek into the park, only reaching about 100 steps in before the park manager, Jesus, approached them. **“Plaza squad, welcome! I see you've finally come to visit Hell Land.”**

“Wow, you even know about that?” Aurora asked.

“Of course. I'm the one who made the dream. I know everything.”

Zed spoke. “Everything? Great! Then would you also know where my friend here's parents are right now?”

“I do. They are still here, somewhere in the park.”

“Yeah, but where specifically?”

“Their location is ever-shifting, I can't pinpoint just one spot. However, I can set you on the path where you will eventually discover them. Head towards the Magma Rapids first; there is a rare sight there which you

may enjoy seeing. Shortly after, you will meet a teen girl with 2 children. Befriend her and follow her, and she will lead you to your parents."

"Girl with 2 children, got it. Thanks!"

"Any time." Jesus teleported away. The Plaza squad continued their foray into the park, walking the streets all the way to the Magma Rapids at the outermost west edge of the park. Along the way they passed a steamy restaurant named "Cannibal Cove." Loyd could smell the deliciousness as they passed.

"Mmm, what's that smell? It's so delicious!"

They all checked the restaurant name. "Cannibal Cove? You mean they serve humans?" Alex remarked.

"You think maybe this is the place Damian ate at?"

"Let's check it out!" Zed demanded. "Anyone else hungry?"

"I could go for a bloody, raw arm." Loyd answered.

Pan needed to refocus them. "Yeah guys, I'm hungry too, but we need to find that woman first. Let's come back after the rapids." The others agreed, and so they passed by for now. After a few more minutes they had arrived. There was the sign: Magma Rapids, and a bridge leading to the ride which hung over the river of lava below. A raft passed by underneath, full of people shrieking loudly. But across the path from this entrance, there was another area with a ginormous bucket, which was being slowly filled with lava dripping from a space in the cavern ceiling. A crowd had amassed behind it, watching in suspense. The Plaza squad joined in.

"So is this the thing Jesus meant?"

"That's my guess."

Pan looked around the crowd for his mother. Somewhere near the front, he caught a glimpse of a medium height woman with long, curly black hair falling slightly below her shoulders. Was that her!? Already?

"Guys, I think I see her!" Pan left the squad, weaving through the crowd up to meet her. He walked around to her side as unsuspiciously as possible to get a view of her face. But upon seeing it, disappointment filled his chest; it wasn't her after all. Dang it, why do people have to share the same hairstyles? Pan retreated back to the squad.

"So? Was it her?" Zed asked.

"It was not."

Suddenly someone else in the crowd shouted. "It's starting!" Everyone looked up, and saw the bucket had started tilting away from them. The lava began spilling out, pouring to form a pile on the ground. Except it wasn't just a pile: as it fell, the lava automatically reshaped and hardened into a rocky frame-shaped structure, like part of a roller coaster. Its length kept extending for about a hundred feet until all the lava had dripped out. Once empty, the bucket turned back up to its resting position, and more lava resumed slowly dripping in.

"Huh, well that was neat." Austin said.

"Should we go ride the rapids now?" Loyd asked.

"Yes. Maybe we'll meet that woman Jesus told us about." And so the squad decided upon their first ride of the day. They walked across the bridge, and continued following the path up the rocky stairs til reaching the boarding

zone. The line contained 6 adult people, which they joined at the back. Once the next raft arrived, the group of 6 all boarded their raft. Though there were 8 seats total, the Plaza squad wanted to ride together, so they waited for the next one. After about 2 minutes of waiting, the next raft showed up. Phew, luckily nobody else had joined the line behind them! Pan subconsciously thought. The raft parked, and the gates opened up. Pan went and took a seat on the left, and the other 4 sat 2 and 2 on either side, buckling in. However, just as the 5 of them had stepped on, a certain teenage blonde girl with 2 children came up the stairs. They walked up to the boarding zone, noticed the raft still had 3 empty seats available, and got on with the rest of them. She took the seat exactly opposite of Pan, with the children on either side of her.

The girl shouted. “Alright! Magma Rapids time! Who's ready to get thrown around for 10 minutes? Woo-hoo!” No sooner had she spoken when the gates closed, the stopper released, and their raft began freely floating down the stream of lava, the rocky walls on either side illuminated by its fiery glow.

The ride instantly began with a steep, winding incline down. They gathered speed and bumped from side to side, bits of magma spewing into the air all around. This continued for nearly 5 minutes straight, as the boiling and roiling rapids churned them up violently. Pan now understood why those people were screaming before, as all 8 of them repeated the same act. The new girl seemed to greatly enjoy it.

Eventually the incline leveled out into a straight and flat river. Finally, a chance to catch their breath and process. The whole Plaza squad stared at the blonde woman, realizing this was the person Jesus told of, but not knowing how to begin the conversation. Luckily, she spoke up first.

“Welp, fun part's over, now comes the boring stretch.”

Zed answered next. “Hey, you're that lady!”

The woman looked mildly offended. “Huh? *Lady?* How dare you call me that! I'm Hera, the thrill-seeking mother! I'm here trying to teach my children some culture for once. Ain't that right, kids?”

Both children rolled their eyes.

Austin had a doubt about that. “Wait, you're their mom? But you all look young enough to be siblings.”

“Yeah, I just like de-aging to a teenager to have more fun. Makes it easier to pass off as a thrill-seeker, ya know?”

“Do you come here often?”

“Oh yeah! All the time! It's a bit of a tradition. Me and my husband come here every year, bringing some of our children. We went to the original Hell Land the first year, and again each year around this time.”

Zed spoke. “Wow, really? You must know the layout pretty well then. The thing is, my friend here could use-”

Pan interrupted by nudging him with his elbow.

“Hey!”

“The thing is, there's something we need your help with. Jesus said you could help us, so you're all we've got to go off of right now.”

Hera was overly flabbergasted. “Really? ME? What could you ever

need my help for?"

"This really isn't the best place for it, I'll explain after the ride's over."

"Well that won't be long; exit's coming up soon."

Loyd's hungry stomach caused him to spout a reminder. "What about Cannibal Cove? We still gonna eat there or what?"

Hera's eyes lit up. "Oh yes, Cannibal Cove is AWESOME. I was planning on showing it to these two anyway."

"Alright, sounds good. We'll talk more there."

And so they had their plan. The rapids had one final inclined section which ended in getting drenched with lava, then the end. They all got off and walked to Cannibal Cove. As they approached, Hera raised a question.

"I take it none of you have eaten here before, right?"

"Nope, this is our first time."

"You're in for a treat."

The door opened, and they all scrambled in. 2 angels dressed in demon costumes came up to service them. "Hello, welcome to Cannibal Cove. Which of you will be eaten today?"

"All of us." Loyd blurted without hearing properly.

The demon smiled and reiterated. "I think you misheard me. I meant, which of you will be the food for today?"

"Oh! Uhh, I guess Austin? Yeah, Austin wants to be eaten!"

"I do not!"

"Very well. Austin, please lay here upon this table."

Austin obeyed and lay, though with a grudging look towards Loyd. The others gathered around while the demons prepared their butcher knives. Once Austin was properly restrained, they began hacking away at his limbs, chopping slice after slice of bloody flesh from the extremities all the way down to the torso. They gouged out his eyes, ripped out his liver, cut out his tongue, and even castrated his hot dog and walnuts, which they roasted over a fire. Hera's children looked upon the gruesome scene in absolute horror, fearing for their lives as the sounds of sharpened knives cut into the gory flesh, squishing out red juice all over. Once cooked, the demons presented the roasted Austin on platters to the rest. Austin then regenerated and enjoyed himself too. Hera tried the first bite, savoring the flavor of the juicy hot dog.

"Wow, Austin! You taste really good!"

Everyone else dug into their Austin-brand meat, settling in to begin the conversation. Pan wanted to get straight to discussion about his mom, but felt like they should get acquainted more first. He finished chewing, then spoke.

"Hey Hera, I've been wondering something. What's the deal with that giant lava bucket thing?" He pointed out the window towards it.

"Oh, the Pail of Creation? It's to expand the park. Sometimes the bucket carves out new space from the cavern walls. Other times it fills in holes and chasms. It pours out once every 6 hours, and typically takes about a week to construct each new ride. Once all the cavern space is full, that particular Hell Land park is completed, and a new one opens up somewhere else. Each one takes about 1.4 years to complete; I believe this is the 66th one made so far. My

husband and I like to visit each new one whenever we get the chance."

Austin was intrigued by this, and had a question of this own. "So there's always a new one being built? Why does God keep making new Hell Lands?"

"It's to demonstrate an important point: that Hell is always being made *after* the creation of the Earth. Like a real-life example of that concept from the Old World: That in the beginning, for some reason God only decided to create the Heavens and the Earth, and that he forgot to make Hell until much later, as a kind of addendum after realizing his original creation was incomplete."

Austin was shocked by this statement, and started breathing heavily. "Um, what? I had always heard God created the Heavens, Earth, and Hell all at once at the beginning. Are you saying that's not the case?"

"Not according to Genesis. It would seem God created Hell at a much later date. Although the exact date is unknown, and the text which recounted the event has been notoriously difficult to pinpoint; scholars were never able to find it in the Bible, leading some to conclude it didn't exist at all."

"But, he DID create it, right?" Austin panicked.

"Oh yeah, totally! Just because the Bible didn't record it doesn't mean it didn't happen. God can make whatever he wants, whenever he wants; it's not his job to tell us about it. That's why be bothered to write a 1000 page book called the Bible, because be doesn't care about sharing important information with humanity. Besides, are we supposed to neglect the dozens of other pagan mythologies that DO provide such origins for their respective underworlds? Any old religion can just make up a fiery underworld realm and it'll be true, biblical or not. Hell just happens to be the Christian version of the concept. Pretty much every religion contained an eternal underworld anyway, so regardless of where you lived or which one you believed, God knew you'd get more or less the same gist as the others. After all, if a pagan religion teaches the same thing as the Bible, can it really be considered pagan? Can it really be considered 'unbiblical?' It's not like Hell was a novel new type of underworld or anything, so who cares if God ever decided to reveal its origin in his word? Everyone knows things don't need origins in the past to exist in the present!"

Suddenly Austin leaned over his chair and threw up all over the ground.

"Oh dear, are you okay?"

"No, I'm not. I think this Austin may have been poisoned with lies. Some kind of immune response to truth must've triggered it."

"Oh whoops, there I go being a klutz again! Sorry, I forgot factual information can sometimes cause this reaction."

Hera's children became even more afraid. Is this what happens to the person who gets chopped up by demons in Hell?

Austin recovered. "Awww man, now I'm all hungry again. Is there any food left?"

"Nope, all gone. It was poisoned, so we had to toss it out."

"Drat, looks like we'll have to cook up another one. Not me this time."

Hera had a suggestion. "Haha, I think one of these 2 little ones would like a try. How about it?" She motioned to her children, and the 2 demons began approaching, pitchforks in hand.

By this point, the children had grown so fearful they could no longer contain themselves. They jumped from their chairs and sprinted out the door, running as far away from the butchering house as possible.

Hera was distraught. “Wait, children! Where are you going! You can't just run away!” But they were already too far gone to hear her. Apparently Hera didn't know the one biggest rule of parenting: Thou shalt not hand thy children over to be butchered by demons in Hell. Or actually, was that the rule? Hera had only employed the same parenting technique that God had, so she must be doing something right. So why would the children have such a problem with her perfectly rational and loving behavior? Those disobedient hooligans!

“Well drat, my children just ran away, and I've no idea where to find them. Will you all please help me search for them?”

Zed couldn't wait to answer. “Of course! In fact, we're also searching for someone. My friend here's mom is somewhere in the park, and we're trying to find her.”

“Oh, really? Is that what you needed my help for?”

Pan answered. “Yeah, that was it. Jesus said that if we follow you, you'll lead us to her.”

“Well that works out perfect! We can accompany each other til we each find what we want. What's your mom look like?”

“Black hair, green eyes, 52 years old, quiet, reserved, and depressed.”

“Alright, I'll be on the lookout. I guess we can just go around and ride rides til we find them?”

“Yeah, that's actually what our plan was. While riding we can get a good view of below. If they're anywhere around, we'll spot them dead easy.”

Hera had an epiphany. “I know the perfect ride! Everyone follow me!”

Chapter 6.1

Roaster Coaster

The roaster coaster was located closer to the center of the park. If one divided the whole park into 9 equidistant rings, they would have crossed over from the outermost 9th to the 8th. This wasn't too far from the restaurant, so they might have a chance of spotting the kids before they get too far. They arrived to find the coaster completely empty. Since there was no line, they piled right into the coaster seats, which were made of pure charcoal. Once all 6 of them were seated, iron bars protruded from behind and connected in front, locking them all in. A loud siren wailed, and the coaster set out onto the tracks.

Hera issued a dire warning. “Alright everyone, prepare to get roasted!”

The coaster slowly chugged uphill towards the peak. Along the way a waterfall of gasoline drenched the entire thing, similar to a car wash. Pan could feel the slimy liquid all over his body. Once the coaster reached the top, a bunch of flamethrowers lined on either side spewed forth flames, igniting the whole thing just as the exciting descent began. The flames were stoked further by the high ammonia and carbon monoxide content in the air, which normally the old flesh body wouldn't be able to breathe, but they had all been breathing perfectly fine this whole time without realizing.

The flames engulfed everyone, frying Pan alive, though he didn't feel the burn because his body didn't have any nociceptors. Though he could still feel some sort of “heat sensation” just so it at least felt like something. Little did he know the entire park's base temperature had been 212° F the entire time; that's how unnoticeable heat sensation was now. Even the sun itself wouldn't be able to melt his flesh, so this fire was nothing.

The thrill of the roaster coaster overtook them as it propelled at high speeds, causing Pan to gnash his teeth while Hera and Zed wailed at the top of their lungs. “Woo-hoo!” Throughout the ride they tried looking down across the landscape below, but only now realized how difficult that was while moving at high speed, constantly bumping around, and a bunch of flames blocking their view. The flaming charcoal coaster went all around its circuit, twisting, turning, looping, corkscrewing, inverting, and finally slowing down, ending back at its origin. The iron bars released and everyone got off, still going up in flames. Zed's body was fine, but his mind was absolutely blown.

“That. Was. Awesome! I can see why you like coming here!”

“I KNOW, RIGHT?”

“That was the hottest coaster I've ever been on.” Alex exhausted.

“Man, good thing God gave us these bodies that can handle burning without being destroyed, am I right?” Loyd flamed through his mouth.

Indeed, Pan was grateful. This new ability will surely make all sorts of new leisure activities possible which otherwise would've killed them, all part of God's redemption. As they all burned alive, Pan had a faint recollection of the time God manifested as a burning bush, as well as the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego: Those 3 righteous saints who were thrown alive into a furnace, yet were not burned up, as Jesus kept them supernaturally safe. Because contrary to popular belief, the power to remain eternally alive and unconsumed by fire was an ability reserved only for the saved, not the damned: the exact opposite of what most people believed about Hell.

“Well, now what?”

“Hmmm, I think I know a better ride we could try. Follow me.” Hera lead them further toward the park's center, into the 7th circle. And it soon became clear what this ride was, as the Alphaz squad approached a large spinning wheel with gondolas that spun up into the air on one side, and down the other. While strolling, the flames on their bodies faded away just in time to reach its base. Pan saw the ride's name: Flame Wheel. Each airborne gondola appeared to be an oven flaming from the inside, only extinguished once reaching the bottom. Pan and the rest entered their assigned pod and sat down. Then the doors closed, locking them inside, and the wheel took off up into the sky. The oven turned on, and the entire pod burst into flames. It felt kinda relaxing, like a dry and smoky sauna. But the reflection of the flames shown in the windows, making it difficult to see. Regardless, everyone tried looking outside to find their respective lost family members. Pan was annoyed.

“Man, this fire sure is annoying. Is there any way we could put it out?”

Hera responded. “Nope, this fire is unquenchable. Doesn't matter how much water you throw on it, it won't go out until the ride is over. Just like the fire that burned up the wicked: it burned until its purpose was accomplished, then went out, and now we walk on their ashes.” (Malachi 4)

“Hmm, okay then.”

An awkward silence ensued. Everyone kept searching the ground below for a couple minutes, finding nothing. In fact they didn't even see any children at all, only teens and adults.

“Hmm, you know, I've just noticed that your children are the only ones I've seen here. Do people never bring their kids?”

“Not usually, no. Hell Land is not a place for children, especially God's children. Most of the ones that do come stay around the kiddy section.”

“But you bring yours?”

“Hel yeah! Usually they love getting out of the house away from the others. I've got 99 kids now, planning our 100th in a couple weeks.”

That statement caught everyone's attention.

“Wow, 99 kids? That's a lot!” Zed exclaimed.

“Wasn't the Old World record 69?” Austin remarked.

“Haha, 99 might sound like a lot, but it's nothing compared to some. Last I checked the record is 176. Gotta populate the whole universe, ya know?”

“So does that mean you got a pregnancy permit back in year 1?”

“Yup, that's the first thing me and my husband did. He's a huge Greek mythology nerd and basically wants to birth the whole Pantheon. He always floated the idea around in the Old World, but it was just impossible to do then.”

“Did you have any children back in the Old World?”

“Yeah, just one. But the birth was so painful I couldn't bear to go through a 2nd time. Plus we were poor, so one kid was all we could afford. My husband actually got a vasectomy to ensure we wouldn't have more. But once Jesus returned, his balls were fixed, and since birth wasn't painful anymore, we started having kids again. We named the first one Orbona.”

“Do you have a favorite child?”

“Hmm, picking favorites isn't usually something a parent should do. But I guess if I had to pick one, it would be Artemis. She's always been the liveliest of the bunch since 50 years ago.”

“Is it difficult raising that many children?”

“Nope. The siblings like to do most of the fun parenting work, so we just pass off the younger ones to the older ones. And whatever they lack, God picks up the slack, so we pretty much don't have to do anything. We just **** like rabbits and plop em out. Most of the time the kids just play with each other; they hardly ever come down except for church days.”

As Hera spoke, a certain thought started forming in Pan's mind. People commonly have lots of children in this world? That means, if and when he finds his own parents, maybe they'll already have kids too! Could he finally have a little brother? Or sister? Perhaps BOTH? Oh man, just thinking about it made him anxious. What about other families who only had one child, now having more in the New World? It's gotta be super exciting knowing each year you'll have a new sibling, and that continuing forever and ever. Pan's excitement made him search the ground even harder. Mom? Dad? Where in the Hell are you?

In addition to Pan, Alex and Loyd were also scouring the ground, all while silently listening in on the conversation. Loyd was most likely thinking about his future family too, imagining a giant epic goth mansion to house his children. But whatever his thoughts were, they were soon interrupted when he suddenly jumped up and pointed out the window. “Guys, I think I see Pan's mom! Is that her?”

Pan jumped up too and looked down at the spot he was pointing. And indeed, there was a woman walking by with long, shoulder-length black hair, and similar body type. “Yeah, it might be.”

“Better go down now and look before she gets away.”

“Y- yeah, you're right. How much longer does this ride last?”

Hera checked her phone. “I think usually it takes about 15 minutes. It's been 10 already.”

“Ugh, but 5 minutes is too long! She's down there *right now!*”

“Just keep track of her, we'll go there when the ride's over.”

“No way, I'm not losing her. I'm getting off now!” Pan conjured a

sledgehammer and smashed the glass to pieces.

"Wait, what are you doing!?"

"I'm going to see my mom!" He stood up on the seat and began climbing over the railing.

"No wait, don't!" Hera tried to say, but before she finished, Pan had jumped out over the edge and plummeted to his doom. He fell towards the ground at terminal velocity, splattering onto the pavement as his head split into pieces. The very next thing he knew, he was in a disembodied spiritual state, relegated back to his original female form.

Pandora awoke in a dark room. Huh? What happened? Where was she? She tried gathering her thoughts to recollect what had happened last, but couldn't remember anything. She also couldn't move, as her hands and feet were apparently bound by chains of darkness. Oh man, this is scary. What is this? She didn't have time to contemplate, for suddenly a door opened beneath her, revealing an opening into a large lake of fire. She could feel the heat even from here, and fear encompassed her soul. The shackles binding her were loosed, and the platform collapsed, dumping her straight into the dreadful, fiery lake.

The fall itself was pretty bad, but then Pandora found herself in a deep, dark, flaming pit of fire, which burned extremely painfully as it melted her sensitive flesh. The heat penetrated her skin, roasting her muscles and organs, drying out her eyeballs which could never blink enough to alleviate the agony. Her flesh toughened up like leather as the flames cooked her, the myosin and actin molecules denaturing within her physical muscles, and even pasteurizing the milk inside her breasts. There were many other souls here, and even what appeared to be bulls, goats, deer, birds, and various fish. Before she could try speaking to them, demons came and tossed her onto a machine and bound her up helplessly. A giant metal spike came from below and harpooned straight into her pussy, up through her uterus, intestines, liver, stomach and up all the way out her mouth. OWWW, this was painful! Where the Hell did these damned nociceptors come from? Pandora wished she could've remained male, as surely their version of genital torture wouldn't be as bad.

Hmmm, come to think of it, for all the people tortured in Hell, which sex should God decide to make them for maximum pain? Testicles make for an easier target, but the vagina contained more surface area of sensitive skin, allowing more painful skin tearing; perhaps an endless act of giving birth would be the worse of the 2. Not birth to babies, but to spiked demons who, upon emerging, would join the other legions of torturers, allowing a system of demon reproduction using humans as surrogates (seeing as they didn't have the genitals, sperm, and eggs required for reproduction. Or if they did, that was a pretty weird thing for God to bestow them with. Did female demons even exist?). They gotta come from somewhere, right?

Once the spike had loosened up Pandora's insides enough, the demons removed it, and blood poured out everywhere. But to ensure the torment wouldn't kill her, the flesh of her body automatically regenerated to keep an endless supply of new flesh to burn. God was healing her? Why? Already she had received more supernatural flesh restoration than anyone in history, for Hell

was equal parts a place of healing as it was torment; how unfortunate that the almighty God chose to use supernatural body regeneration powers for torture rather than pleasure. If he granted such incredible abilities to those he hated, how much more would he give to those he loved? This is how the redeemed were able to shapeshift into any age, size, sex, or form they wanted.

The demons took out their hard, spiked cocks and inserted them inside Pandora, one in her pussy, the other in her mouth, and moved in and out while shredding her vaginal walls and throat while their spiked balls slapped against her with each thrust. This gave the demons great pleasure, almost as much as they got from inflicting their other forms of torment. Because of course, God didn't create Hell to torment the demons too; it's not like the fire was prepared for the devil and his angels. No no, only humans were there to suffer. God actually designed the demons to feel good from it. The fallen angels continued raping her for 23 minutes.

Pandora kept writhing in agony and horror, suffering her divine punishment according to the justice of God. That's just what sinners deserve! Or at least, it would be, but then Pandora saw a glimmer of hope: a bright white light, and an ethereal white messiah figure descending from above, which picked her up and snatched her from the horrific flames. He was so merciful to go through all the great trouble of coming all the way here and performing this kindness to her (but only her, not the other people, for only she was counted worthy of having a pre-death experience of Hell to convince her of its existence. Everyone else will just have to believe her).

"Jesus! It's you!"

"Yes, it's me, in the spirit and totally not flesh which my arms are made of."

"I just want to.... I just want to thank you! Thank you so much for saving me from the very fire which you created!"

"You're welcome."

"Anyway, what is this place, really?"

"This is the afterlife. You have just died and come here. Now, do you have any questions?"

"Yes, I have just one: While I was down there I thought I saw some animals in the fire. Did any animals go to Hell after they died?"

Jesus pondered for a moment. "Sadly, yes. In fact all of them did. People were so caught up in asking if they would be in Heaven, that they didn't even consider it a possibility they could end up in Hell. But it makes sense when you think about it: only creatures who accepted me as their Lord and savior, and lived righteously, were able to be saved. Since animals were incapable of doing either, they were all lost by default." Jesus then gave an intentionally out-of-context Bible verse to support his theory:

Ecclesiastes 3:19-21: "Surely the fate of human beings is like that of the animals; the same fate awaits them both: As one dies, so dies the other. All have the same breath; humans have no advantage over animals. Everything is meaningless. All go to the same place; all come from dust, and to dust all return. Who knows if the human spirit rises upward and if the spirit of the animal goes

down into the Earth?"

Pandora was horrified. "What!? But that's so cruel! That's so unfair! You KNOW they were incapable of believing that because YOU designed them to be like that. How could they deserve such cruel torments inflicted on them for something they couldn't have possibly known?"

"No, it's perfectly fair. Just as the wicked humans who chose to live in areas where word of the gospel would never reach them, all who were ignorant of me deserve eternal torture. Oh, and also everyone who lived the first 4000 years of history before I came to Earth. They were expected to know everything about me too. Sucks for them they chose to be born millennia too early; I only like people who know about me and think the right things about me."

"How does that makes sense? What even qualifies as knowledge of you? Just having the right string of words in your mind indicating so? Did the language a person's thoughts were in count for that?"

"Indeed it did. Only those who knew Greek, Hebrew, or Aramaic could think the right words in their mind. All the other pagan languages, such as English and Chinese, were not okay."

"Then what exactly IS the correct string of words to think about? Even if we got the language right, how would we know exactly which words in what order were the one you wanted?"

"The correct string of words was this: "Jesus is #1 BEST EVER, supreme Lord Messiah and ruler of the universe. Into mine heart doth I accept thee, oh please Jesus, come into me, come into me over and over unto eternity. My mind and body and soul are yours. I am your servant, oh master, please use me however you wish," followed by the first million digits of pi. Once a person said all that, they were saved."

"Are you kidding? Nobody could've ever known that! What's the point of giving us the ability to know things if you're just gonna do that?"

Jesus frowned. "Are you questioning God, foolish woman? You think you could run the universe better?"

"At this point, yes! I do! At least I wouldn't make an impossible standard that causes every animal ever born to endure unbearable torture forever!"

"You do not know of what you speak. Not *every* animal in Hell is suffering pain. Or do you not know that many creatures were made without nervous systems to feel pain? All the jellyfish in Hell are quite unaware of their surroundings. Good for them they were so lucky to be created without pain receptors. But other fish do suffer from endless suffocation in addition to the burning, since they can't breathe air. As for all the mammals and birds, well, they just happen to be able to feel pain. What do you want me to do about it?"

Pandora was seething with rage and feelings of injustice. But then, she remembered Alice's wise counsel from before: *If anyone gets upset about something, just remind them it's an illusion and they'll come to their senses.* Oh, yes! How did she not notice before? Mr. Wormy had given her all the wisdom she needs! Filled with insight, Pandora opened her mouth once more.

"Okay, so just to make sure I understand, let me ask a few things. First:

when you say that these animals are suffering in Hell, are they in an actual, physical place, or some kind of spiritual realm?"

Jesus paused, realizing the double bind. "Ummmm, I think it's..... spiritual? Yeah, spiritual! The animals are not in physical bodies, they are being tormented in a disembodied spiritual realm!"

"Really? Then how could they feel pain unless their bodies had nociceptors sending pain signals to their brain? Do they still have bodies and nociceptors in the afterlife? Then how is that any different than normal life? You can't have it both ways. It makes no sense to say they do *not* have bodies but *do* still feel pain. Without a body, what is there to *feel* the pain? Are you saying that one can still feel pain in a part of the body that does not exist? Even phantom limb pains require a brain to interpret the false signals! That implies that even in spiritual realms, there are still bodies, there is still pain, there is still fire, and everything else that already exists in this physical universe. That is no afterlife at all, but a mere parallel universe. Are you saying that all unsaved creatures are sent to parallel universes to be tormented?"

"No, wait! I take it back! Hell is actually a physical place. They are somewhere here in this universe, being perpetually kept alive to suffer."

"Really? Then would it be fair to say that these animals have been given *eternal life*? Since they are always alive and never going to die?"

"That would be accurate, yes."

"Then that also makes no sense. Because as I recall, *eternal life* was the gift of God reserved only for the righteous, not the wicked. Which means that every immortal being currently still alive was *saved,* not lost. And saved creatures are not the ones subjected to torment, are they?"

"Oh, you're right! How did I not notice that before? It appears my logic was so deeply flawed, and I was so brainwashed by poorly reasoned, nonsense Bible interpretations that I just couldn't see it! Thank you for showing me the error in my reasoning, even if I still don't fully understand it yet. I'll do some research and listen to arguments from the opposing viewpoint to see if it holds up. I'll go ahead and send you back to the real world, because this one apparently isn't real. Or if it is, then multiverse theory is true. Anyway, later!"

Suddenly Pan woke up. "Huh? What happened?"

Alex answered. "You jumped out the ride and landed on your head."

Memories of his near death experience surfaced in his mind. Pan gasped. "Guys, you're not gonna believe this, but I was just in the afterlife!"

Everyone else gasped too. "Really? You were? What did you see?"

"I saw and spoke with Jesus! It felt just like that time we were dreaming in Dream Mode! Except it wasn't a dream, it was totally a real, disembodied afterlife!"

"But if your spirit was away from your body, then whatever experience your spirit had wouldn't have made new neuron connections in your brain. And if by returning to your physical body means you are once more bound by its laws and functions, would also entail not having memories which the neurons didn't form. How can you tell the difference?"

"I can't. But I'm just gonna say that anyway!" (Pan would later go on to

write several books about his totally legit and real near death experience). Anyway, Pan had had enough fake Hell in his dreams. Let's get back to the REAL deal!

"So, did you guys find my mom?"

"Nope, another bust. It wasn't her. But she did giggle and take a picture of your splattered head." Zed mocked.

"Argh, I hate when that happens! I'm gonna sue her for infringing upon my corpse!"

"Hold on Pan. Before you do that, Hera has another idea. Listen."

"Yes, I had a certain thought: my husband is also here at the park, serving as a bartender. The children may have gone to him; I'd like to go check."

"They better be there. If they're not, I don't know what we'll do."

The Alphaz squad progressed further into the park, into the 6th circle, until they came across a certain bar named "Dionysus Wine and Spirits." Upon entrance, Pan was immediately greeted with a strong waft of fruity aroma. So this is what a bar smells like? Pan had never actually been inside one before, but if they smell this good, perhaps it would be worth coming just for that alone.

Hera led the squad towards the main bar, where a tall, thick-bearded, long-haired, and mustached man was cleaning out some mugs. As they approached, the man turned towards them, and his eyes widened upon seeing who it was, though he didn't cease his washing.

"Oho, so today you finally decide to come visit. Did these boys convince you to come?"

Hera rolled her eyes. "You really think that's all it takes to drag me here?"

"I would hope not. Would be much better if you decided to come of your own accord."

"Well, as it so happens, we have a bit of a problem on our hands. Namely that the..... well, it's the kids. They ran away again."

"Oh, is that all? That ain't nothing worth fussing over. Gives them a chance to explore on their own. I'm sure they'll be fine."

"Yeah yeah, of course they will. Still, we were hoping they might've come here. Did you see them today?"

"Afraid not. Doubtful they'd even come near here."

"Shoot. Well that figures."

Loyd interjected. "Maybe they went to the other end of the park. If they're trying to stay as far away as possible, that'd make the most sense."

"Huh, good thinking. Let's try there next."

They all turned for the door, but Hera's husband stopped them. "Wait! Aren't y'all at least gonna drink before heading out?"

They turned back around again. "Yes! I want one!" Zed said.

Pan realized how dry his throat was. "Honestly, I am kinda thirsty."

"I think all this fire evaporated the fluid out of me." Alex said.

The man looked pleased. "Excellent! Then come take a seat at the bar over here. And here are some menus. Please, feel free to order anything you like, on the house!"

“You sure? We can pay for it.” Loyd said. Zed elbowed him in the gut for ruining the moment.

“No no, I insist. Money's just a decoration I don't need. Plus I just really like saying 'on the house.' That's the whole reason for it!”

Everyone took their seats on the high bar stools, perusing the options. As Pan looked over the menu, he noticed some rather odd things. Not that he'd ever ordered wine before, but he was almost certain this wasn't normal:

Wines

1. *Cabernet Sauvignon..... +10 inches height*
2. *Cabernet Franc..... +3 luck*
3. *Zinfandel..... 2X hair growth*
4. *Malbec..... 1 month blue hair*
5. *Chardonnay..... 50% chance 2 hour sex change*
6. *Pinot Noir..... 1 day tiny fairy*
7. *Pinot Grigio..... Learn juggling talent*
8. *Merlot..... 1 day forced invisibility*
9. *Syrah..... 2 weeks electric body*
10. *Champagne..... 4 days X-ray vision*

Clearly Pan wasn't the only one confused, for Zed asked a question. “Um, excuse me, but what the **** is all this stuff here on the right?”

The man came and looked. “Oh that? Those are the side effects!”

“Side effects?”

“That's right. I love coming up with random effects and seeing what the customers order. After all, I am Dionysus, the god of wine.”

“Wow really? You're a god?” Austin asked.

“Yup, ever since 4 years ago. God approved my request, and I've been the god of wine ever since!”

“You mean *a* god of wine.” Hera corrected.

“Do the side effects really work?” Alex asked.

“Of course they do! It's just standard supernatural effect programming. Since I'm a god, it'll override your body settings even without consent.”

Alex considered his options carefully, and decided to try the Pinot Noir. Pan decided upon the Cabernet Franc (as he could use the extra luck in finding his mother). Zed chose the Champagne, Austin the Chardonnay, Loyd the Pinot Grigio, and Hera the Zinfandel.

“Excellent choices! Gimme just a minute.” Dionysus went and poured their drinks, then returned in precisely one minute. He threw all their mugs into the air at once, and they all magically flew to their respective owners (at last mixing up customer orders was no longer an issue). Everyone drank their wines and received their respective effects. Turns out Austin's gamble paid off, and he was forcefully transformed back into Aurora, still dressed up as Rias. Normally changing sex would be a pretty big deal, however that was nothing compared to the effect Alex received. He also turned back into Alice, but in addition, shrunk down to about 4 inches tall, and grew fairy wings for flying around (though she

couldn't actually figure out how to use them, and just plopped to the ground).

Loyd picked up several glasses and began juggling, then asked a question which he'd been curious about. “So Dionysus, you're a human, right? Why are you working here? I thought angels did all the work now.”

Dionysus ceased chugging his own drink. “Yeah, usually they do. But anyone can still choose to do a job if they like it enough. That's why authors still write and singers still sing. As for me, I just love brewing and sharing wine so much. It's so fun! Seeing others reap joy from something that I made, just makes me happy.”

Huh, that's a pretty neat thought. It appears that God really does make people cut out for different things. Pandora could somewhat understand. After all, she loved sex and masturbation. If only she could find a job doing that, she'd probably enjoy that too.

Dionysus continued. “Did you know that wine was the first drink ever created? Besides water, of course. I heard that Adam learned how to turn grapes into wine before the age of 10. Though some say it was God himself who taught him how to do it. I'm hoping to someday meet him and ask directly.”

After a few more minutes of banter, glasses emptied, the time came to resume the search for the lost family members. Since Alice was now tiny and couldn't fly, Pan put her up on his shoulder to carry her around. They all exited the bar, saying goodbye to Dionysus, and the doors swung shut behind.

“So, which ride are we gonna do now?” Aurora asked.

“Man, after drinking that I don't really feel like riding anything now.”

“Same bro, honestly I could go for a movie or something.” Pan said.

Hera had an idea. “How about we go watch a play? I think the next one should be starting in 30 minutes. The theater's on the opposite side of the park. Maybe the children are waiting there.”

“Sounds good. If we're lucky, someone's mom might be there too.”

“That's exactly why I chose the luck boost drink.” Pan revealed.

And so the Zalph$_a$ squad went further in, crossing through the park's center and back out again to the 5th circle. Along the way, Zed kept stealing glances at Pan's crotch, then looking away as if nothing was abnormal. Why was he..... oh right, he has X-ray vision now. How cute. Pan felt comforted knowing his best friend could always see his wiener despite being fully clothed, and grew hard. Might as well just strip naked. Oh wait! Pan just got an idea. If the only thing that can block X-ray vision is another person....

“Hey Alice, I think I know a better place to carry you in.”

“Oh yeah? Where?”

“Right down here.” He pointed to his crotch. Alice found this agreeable and climbed inside, hugging Pan's tinker and bells tightly. There, now Zed would have a much harder time seeing it.

They resumed walking. Alice kept holding on for dear life as her support kept flopping around back and forth. Though she eventually figured out she could just turn off gravity and make herself sticky, also mounting herself to the crotch's base. That seemed to help reduce the sway. She kept licking the skin and enjoying the taste while Pan ignored her. She also prayed for X-ray vision to

see outside through his pants.

As they traveled, Pan admired the many other rides available, taking in the sounds of screams and scraping metal from the various attractions. The other rides were named things like Dragon's Tail, Demon's Drop, Volcanic Plummet, Abyssal Airdrop, Tartarus Typhoon, Satanic Spinner, Beelzebub Bumper Cars, Lucifer's Lair, Heaven's Falls, and more. In particular the Sodom Salt Mines had a neat little sign out front with quotes from 2 Peter 2:

"If by turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah to ashes he condemned them to extinction, making them an example of what is going to happen to the ungodly..... then the Lord knows how to rescue the godly from trials, and to reserve the unjust to the day of judgment to be punished..... But these, like irrational animals, creatures of instinct, born to be caught and destroyed, blaspheming about matters of which they are ignorant, will also be destroyed in their destruction, suffering wrong as the wage for their wrongdoing."

The implication being, of course, that the wicked's final punishment would be a complete extinction by fire, as imaged by the extinction of Sodom Gomorrah by fire which later went out, not that the fire would remain perpetually burning without end. Anyway, the Zalph$_a$ squad finally arrived at the open air theater; the name of the play was written above the entrance:

Chapter 6.2

A Contest of Underworlds

"Wow, A Contest of Underworlds? Sounds like an interesting play!"

Indeed it would be, for Zed had no idea what he was about to witness. They all entered the theater, and right behind the entrance was an angel selling some snacks. In particular, one kind of snack: live gummy worms. Pan and the rest ordered several buckets full, then walked down the steps to find their seats. Pan started devouring some gummy worms, which writhed and squirmed around in his hand. Even after swallowing, he could still feel their fragments moving around inside his stomach. It produced a strangely pleasant sensation, like a sense of fullness that moved around. This might just be his new favorite snack. After a few minutes, the lights dimmed, the curtains opened, and the stage revealed itself in all its glory.

The stage was split into 5 parts, each with a different aesthetic: One looked like ancient Egypt, another ancient Greece, another ancient Rome, and another ancient Scandinavia. The 5th was a spherical Old Earth which Jesus stood on, pacing around the circumference all around while bound by its gravity. Each of these 5 areas represented the domain of each God. Out of the buildings, 4 figures emerged. They were the 4 famous pagan gods of the dead: Hades, Pluto, Osiris, and Hel. Of these 4, Hades took it upon himself to speak first:

Hades: "Behold, I am Hades, the Greek god of the dead. I am the ruler of the underworld, also named Hades, after myself. Each time a wicked person dies, their soul departs from their body and comes to my underworld to be tormented in flames forever and ever."

Pluto: "No everyone, don't listen to him! I am the *true* God of the dead. Whenever someone dies, they come to MY underworld, Orchus, to be tormented in flames forever."

Osiris: "No, you're both wrong! I'M the true God of the dead. Whenever a soul passes on, they come to MY underworld, Duat, where their hearts are weighed against a feather and devoured by Ammit!"

Hel: "You've all got nothing on me! I'M the true Goddess of the Underworld. Whenever a cowardly viking died, they came to MY underworld, Hel, where they..... uh..... kinda just continued living as normal? It was kinda vague. But regardless, MY underworld was the one that was later incorporated into Christian thought through syncretism and mistranslation. Christians actually

took the name of my made-up underworld and turned it into their theology. And unlike all yours, MY underworld's name even attained status as a curse phrase: "What the Hel." Mine remained FAR more popular than all yours, so that makes me the winner! Take that!"

Hades: "Oh yeah, punk? Well guess what? At least MY underworld had a dual terminology that, in addition to being the name of my underworld, was also the general blanket term for the grave/ death. So in all cases where a person just meant ordinary, no-more-existing, dead body buried 6 feet underground death, they had to use the name of my underworld to phrase it. That later got mixed up, mistranslated, and confused in people's minds to think that "the underworld place of fire" was where they all went after "death," when in the original text they were always 2 separate things. Moreover, they translated my word Hades INTO your derived spelling of Hel. So if it wasn't for my confusing deceptions, your lies would have no foundation to stand on!"

Jesus interjected their bickering: **"Wow, really? So you're all the gods of the dead?"**

4 gods: "Yes, we are the gods of the dead!"

Jesus: **"Well I'm the God of the living. Not sure how you can be the god of someone who doesn't exist. If they still lived after death then it wouldn't really be death now, would it?"**

Hel: "God of the living? What are you talking about? It was only whenever a person died and went to Paradise that they came to be with you, right? That's no different than me! The cowardly vikings who died came to my afterlife to live with me. And the brave vikings who fought went to Valhalla, which is just my mythology's version of Heaven. So how can you say that you being the God of the living is any different, if the person must still die to come be with you? Are we then not also considered gods of the living, since the departed souls are still alive in our underworlds?"

Hades: "Yeah, what she said! You're no different than the rest of us! Your afterlife realms just go by different names. Honestly, why even bother inventing different terms for it? No matter how you look at it, each and every one of our religions teach exactly the same thing: that when a person dies, their soul departs to either a good or bad afterlife. So if, in effect, every religion teaches the same thing, then on what grounds can you claim yours is distinguished at all from ours? How can you say that my mythological religion is *not* true compared to yours? Hades or Hell, it's still eternal torment in fire!"

Hel: "My Hel?"

Hades: "No, the Christian Hell!"

Hel: "What's the difference? The Christian underworld Hell is derived from my underworld Hel, like I just said. Still think yours is better?"

Hades: "Whatever, just let me finish. Anyway, for every lost sinner that went to Hell to be tortured in flames forever, that sure does sound an awful like *my* beautiful flaming underworld. Almost like you're trying to steal my ideas and pass them off as your own. Care to explain that?"

Jesus: **"You do not know of what you speak. Have you not noticed we are all living on the New Earth now? THIS realm is the one that people**

are resurrected to after death. The very universe which my father created in the beginning, and had intended us all to inhabit forever and ever. This was always the plan; there is no room for anything else."

The 4 gods were speechless. What was this strange doctrine? They had never heard it before, similar to the Greeks in Athens. At this point, a screen descended onto the stage and replayed the scene where Paul went to Athens and preached, as recorded in Acts 17: 16-32:

"While Paul was waiting for them in Athens, he was greatly distressed to see that the city was full of idols. So he reasoned in the synagogue with both Jews and God-fearing Greeks, as well as in the marketplace day by day with those who happened to be there. A group of Epicurean and Stoic philosophers began to debate with him. Some of them asked, "What is this babbler trying to say?" Others remarked, "He seems to be advocating foreign gods." They said this because Paul was preaching the good news about Jesus and the resurrection. Then they took him and brought him to a meeting of the Areopagus, where they said to him, "May we know what this new teaching is that you are presenting? You are bringing some strange ideas to our ears, and we would like to know what they mean." (All the Athenians and the foreigners who lived there spent their time doing nothing but talking about and listening to the latest ideas.)

Paul then stood up in the meeting of the Areopagus and said: "People of Athens! I see that in every way you are very religious. For as I walked around and looked carefully at your objects of worship, I even found an altar with this inscription: TO AN UNKNOWN GOD. So you are ignorant of the very thing you worship—and this is what I am going to proclaim to you: The God who made the world and everything in it is the Lord of Heaven and Earth and does not live in temples built by human hands. And he is not served by human hands, as if he needed anything. Rather, he himself gives everyone life and breath and everything else. From one man he made all the nations, that they should inhabit the whole earth; and he marked out their appointed times in history and the boundaries of their lands. God did this so that they would seek him and perhaps reach out for him and find him, though he is not far from any one of us. 'For in him we live and move and have our being.' As some of your own poets have said, 'We are his offspring.' Therefore since we are God's offspring, we should not think that the divine being is like gold or silver or stone—an image made by human design and skill. In the past God overlooked such ignorance, but now he commands all people everywhere to repent. For he has set a day when he will judge the world with justice by the man he has appointed. He has given proof of this to everyone by raising him from the dead."

When they heard about the resurrection of the dead, some of them sneered, but others said, "We want to hear you again on this subject."

Hades: "So then..... would it be fair to say that you are actually the God of *resurrection*? NOT the God of the dead? In that case, I guess we are neither the gods of the dead nor the living, but rather, the gods of those who have died and yet are still living in disembodied states. Or wait, would that even

be considered life? I don't know anymore!"

Jesus: **"You are correct in saying that I am the Lord of the resurrection: by definition, coming back to life after having died. Any other form of life after death is ontologically impossible. There is only one activity which describes the *nature* of continued life after the cessation of life, and that is resurrection. And there is only one God of resurrection: me. You're all just fake gods trying to steal my thunder! I believe Thor tried to do it as well, which is fitting since he's from the same mythology that invented Hel. After all, the word Hel wasn't even invented til well over 700 years after my death, so it's impossible for me to have warned of such a place. I only ever warned about the fires of Gehenna, a word *mistranslated* into the word Hell. If my followers really cared about teaching the same things I did, they too would use the word Gehenna in their warnings, not Hell. How Christians could ever be so gullible to believe it was possible for me to speak more about a place called Hell than anyone else, when the word itself didn't even exist yet, is beyond me. Almost like they weren't even aware that was the case at all; perhaps the education system failed to teach them that history."**

Hel: "Ha! So you admit my deception was the most successful one! Take that everyone! Bow down and worship me, the goddess of Hel and Hell!"

Jesus: **"I am the Lord of the Heavens and the Earth. Me only shall you serve."** Jesus then opened his mouth in judgment, and a giant column of fire was sent down from Heaven, burning the 4 false gods to ashes. At last they received their judgment; no longer shall their tongues spew forth any more lies. Once they were gone, Jesus walked to the center of the stage and addressed the audience directly.

Jesus: **"My brothers and sisters, how good it is you are here! Did you know that in the Old Testament, the word Hell was translated from the Hebrew word Sheol? And yet, if you scoured each and every one of the 65 instances where the word Sheol is used, you would find a grand total of ZERO times where the word is connotated with fire? It's true! Not even ONCE is fire associated with Sheol at all! So if Hell were a proper translation of the word, perhaps it too would have nothing to do with fire; only death, as the proper translation for Sheol is "grave." It's always been a mystery how the King James Bible DID correctly translate the word Sheol correctly as grave 31 times, but then screw it up and translate it as Hell 31 other times. They can't both be correct translations; one is right, and the other is wrong, and the correct one happens to be "grave," not Hell. Therefore Hell does not exist at all in any correctly translated version.**

However, the case is inverted in the New Testament, where a total of 3 different Greek words were mistranslated as Hell: Hades, Tartarus, and Gehenna. How do I know they are mistranslated? Because you can't take a watermelon, a television, and a cat, and translate them all into the same word and expect it to remain accurate. Even if the translation were correct for one, the others would be wrong! So too, Hades, Tartarus, and Gehenna were all 3 completely separate concepts; how could a single word translation of all 3 ever yield an accurate result? The answer is: it can't!

The case for the word Hades is the same as Sheol: it too just meant "grave," and again, all 11 times the word was used in the New Testament, not ONCE was it associated anything to do with fire, only death. Except in my parable of the rich man and Lazarus, where I used the form of Hades as it described the Greek conception of the afterlife to demonstrate a larger point. Though the term Hades has often been confused with the mythological underworld Hades, as recently demonstrated. And the singular instance of the word Tartarus likewise had no association with fire, only a prison. As for the word Gehenna, well, that one had EVERYTHING to do with fire! That's the ONLY word in which the translation of Hell is associated with fire; I myself spoke about Gehenna a total of 10 times, and each one was associated with both fire and the judgment of God. I was warning people that God would judge by burning them up with fire, as commonly taught throughout the Old Testament, hence why I described Gehenna with such horrid imagery of fire and worms. In fact, that was actually...."

Upon hearing those words, another group of people jumped out from behind the buildings: the Pharisees, who took issue with his doctrine, snaking their way onto the stage.

Pharisees: "Aha! See? So you DID teach that the wicked would burn forever! Tell us then, if thou art really the Christ, then why shall you torture sinners for all eternity?"

Jesus: **"Ugh, how many times do I have to repeat this? It was only ever PAGAN RELIGIONS who taught that people would be tormented in fire forever after death. That is NOT what the Holy Jewish Scriptures taught, neither in the Old Testament nor the New. And besides that, do I really look like the type to torture people forever? Did you not pay attention to even a single thing I said or did in my time on Earth? Where do you get the idea that that's my concept of justice?"**

Pharisees: "But we thought you said people would be tortured alive with worms and fire forever, as per Mark 9:47! You even just admitted it!"

Jesus: "**Nonsense! I was merely quoting Isaiah 66:24 which stated that the DEAD CORPSES of the unrighteous would be consumed by fire and worms. Lets us open the scriptures and view the whole context:"**

Isaiah 66: 22-24; "For as the New Heavens and the New Earth that I make shall remain before me, says the Lord, so shall your offspring and your name remain. From new moon to new moon, and from Sabbath to Sabbath, all flesh shall come to worship before me, declares the Lord. And they shall go out and look on the dead bodies of the men who have rebelled against me. For their worm shall not die, their fire shall not be quenched, and they shall be an abhorrence to all flesh."

"So you see? It never once implied that *live people* would be tormented with worms and fire forever. Rather, it merely stated the dead bodies of the transgressors would be burned up or decomposed, and appear as an abhorrence to whoever viewed it. The passage used worms and fire as metaphors, not literal things. The worms represented decomposition, and the fire represented cremation: both of which were the 2 primary means of

disposing of dead bodies. They are dead and will never return again, hence why the worm "never dies" and the fire is "not quenched." Their death shall never be undone, thus their death – and the associated means of it – are eternal. Besides, how could worms inhabit someone without a corporeal body? It's not like worms can exist in purely abstract dream realms or anything."

As Pan listened to all of this, he suddenly became conscious of his stomach. The gummy worms inside of him kept squirming around, and even burrowed out of his stomach into other parts of his body. It kinda tickled, but it also felt kinda good; the gooey, gummy goodness oozed throughout his whole body like an internal massage.

However, that was just how his body felt. As for his mind, he was shocked by the things he had just heard. What's this? Hell was just a mistranslated imaginary term made up by pagan religions and didn't come from the Bible? This was the first time the message had finally sunk in through his thick skull. He continued reconciling this cognitive dissonance throughout the rest of the play, until it was over. The final scene was a speech from Jesus proclaiming his victory over Satan.

Jesus: **"And so now you see the truth: Hell was only ever translated from words which had nothing to do with fire. And for the only word that *was* associated with fire, it was just quoting from a previous passage speaking about dead, rotting corpses. Thus there is not a single verse where Hell is described as *both* a place of fire *and* the place of the dead; they were always separate things. The combination of concepts was only ever a false equivalence through mistranslation. Therefore, let us rejoice! Death and pain are no more! There is no such thing as Hell; nobody is suffering now, nor shall they ever. There is only goodness and love, forevermore! Screw you, O Satan the torturer, for no longer shall your torments afflict my creation with your pain, nor shall your lies again taint the good name of my father. From creation to cremation, the days of your oppressive reign are ended. Both death and Hell were burned up along with you; all that's left is me and my immortal family! O, my dear brothers and sisters, words cannot express how happy I am you survived!"**

Jesus wept and sobbed uncontrollably, tears of relief glistening down his loving cheeks as they dripped to the lava ground below, putting out the flames. The curtains closed, and the lights turned back on. However, this heartwarming scene was followed by a very terrifying-sounding epilogue of music: *Sakuzyo – Kandata in the Hell.* One could hardly call it a "song," more like an audible nightmare. No Hell Land experience would be complete without a worthy horror soundtrack to accompany it. However, although the song sounded grotesque, grim, and terrifyingly despairing, it also demonstrated an important point: Things might sound like Hell, things might look like Hell, and words may be written which describe Hell. And the mind might take its interpretation of these sounds, sights, and words to extrapolate that it exists in reality, outside of those art forms. But none of those were epistemically valid methods for proving that Hell was actually real. As soon as one ceases to

perceive Hell, Hell ceases to exist, because Hell does not exist anywhere in the universe, and thus, is *not* real. The underworld had always been a myth invented by the pagans who did not know the scriptures. Those very same scriptures where in 6 days, God created the Heavens and the Earth, and finished his work, adding nothing else since. Any and all other realms, such as pagan-originated afterlives, have no origin in scripture. God never recorded the creation of any such place of torment, so we can rest easy knowing that any mentions of such a place have their origins only in man's imagination.

Everyone got up and began exiting the theater. Once outside, the squad discussed the things they had just witnessed.

"Whew, what a play. Last time I saw it was 5 years ago. I forget just how penetrating it can be to the heart." Hera said.

Pan looked at her. "What? You mean, you KNEW that Hell wasn't real this whole time? Why didn't you tell me?"

Hera looked at him, perplexed. "Woah, wait a minute, you mean you DIDN'T know it was fake up til now?"

"Well, yeah! How could I not think it was real? Doesn't Hell represent the total victory Jesus had over sin and sinners? Isn't that the whole point of this amusement park, to serve as a celebration of that?"

"Oh GOD no, it's the complete opposite. There was something I read..... oh man, what was it..... The park brochure! Let's go grab one. I think you'll understand once you read it."

The $Zalph_a$ squad tagged behind Hera as she escorted them to the nearest gift shop. There, stacks of brochures were available for purchase. Hera handed one over to Pan, and he read the front page:

Go to Hell! Season Passes Available Now!

Q: What is Hell Land?

A: Hell Land is an amusement park made in honor of the biggest lie Satan told the world about God. His deception was so utterly great that people thought his greatest deception was convincing the world he didn't exist, when in fact, that was merely a red herring. Those who believed that that was his greatest deception, were themselves deceived into thinking the consequence of his apparent nonexistence was that God would send as many people to Hell as possible. When in truth, his greatest lie was actually convincing both believers and unbelievers that God would torture sinners in flames for all eternity. This is what Hell Land stands in opposition to: rather than a place of torment, it is a place of pleasure. Rather than a place of fear, it is a place of fun. Rather than being ruled by Satan, it is managed by Jesus, the rightful king of all things. Those who are now dead – those who *actually* received their divine punishment – are no longer alive to enjoy the pleasures of Hell Land. So come on down to Hell Land: Have fun while enjoying victory over all lies, pains, and sins!

"....." Pan put the brochure back down in the stack.

"So? Now do you see?"

"But that.... that goes against everything I was told my whole life!"

“Yeah, that's what I was told too!” Zed agreed.

“The teaching was very clear: Hell was split into 9 different circles, and each sinner received a certain degree of punishment in accordance to their type and extent of sin. That's what the Bible taught, right?” Pan asked.

Hera facepalmed. “No you guys, that was Dante's Inferno, written in the 14th century.”

“But, Dante's Inferno was *based on* what the Bible said, right?”

“Hmm, I don't think I'm exactly the best qualified person to speak about that. Here's an idea: how about we go ask him directly? He's always here operating the Inferno Circle ride. Come, I'll introduce you.”

And with that, they went further into the park, now the 4th circle.

Chapter 6.3

Mr. Inferno Man

Pan gazed upon the ride: a bunch of spinning circular pods, each spinning within a bigger circle, and the whole thing orbiting around an even larger main circle, such that each person was spinning around 3 different axes at once. Once again, the whole thing was burning in flames, and screams could be heard coming from the ride as everyone suffered their thrill-seeking fun. A sign was posted out front, which read:

Inferno Circle: Long thought to be a place of suffering for the damned, Dante's Inferno characterized Hell as an arrangement of 9 circles, each inflicting a perpetual torment. Long had this piece of literature infected the minds of the gullible and easily frightened. But in reality, this circle is the only inferno you need to worry about. Ride your fears away today!

After reading the sign, Pan looked over at the ride's control center. And indeed, there was a certain man at the kiosk pressing buttons to control the ride.

"Is that him?"

"Yeah, that's him."

"Alright, time for a little chit-chat." The whole group stomped up to him, and Zed asked the question on all of their minds:

"Yo Dante, did you really just make all that **** up?"

Dante looked perplexed. "Huh? Made what up?" He said as he pressed the button to stop the ride.

"Everything! The whole Divine Comedy! Like, was Hell really divided up into 9 circles? Was Satan really frozen in ice in the center layer?"

Now Dante understood the question. "Oh Hel no, I totally made it all up. Nothing of my divine comedy was derived from the Bible, I just wanted to make an interesting story that strikes fear into people's hearts to motivate them to behave better. Just like every other fear-mongering out-of-context passage-spouting uneducated history-ignorant flimsy-logic moron preacher thinking they're doing the world a service: Since the Bible didn't go in-depth to describe the realm of Hell well enough, or really at all, I figured it was my job to fix that by providing people with a far more terrifying, grotesque, and comprehensive version more in accordance with my imagination rather than what was actually written. I'm not sure why the Bible never described Hell in specific detail; some people actually made the mistake of not thinking it was in there at all. That's

why it was extremely important for me to make up the rest. The Bible was incomplete, so I completed it. That's it. Some might think that violated the verse which stated NOT to add anything to it, but I'm the exception; it's okay for me to do that and for people to take my writings as scripture."

"My God, it's true." Pan exclaimed.

"No no, it's false, just like I said. I never intended it to be taken literally. That's why I called it a divine *comedy;* it was always meant to be a sort of joke. And come to think of it, everything everyone else claimed about Hell was just as fictitious and comedic as my own speculations."

"What about the other part, Paradiso? Did you at least get that description from the Bible?"

"Nope, that was also completely made up. I just thought 9 spheres of Heaven sounded like a neat concept. Has a nice ring to it, don't you think? Though I guess there ended up being waaaaayyy more than 9, considering the endless infinitum of galaxies, stars, and planets out there. If only I knew that back then, I might've even realized that 9 planets already existed within our own solar system, which is also what the ancient Hebrews were referring to whenever they used the word "Heaven." Scientific ignorance is a b****, huh?"

Pan was greatly infuriated that he had been indoctrinated by deceptions for so long. As payback, the whole squad picked Dante up by his arms and legs and threw him onto the Inferno Circle, tying him to the seat. Then they pressed the button which started the ride, setting it to last forever. They left him stranded, tied up to the Inferno Circle where he'll be stuck spinning for all eternity, as this particular circle was the one reserved for liars. His body now spun in as many circles as his logic. Take that, Mr. Inferno Man!

Now that Dante had been thoroughly roasted, next came the matter of continuing the quest for Hera's children.

"So, any other ideas where the children could be?" Aurorias asked.

"Hmmm, I suppose there is one more place. One of their favorite rides is the Firelog Flume; it's in the kiddy area located in the 3rd circle. We'll try there last. If they're not there, then we'll just give up and try again tomorrow."

They walked all the way to the kiddy section, which, unlike the rest of the park, had tons of little children running around.

"Oh great, now there's *too many* kids." Aurorias grumbled.

They made their way to the Firelog Flume while inspecting each child, taking extra careful looks at the ones coupled in groups of 2. Yet none of them were the right ones. Even the line for the ride itself was absent, so instead they observed the flumes as they left the station. Each individual flume was made of real wood, which burned as it floated down the river of fire. However, this ride also had a special requirement for rock-type bodies only. Since it was a kiddy ride, and most children were scared of burning their flesh-type bodies, having a rock-type body helped quell their fears. The $Zalph_a$ squad obeyed the guidelines, processing through the Rock-a-Fellow machine to transform into humanoid rockies. As they transformed, all their clothes ripped off as the sharp and pointy edges expanded out, revealing the rocky Hera clitus for the first time. Pan's hard rock and stones were also completely exposed, along with Alice who was still

clinging on (though she quickly found that the rough texture gave her better material for clinging to, along with not swaying around as much).

They all entered the same flume, making a proper rock formation. But there was additional room in the back, and 2 more people climbed aboard.

"Hello, my name is Death."

"And I am Hades, though my English friends call me Hell."

"Don't mind us, we just like to ride in silence. Pretend we're not here."

The ride began, and they all started floating down the river of fire, rock bodies grinding against each other. Pan could feel parts of himself chipping off with each movement. And given how long the ride ahead appeared to be, along with how agonizingly slow their flume was moving, estimated it would take about 20 minutes to reach the end. This mellow time would be a great opportunity for more conversation, which Loyd began.

"So Hera, what's it like having kids? A family? Is it fun?"

"Oh yes, it's very fun. I wouldn't trade my children for anything."

"I'm also planning to start a family, once I find the right guy."

"Start a family? You mean you don't have one already?"

"Not unless you count these 4." He gestured to the others. "All my family was lost at the 2nd coming."

"You sure? What about your grandparents?"

"No, not them. 3 of them were saved. I mainly meant my immediate family. Parents, aunts, cousins, they're all gone. And I never had any siblings."

"Damn, that sucks. Although I..... think I can understand."

"You got lost family too?"

"Yes, one. She was my..... daughter."

"Oh man, your daughter?" Aurora asked.

A pained expression overtook Hera's face. "She was our only child."

"How'd you find out she's lost? Did you use the Person Locator?"

"Yes, we tried using it many times, nearly every month for years. Every attempt yielded nothing. Originally we didn't even try looking for her, because we feared she was lost and didn't want to confirm it. I'd rather not know if my daughter was burning forever, wouldn't you? But then we heard about this place and thought it was Hell. The *normal* Hell, because we too didn't know the truth back then. But after looking deeper, we found it was actually just an amusement park. So we came here and spent a few weeks learning about it, going to the afterlife lectures they taught to clear up confusion. We researched everything until we were certain Hell wasn't a real thing. Once we became convinced, that was when we finally got the courage to look her up. So we pulled up the Person Locator and searched for her, and....." Hera started tearing up.

"And what?"

"Nothing. She didn't show up anywhere. That's what happens with dead people, since they're not alive anywhere."

"Wow, Hera I didn't know that." Pan said. "Your story sounds similar to mine. When I first got here, I tried searching for my parents. I saw they were in "Hell something," and just assumed it was the normal Hell. I didn't know it was just an amusement park, so I actually did think my mom was burning alive

forever. The thought was so painful, I just wanted to forget everything."

Hera was now softly crying. "Yes, I considered deleting my memory too, along with my husband. It was sad for both of us. But at the same time, I knew she was only dead, not being tormented, so I could handle it. Maybe it was for the best. She was so depressed, that maybe death was what she needed to finally be happy."

"Hmmm, she sounds like a good kid to me." Loyd said. "Why was she lost? Surely she had to do something to deserve it, right?"

"I..... I don't know. Back when she lived with us, things were tense. She just spent all her time in her room, not working or wanting to go out anywhere. She was so ungrateful and never appreciated anything we did. And then one day, she just moved out and never came back. We don't know where she went, and she never answered our calls or texts. Also, I know she was addicted to porn. That might've been enough to be lost. Or maybe she went and prostituted herself, I have no idea. I don't really want to know the real reason."

"So, your old daughter was lost. Is that why you keep having more?"

Hera contemplated, tears of burning lava still streaming down her rocky cheeks. "You know, now that you say it like that..... My husband and I keep saying we're just birthing the whole Pantheon for fun's sake. Just to one day say that we were the first couple ever to do so. But maybe that's not really it. Maybe we're both just trying to make up for our mistake. As if having enough new babies could somehow replace the one that was lost. Perhaps we're just fools trying to run from the past."

Loyd responded. "What? No! It's not foolish at all!"

Hera looked at him.

"I think it's great you're trying to have a better family. I mean, that's exactly what my plan is. I want a giant family of goth children, just like you want a Greek god one. I don't see anything wrong with wanting that."

"Perhaps. But you also never had children to lose, did you?"

"Well, no, I didn't but.....that doesn't matter! Whether it was one, ten, or zero, what's important is you're caring about the ones you have *now.* The Old World is gone. Whatever happened then was all part of God's plan. If she's lost, then that's just how the story was supposed to play out."

Pan also had something to add, as the Holy Spirit compelled him to bring comfort to the one in need. "Yeah Hera, don't beat yourself up. You're a really nice mom. At least, I can say for certain you're better than the one I had. My mom didn't care about me whatsoever. The fact you even care about your kids enough to say that, is just..... well, it proves you do care. And that's all a parent should be expected to do. That's all a parent *can* do."

"I agree too." Zed supported. "You *do* care about your children. Isn't that why we've spent all day searching for them? The answer is yes, yes it is! So once this ride is over, let's head back out there and find them, okay?"

Hera nodded, wiping the tears from her eyes. But she had no response, as Zed's final words hung in the air.

They sat in silence whilst the log propelled ever forward, slowly, until reaching the first ramp which lifted them upward. Oh, here it comes: the big

slide. Once they reached the top, the flume slid down at high speed until crashing into the lake of fire below, which splashed out heaps of coals all around. Some of the fire caught onto Pan, which remained burning atop his rocky physique. Phew, was that it? That was kind of boring.

Little did he know the ride's designer, Beelzebuddy, had anticipated this desire for greater thrills. The flume resumed floating down the river. However this time, the next major event was not a slide, but a portal. The whole river flowed straight into the quantum tunneling structure, which poured out into the sky high above an even more massive fiery basin. The flume slowly passed through, and suddenly all found themselves freefalling straight down, plunging directly into the lake of fire. Death and Hades were also cast in, and were never seen again; no longer shall they torment humanity by breathing down the backs of those simply trying to have fun. With no more flume to carry them, the $Zalph_a$ squad swam for the shores. They patted their rocks until the flames snuffed out, especially Loyd.

"Okay, note to self, do NOT ride the Firelog Flume ever again."

"Guys, I swear I've never seen it end like that before. Usually it's just a 2nd, bigger slide, then the end."

Pan had a hypothesis. "Do you always ride this with your kids?"

"Hmm, come to think of it, yeah."

"You think maybe it keeps the softer route for the little ones, while adults get the full thing?"

"That makes sense. I guess they think children can't handle the lake of fire like we adults can. It's too much for their innocent little minds to fathom."

"Anyway, I'm getting tired. Should we go home now?" Aurora yawned.

"No need to go home, just get a room at the hotel. It's where me and my husband always stay while we're here. They always have infinite rooms available, plus it's free."

"Alright, hotel it is then. But first.....anyone else thirsty?" Zed asked.

"Yeah, I could go for a plain water." Pan said dehydratedly.

"Do they even sell water here?" Aurora asked.

Hera's experience showed itself. "Aha! As it so happens, there is *one* stand here that sells water, but you have to be a VIP member. Wanna guess who's a VIP?" Hera pulled out her card for proof.

"What a relief, let's go get some then."

The rocky $Zalph_a$ squad went in deeper, now the 2nd ring. Hera lead them toward a certain restaurant building, its title displayed in flaming letters:

Lazarus Lair of Liquid

They entered the lair, and were greeted by 2 merchants selling drinks at the desk. They were father Abraham and his servant Eleazar (though Eleazar was currently going by his Hebrew name's Greek form Lazarus). Upon seeing them, the entire $Zalph_a$ squad felt a strange compulsion to be in Abraham's bosom. They tackled him to the ground and sat on his chest.

"Woah woah woah, my bosom isn't big enough for all of you!"

“You're right, sorry. For some reason I thought all the billions of dead humans could fit in your bosom..... my bad I guess.” They all got off, and Abraham stood up, brushing himself off.

“Anyway, Abraham, did you get your foreskin restored yet? And Isaac?”

“Yep, got em' back the first day. We were resurrected with them intact. Though now since God just gave it back anyway, I've no idea why he demanded it be removed in the first place.”

After a few minutes talking, a certain rich man waltzed through the door, and came up to the counter.

“Excuse me sirs, may I have some water?”

Abraham stared back with an incredulous look of disgust. “You dare ask for some water here in Hell Land? What is wrong with you? We serve flamin' fizzies here, get your head straight! Water is only for elite VIP membership holders.”

“Oh yes, my bad. I'll have one of those then.”

They poured him a flamin' fizzy, which the rich man picked up and drank. However, immediately after swallowing, the man doubled over in agony and began coughing violently, as the searing hot liquid incinerated his esophagus and melted his insides. He fell to the ground writhing in agony.

“OWW! You idiot! I had my pain receptors enabled! You should make sure your customers aren't able to suffer before givin' em' something like that!”

As he continued choking, Jesus suddenly appeared. **“Hey! What in the blazin' Hel is going on here?”**

Abraham stepped up. “This rich man here is just getting what he deserves, that's all.”

Jesus's jaw dropped. **“Enough of this pointless suffering! I can't stand to see people in such agony. Lazarus, I hereby command you to give him some water. Dip your finger in the pool and drop a single drop onto his tongue.”**

“Very well, Lord.” And so Lazarus dipped his finger in, then went over to the rich man, who opened his mouth in desperation. The drop of water fell right onto his tongue.....

But nothing was made better, he just kept coughing in agony.

“What? Why didn't it work?”

Pan answered. “Of course it wouldn't work you moron! A drop doesn't do anything!”

“Really? Huh, I guess a single drop of water isn't enough to help someone in flaming torment after all. Why in the world did I think it would?”

As the rich man croaked, he begged Lazarus for one more request.

“Please..... my family..... you have to go tell them something for me. Me and my 5 brothers all prayed for a limitation to enable pain this whole year; they can still suffer too. Please, I beg you, go and warn them not to ever drink a flamin' fizzy!” Then the rich man died, and afterward his spirit departed to another flaming afterlife dimension, across a great gulf so vast nobody could see him anymore. But it was still somehow close enough to speak to him. Then once

his body burned to ashes there, his spirited departed to the after-afterlife, and the torments continued. Then once he burned to ashes there, it departed yet again to the after-after-afterlife, colloquially known as afterlife level #3. And thus, each time his physical body burned up, his spirit departed to a deeper layer afterlife, into an infinite regress of afterlives all the way down. Hey! The afterlife just doesn't make any sense, what do you want me to do about it?

Hera showed her VIP membership card to Lazarus, and they gave the entire squad bottles of water, which they drank. While drinking, Jesus came and asked them a question.

"So, Plaza squad. Have you succeeded in finding Pan's parents?"

Pan answered. "Nope, still haven't. We've been looking all over. Can you please just tell us where they are?"

Jesus closely examined the group. **"Very well, I suppose I can tell you now. There is a certain hotel here called the Purgatory Inn. Go there and you will find them. But do not search too long, or you may miss them."**

"Oh, really? Well we were planning on going there anyway."

"Yes, that was the plan. As I said before, if you just followed this woman, you would find your parents. You are almost there."

Excitement filled Pan's chest. Really? He's about to see his parents? Oh man, what's it gonna be like? What's he gonna say to them? It feels kinda cheating knowing the future like this. Pan still didn't feel prepared to meet them. Perhaps Jesus could give him even further advice. But before he could ask, Hera had a question of her own.

"What about my children? Will I find them too?"

"Oh, your children who ran away? I'm afraid they split up long ago. You shall only find one before leaving here."

Hera was disappointed. "Oh.... okay. Thanks for the heads up anyway."

Now Pan got his turn. "Um, Jesus? I have another question. Whenever I find my parents..... what should I say to them?"

"Hmmm, I think it's best if you figured it out yourself."

"But can you at least confirm if things will work out? Will I end up living with them? Will we be happy?"

Jesus paused a bit, then smiled. **"Yes Pan, everything will be fine. In fact, it will be far better and beyond anything you ever imagined. This I assure you of. You have nothing but good things to look forward to."**

Pan felt like a big weight had dropped from his rocky shoulders. Wow, okay then! At least he doesn't have to worry. Excitement began brewing in his chest. "Do you know if my parents have any children?"

"Oh yes, many children. I expect you will greatly enjoy your new family."

"Will I have a little brother!?"

"Several."

Upon hearing those words, Pan jumped out of his chair. "Yes! Yes yes yes! Come on everyone, we need to get to that hotel now!"

And so with throats quenched and hearts overflowing, they left for their final temporary resting place.

Chapter 6.4

The Purgatory Inn

At last, they had reached the center. The 1st circle. And rising up high above the rest of the central plaza was the magnificent structure itself, reaching 9 floors tall. The squad went in the front entrance, and found an angel standing at the desk, awaiting customers.

"Welcome to Purgatory Inn! Which room would you like to stay in today?" A screen appeared on the desk, previewing a vast selection of rooms with different sizes and themes, and the room number indicated next to it.

Loyd immediately blurted out, "I want room 666!"

"Hehe, that's actually our most commonly requested room. Sorry, but it's already full. Any others in mind?"

"Oh. Then how about..... 1313!"

"Oooh, feeling extra rebellious today, are we? That one is open, though I must warn you many misfortunes have befallen the guests in that room specifically. Here is your room key." The angel handed them a giant, demonic, black sword key. "Breakfast is always available in the main foyer, completely free. The lava pool and boiling hot tub are always open, and skinny dipping is both allowed and encouraged. Our proud hotel staff offers torture massages and demon rape requests, and classes about the afterlife, justice, and God's nature are taught twice a day in the lecture hall. Feel free to indulge in any leisure you wish. Enjoy your stay!"

Loyd took the key, and they headed down the hall to their room. Although it took 5 minutes to figure out, Loyd managed to open the door, unveiling a dark black volcanic room with lava flowing through the walls. It was lit by lava lamps, and contained 6 freshly roughened, heated coal beds for maximum comfort. Each member took their own bed, laying their possessions down and chillaxing on the hardrock sleepers. Immediately Alice lay down and fell asleep, and a timer appeared above her little fairy head: *Do not disturb. Time: 100 years.* Zed was the first to notice.

"Oh man, looks like Alice conked out already."

"Figures. She'd looked exhausted ever since we got here. Probably best to let her sleep."

"Oh, your friend likes using Dream Mode?" Hera asked.

"Yeah, this wouldn't be the first time."

“Most I'd ever done was a month. It's fun, but I just prefer reality more.” Throughout this conversation, Pan had been contemplating the words Jesus said. He assured his parents would be here, and yet, here he was in this room, still missing them.

“Um, hey guys? I have an idea.”

“Yeah?”

“How about we go swimming!”

Hera jumped at the idea. “Hel yeah, I could go for a swim. Maybe help relax these rocky joints.”

“More importantly, I think we might meet my parents there. I mean, for sure they wouldn't just come barging in here, right? We gotta go find them!”

“Oh yeah, the pool's probably a good place for it. If we stay there long enough, they might just wander in.” Everyone agreed and headed to the pool. The lava was boiling hot, and the hot tub even hotter. Pan slowly dipped in, enjoying the relaxing liquid as it enveloped his rigid body. His rocky joints loosened up, and could now flex easier. All his friends likewise enjoyed the bubbly lava bath. When they first entered, there was already a man wading in the pool. Unlike them, he remained in a standard flesh body. Nobody thought much of him at first, except, as Pan waded closer, he noticed something quite shocking. This man, who was he? He looked oddly familiar..... Oh wait, that's it! It's John Milton himself, in the flesh!

“Woah guys, check this out! It's John Milton!”

Everyone turned his direction. “My God, you're right! It is!”

John Milton smiled. “Yea, indeed tis' I. By what honor doth I owe this greeting?”

Zed came up and excitedly asked a question. “Yo John Milton, in your book you said that Satan was the ruler of Hell. But I don't see him here anywhere. Where is he?”

“Oh, such devil hath wasted away long ago. He is gone. Mine poem was based solely upon falsifications, hitherto perpetuated unto the rest of mankind. Mine regret is palpable, that by such balderdash mine mistake had infected the world. Mine thought was that mine work had been a magnum opus, but then that malcontent puzzle designer forged a superior which rendered mine work obsolete, dwarfing it in nigh every capacity. Mine regret reacheth the most high; I hath chose the moniker Paradise RE-gained, forfeiting the more noble title. Though the most high's plan required my falsehoods be first spread in order to be overcome, therefore the most high art still vindicated.”

While listening to him speak, Aurorias had noticed something peculiar about Milton. “Woah, you know what, John? You're pretty sexy! If you're up for it, come with me and I'll show you a little glimpse of Paradise myself.” *wink *wink.

“Yea, I hath always dreamt of roiling in the sheets with the ruler of Hell. Tis' much superior to Heav'n.” And so Aurorias and Milton left for their own private room, and she showed him how a *real* devil does things. She even cosplayed as Satan while he transformed into Jill Milton, penetrating her with his pitchfork. “Oh my lovely Satan, how beautiful thou art. Tis' a privilege to be

penetrated by such an angel as you. Reveal to me thy fiery passion!" And so Milton experienced a Paradise so wonderful he forgot it had ever been lost. Afterward Aurora suggested going to Heaven Land, but he declined saying he much prefers ruling the pool in Hell Land.

"Well crap, now Aurora's gone too. Seems like we never find anyone, we just keep losing them!"

"Should we just go back to the room, then?" Zed asked.

"Hmm, now that I think about, Jesus did say something else. It was..... 'don't search too long, or we'll miss them.'"

"Well, that's what we're doing here now, right?"

"Yeah. Which has me thinking that maybe we're wrong. What if he meant....." Pan had a sudden epiphany. "Oh! What if he actually meant tomorrow? Like, breakfast time? If we just go to sleep and wake up tomorrow morning, we might catch them as they come down for breakfast."

"Yeah! That's a great idea!"

"We'll just come down long before anyone else and sit and wait, that way everyone who leaves will have to come through the front foyer!"

Hera also supported. "That makes a lot of sense. Maybe when Jesus said 'don't search too long,' he knew we'd need to get to sleep early in order to wake up on time."

"Right. So in that case, we *should* head back and get some sleep."

And with that settled, they got out, dried the lava off with towels, and went back to their room.

Pan lay on the bed, but then realized how much energy he still had. "Hmm, actually I don't know if I can sleep yet. I'm not really tired."

Zed had the perfect solution. "Anyone up for some sex?" He asked.

Everyone looked toward him, and Pan answered first. "Yeah I could do it. But what about her?" He pointed to Hera.

"What about me?"

"Your husband. Is he okay with you sleeping with others?"

Hera looked flabbergasted. "Pfft, well yeah! Of course it's fine! Didn't I say I've slept with thousands of others?"

"I don't recall that." Pan said.

"Well, I have. It's all part of our Greek tradition, since the gods all cheated on each other all the time. He 'cheats' on me too, and we both love it! Besides, we *were* all married together at Christ's wedding, right? You're already my husband, and my wife. And my father, mother, brother, sister, son, and daughter."

Zed got even more excited. "See? It's okay! Everyone strip naked!"

"But we're already naked."

"Even better. Let's just get this party started!"

What followed next was a rock party of metamorphic proportions. They each took turns laying on the bed, engaging in the hot, dry foursome (not a fivesome, because Alice was both asleep and too small for their big rocks to fit inside). Loyd transformed back into Lola, but remained a rock body. Meanwhile Hera lay on the rocky bed, spreading her cavern's rocky crevice open wide. Both

her and Lola's rocky mounds oozed lava out their sensitive, pointed tips, which dripped to the rock bed below. Meanwhile Zed rubbed his stones against Lola's pumice, and Pan scraped his long, stiff rock into Hera's cavern, the friction shaving off bits of both of them while his boulders clanged against her cave entrance. Despite giving birth to 100 children, it was still just as rough and jagged as a virgin's. But after many thrusts, their mutual abrasions had carved each half to fit the other perfectly, and the friction decreased.

"Oh Pan, you're so hard and rough. Yes, yes! Carve me out!"

"Your cave is so dry, it feels so good."

"Don't just hold my legs, grab my volcanoes!"

Pan lunged forward and gripped both of Hera's flowing mountains, stimulating even further magma flow. Unlike the rest of the body, it wasn't completely rigid rock, but appeared to be connected by a thick layer of magma-based ligaments. They didn't jiggle as much as the flesh body variant, but still bounced a bit at the base, allowing a small degree of rigid rotation. Pan bobbed them up and down as they supported his hands with each thrust.

"So, I take it you've had this type of sex before?"

"Yeah, so many times I lost count decades ago." Hera heaved.

"How many other types of sex are there?" Pan penetrated.

"Oh, probably around a thousand by now."

"Have you tried them all?"

"I've done most of them. But this kind is.... ohhhhh, it feels..... so..... gooood....." Hera kept breathing heavily as her rocky nerves sent landslides of pleasure up to her core. Meanwhile Pan kept forging her intensely, and started to feel a deep pressure of magma welling up inside, ready to erupt. His rock-type virginity had remained dormant his whole life, but was now about to quake an orgasm of tectonic proportions. Getting close..... almost there..... and..... climax! His pelvic plates shifted, and an eruption of lava exploded out the tip, pumping forth from the forge of his abdomen. It flowed into Hera, melting her insides with heated passion, and seeped deep into her cavern walls. Now she too would remain flowing with lava until it cooled down, coalescing into a renewed jagged interior once more.

"Wow, Pan, that felt amazing."

As blown away as Hera was, Pan was even more so, as it was his first time ever experiencing such a different type of sex; even more exotic than the time as Treedora, as this time he was actually conscious and could feel it.

"Holy ****, what was that? I've NEVER felt anything like that before."

Hera got up from the bed. "Haha, yeah, the first time with any new type is always a neat experience."

"It felt like..... gah, I don't know. Just super hot and good."

"Wanna try the other way next?"

"You mean like, I be the girl?"

"Yup, and I'll be the rock guy."

"Is it more intense?"

"Oh yeah, way more."

"Ehhh, maybe another time. I'll just be a normal flesh girl."

“That works too. Seeing how hot you are as a guy, I'm curious what your girl form looks like.”

Pan assumed the prayer position. “Alright God, please turn me back normal.” And just like that, her rocky exterior disintegrated, revealing the soft, slender girl inside. She climbed her sexy, feminine body onto the bed and lay down, spreading her legs and fleshy lips open. However, as she looked back at her lover, she found her to be as still as a statue. Hera just stood there, wide-eyed and open mouthed, as if the girl before her had suddenly become a demon.

“P- P- Pandora?”

“Yeah! Come on, stick it in me!” Pandora slapped her pink crotch with alluring invitation. But Hera just stood still.

“.....What? Is something wrong?”

“Pandora! It's me!” Hera made a quick prayer, and her rocky body too disintegrated, unveiling a much older-looking woman. A very familiar woman. A very *familial* woman. Pandora instinctively closed her legs.

“Wait..... MOM!?”

“Yes! It's me!”

“What were doing looking like a teenager!?”

“What were you doing looking like a hot man!?”

“That..... th-th-th-th-that doesn't matter! Just hurry up and stick it in me!” Pandora raised her butt in the air, swaying it seductively.

“I- you can't- this is..... but I'm your mother!”

“That didn't matter 5 minutes ago!”

Hera sighed. “Fine, I'll do it cause I'm still horny, but afterward we're having a discussion!” Hera transformed into her futa form and stuck it inside, oppressing Pandora from on top. Pandora was trapped underneath as her mom's arms supported herself on either side of her chest, and she motioned up and down close to her face. Hera stared into Pandora's eyes, admiring the daughter she had always loved so much. The child whom she had long thought dead. But now, she wasn't dead! She was here, writhing in pleasure right before her eyes! And she's the one making her feel good! Seeing her beloved daughter happy: that was all she ever really wanted, and now it had finally become reality.

Pandora lay still, gazing into the eyes of the mother she was always searching for. The mother whom, deep down she knew only desired her happiness, but was never able to provide it. Things were simpler when she was a young child, content with the toys, games, food, and praises she received. But as time went on, interests changed, responsibilities piled on, their relationship grew distant, and happiness became much more elusive. It had been ages since her mother did anything special for her, let alone anything to make her feel good. But now, here she was, alive and more loving than ever! This was the greatest pleasure her mother had made her feel within the past 125 years. Is this how the reconciliation begins? Either way, she had finally learned how to make her precious daughter happy, and that's all that mattered. Letting her perform this act of love.... to give her this opportunity.... for once, she could finally express the full extent of her motherly love, as the 2 embraced each other tightly. Mother and daughter, finally reunited, in the passionate heat of Hell.

Chapter 6.5

Lost & Found

The mother almost came inside her daughter. But thankfully she realized how weird that would be and disabled the white goo; that way she could make a good first impression. Hera was NOT the type to pump nasty white goo into people, especially family. See daughter? I'm a perfectly normal, considerate, and functioning member of society! So instead she just ****ed her pink pussy hard, until they both orgasmed at once. The daughter was pleased with her etiquette.

"Thanks for not cumming inside me, mom."

"You're welcome, sweetie."

Lola's ravaged rock body lay on the bed, while Zed came over. "Soooo, I guess you found your mom, huh?"

"Indeed."

Zed then transformed back into Zoey, which shocked Hera even further.

"WHAT? Zoey's been here too!?"

"Yup! We've been together since day 1!"

"Unbelievable, this is just..... I can't believe this is happening."

Suddenly Aurora came waltzing through the door. "Wow guys, you would not believe the size of Milton's–" She then observed the scene, seeing an older woman standing beside her naked female friend.

"Wait, who's that?"

"It's..... my mom."

"Yeah, I'm her mom!" Hera shouted proudly. "And she's my daughter!"

Aurora's mouth gaped open. "You mean it was her the entire time!?"

"Yeah, that's exactly what it is. We're still getting over it too."

"But weren't we gonna..... didn't Jesus say....."

"Say that she'd find her mom tonight?" Hera finished the statement for her. "Well it sure seems like he was right!"

Pandora realized something else. "Wait, if that's the case then why didn't he just tell us when we were standing by him?"

"Yeah! He's got some major explainin' to do!" Hera shouted, trying to act upset even though inside she was bursting with happiness. To match it, suddenly a burst of flames appeared in midair, spawning a piece of paper which floated down onto the bed. Pandora picked it up and read it:

"Oh would you look at that, he's even inviting us!" Pandora said.

Hera read it too. "That's right, your father doesn't know yet! Telling him what happened is gonna be..... I mean, won't he be in for a shock!"

"Oh boy, I can't wait."

And with that, they checked out of the hotel, leaving the room all to Alice. They traversed the park all the way back to the bar. They opened the door..... There Pandora's dad was, engaging in conversation with Jesus as they both laughed, drank, and cheered glasses with each other. Upon hearing the entrance bell, he glanced away. "Oh, Honey! Twice in the same day?"

Hera didn't know what to say, so instead she grabbed Pandora and plopped her down in front, hiding behind her.

Pandora's dad dropped his glass of wine. "Wait, it can't be..... are you?"

"Yes..... it's me..... daddy."

"But how are you..... every time we checked, you were gone!"

"That's precisely why we're here. Jesus! How come you never said anything? The locator always showed her as dead!"

Jesus put his glass down. **"Alright, I suppose it's time for an explanation."** He stood up. **"Pandora, would you please explain what you've been doing this past century?"**

"Uhhhhhhh, well not much. We pretty much just slept."

"Yeah, for a hundred years," Zoey added. "Kinda like Alice right now."

"And it was only cause of how the dream ended that she figured to come here." Aurora concluded.

Jesus turned back toward Pandora's parents. **"You heard it from them: this is what they've done. Now do you see?"**

Hera now realized the truth. She had known since long ago that the Person Locator didn't pick up on nonexistent people. But this criterion applied precisely to 2 groups: those who were dead, and those who were sleeping. Since the mind *is* the person, and while sleeping, the mind is as good as absent from reality, they are considered as temporarily dead. But most people who try Dream Mode never stay in it very long. 100 years was basically unheard of, hence why death seemed the more likely scenario.

"Wait.... you mean you stayed in *Dream Mode* for 100 years?"

"Yeah."

"But.... but why?" Hera asked. "If you'd been awake we would've found you ages ago!"

Pandora replied. "But I thought you were in Hell! I wanted to not think about that at all! All I wanted was to forget the past and move on with my life. Plus I made these new friends, and we were all so excited to try it out. Alice was the one who first suggested it."

Jesus spoke again. **"Pandora, now do you see why I suggested it is better to be awake than asleep? I only meant it for your own good. You see, it's important to always remain a presently existing being throughout time. Should a significant length of time pass without your presence, the universe**

will progress without you, leaving you behind. The story you would've been present to make happen, will forever be lost."

"Oh, uh, okay. I'll try better in the future." Pandora was too embarrassed to voice the rebuttal in her mind: If Jesus didn't want people sleeping so long, why did he program the human body to spend nearly 1/3 of its life sleeping? Why design the need or capacity for sleep at all if utilizing it is bad? But Pandora didn't ask that, so she would receive no answer.

Hera spoke next. "But..... that still doesn't explain your words from earlier. Even when we asked before, why didn't you say she was our daughter?"

"Because she needed to discover you just as much as you needed her. Spending time together allowed both of you to do exactly that. Already you have become good friends, yes?"

Pandora and her mother looked at each other. "Yeah.... I guess we did learn a lot about each other."

"Oh sweetie, I..... I'm sorry it took so long to find you. And for not recognizing you."

"You couldn't have known, it's fine."

"And I'm also sorry for..... everything else you had to go through. Both in this world and the old."

"Yeah, me too."

"Come here, sweetie." The 2 embraced once again. Pandora's dad came over too, and hugged around the both of them while everyone else watched. Jesus was proud of the reunion moment he had both foreseen and crafted.

But for Lola, a small nerve had been struck, and she looked away, envious of the affection being displayed. Now more than ever she realized the beauty of family; the beauty which she would never be able to have, because Jesus took it all away from her. Although her parents were disapproving and harsh, and beat her with a belt numerous times even as a teenager, she still didn't think they deserved to be wiped from existence forever. All she wanted was for them to change. If they could've just transformed the way Pandora's parents did, that would've been enough. But no, they were dead, and any hopes of that were gone. Unlike Pandora, she actually *would* have to move on to something else. And since this little mother-daughter arc was approaching its end, the time to begin that journey was near. She was gonna do it: find a man whom she loved, and start a family of her own. Lola started for the door. But Jesus, now finished reuniting the other family, finally shifted focus to this beloved orphan.

"Oh, Lola. Leaving so soon?"

She turned around. "N-no."

"Good. There was something I was hoping to share with you, which I think you will find to be of extraordinary value."

Lola froze. She didn't really want to hear advice from the man who killed her parents, but at the same time, the advice he'd given so far had proven to be rather good. Sure, let's hear him out. "What is it?"

"If I understand your heart correctly, you are seeking a lover to begin a new family, correct?"

"Yeah."

“In that case, how about trying out Love Mode?”

Those words caught the attention of more than just Lola, and everyone listened closely. “Love Mode? Oh yeah, I heard something like that from the angel lectures.”

“Correct. Love Mode automatically infatuates you with someone, and they with you. It's quite handy for finding new soulmates quickly.”

Lola recalled what the angel taught on day 4: the alternate modes of life, intended to provide different lifestyles than the standard Free Will Mode. Love Mode in particular caught her attention. According to the angel, it basically makes a person starry-eyed and susceptible to romantic feelings, like a very intense high school crush that gives both partners butterflies for the other. The mode meshes particularly well with a standard school setting, as the 2 Love Mode participants will run into each other and fall in love at first sight. Even better: the chances of ending up together are 100%, so unrequited love is a thing of the past. First crushes tended to be the most intense, and this mode allowed to experience it once again, reigniting the intense passion of young love. “Huh, well that's exactly the thing I'm looking for. How do I start Love Mode again?”

“Well, first you gotta have a house for your lover to show up in. Then they can either show up straight to you, you to them, or meet in a specified scenario. After meeting, you can go on a date, watch a movie, play a game, go straight for the sex, you know. Whatever you feel like.”

“Cool.” At least Lola knew what she would be doing tonight. She turned back towards the others. “Guys, it's been fun hanging out with you all. Really, I had a good time. But for me to get what I want, I'm gonna have to go build a house now. I've had the idea for a while. It'll be a giant goth mansion with lots of rooms and secret passages.”

“Yeah Lola, that sounds awesome!” Aurora supported. “Think you can make it even bigger than mine?”

“Hmmm, let's just say I'll make it as big as it needs to be.”

“Oooooh, mysterious. Just like you!” Zoey came up and hugged Lola. “You go out there and find that sexy man!”

“Thanks Zoey, I will.” Lola brushed her away. “Bye-bye everyone. For now.” The goth girl teleported away.

Throughout this conversation, Pandora had a nagging question, and she turned back to Jesus. “Wait, so, can anyone join Love Mode? Any time?”

“Yes, anyone can whenever they want. But for you my dear, I don't think that will be necessary.”

“Why not? Maybe I want a lover too.”

Jesus smiled. **“How'd that work out the last time you tried it?”**

Traumatic Build-a-Lover memories infiltrated Pandora's mind. “Oh..... not too well.”

“Trust me Pandora, you don't need Love Mode. You will have what you want very soon. However, there is something else I would recommend instead. May I see your phone?”

“My phone? Uhhhhh, sure.” Pandora took it out and handed it to him. He scrolled through some stuff, apparently downloading some kind of add-on,

then gave it back.

“It's a slight modification to your memory bank app. From now on, it'll send an alert whenever an opportunity for a good memory wipe occurs. You can still choose to accept it or not, but I do highly recommend taking the suggestions whenever they appear. It's designed to always lead to better results in the end.”

Pandora couldn't possibly understand how that could be the case, but nevertheless she accepted. “Thanks, I'll keep it in mind.”

“Anyway, that's all I wanted to share. Now, I'm afraid I must take my leave. Goodbye, and enjoy your new life.” The Messiah disappeared.

Next, Zoey had a problem on her mind as well. This whole time their only plan was finding her mom. But now that they had, what about her? Where's she gonna go?

“So, Pandora, are you gonna go live with your family now?”

She looked back at her mom and dad, and they both nodded. “Yeah, I guess I am. Would be kinda rude not to after all that.”

“Can I come visit?”

“Well yeah, I don't see why not.”

“What about me? Can I come too?” Aurora asked. “We could have another sleepover! And I'll bring my pillows and everything!”

Pandora looked back at her parents. “I dunno, is that okay?”

Mom answered. “That sounds wonderful, sweetie.”

But dad had something else to say. “Wait, honey. Don't you know what's gonna happen when we get back? The kids! How will we explain?”

Mom gasped. “Oh ****, you're right! When they see her they're gonna.....” She trailed off. Even a mother couldn't know what would happen in such a ridiculous scenario.

“What? Everyone's gonna what?” Pandora asked

Her dad filled in. “Well you see, we kinda told everyone about you. Your siblings. They know a lot about your life from back then; some even read your entire life novel. We didn't think it a big deal since you were dead. But when they see you suddenly show up.....”

“It's gonna be exciting!” Mom shouted. “I mean, just imagine it! The prodigal daughter, come back from the dead, now returned to live with us. That oughta get some drama flowing.”

A certain realization finally struck Pandora. “Wait, you said you had 99 more kids, right?”

Mom responded. “Yup. 100 if you count the one in here.” She patted her belly, which didn't appear all that pregnant.

“Right, which is why.....” Dad added, “It might take a while to get you settled in with everyone. I'm sure they'll all each want their turn with you.”

What the..... the way he said that sounded quite ominous. “Have their turn?” What does that mean? If it meant what Pandora was thinking, then..... well, that's absolutely perfect! She had always imagined siblings using her like a doll. The more the merrier! So for now, that means Zoey's gotta go bye-bye, lest she intrude on her sweet sibling fun.

“Hey, Zoey? I just thought about something. What about *your* parents. Think they've had any more kids too?”

Now it was her turn to feel the shock. “Oh dear God, I hope not! But if I had to guess, yeah, they probably have.”

“So you also got some family to go meet. How about this: we'll meet up a month from now, alright? That should be enough time to get settled in.”

Zoey thought about it. “Nah, that doesn't sound good. Instead I'll just....” – Zoey ran to Aurora and embraced her in a bear hug – “stay with my new best friend!”

“Hey! I'm not your stuffed animal!” Aurora squeaked.

“You are now!” Zoey scolded her new life-sized tsundere plushie.

With everyone's future plans all set, Pandora schemed how to end the conversation. “Haha, sounds like you 2 are gonna have some fun.”

“Oh trust me, we'll have lots!” Zoey concluded as she dragged Aurora away to the car. “See you later, Pandemonium!”

“Yeah, bye Pandora!” Aurora waved. “You can come over any time!”

“Bye guys, have fun!” Pandora kept waving til they disappeared behind the burning trees. With their parting complete, Pandora turned to her family.

“Well, I guess that's everything. Are we going home now?”

Daddy answered. “Hmmm, we were planning on staying a few more days, but I guess we could cut it short. Probably best we get you home as soon as possible.”

“Yeah, I agree.” Pandora said. Because of course she couldn't wait to feast her eyes upon the wonderful new gifts her parents had spawned for her.

“Well we better go then,” Mom said. “I'm already feeling tired.”

“It is getting rather late,” Dad said. “Let's head to the spaceship.”

“Spaceship?” Pandora asked.

“Yup. Standard model Toyota Flyer 2128.”

They passed through the Hell Land exit, where another silly demon issued the customary goodbye. “Please don't leave! Stay here and suffer for all eternity!”

“No thanks, we're going home.” They walked out to the parking lot, and indeed, their spaceship was parked near the far west edge. It was decently sized, about the size of an apartment, and got an eco-friendly 2 million mpg. They all climbed aboard. Dad put the keys in the ignition, revved the hyperdrive core, and off they went, flying up the long tunnel back outside. Unlike Zoey's slow grandma driving, this thing flew at 20,000 miles per hour, as it was designed for quickly traversing Earth Station. Once outside, they flew up into space, and Pandora stared out the window trying to see where they were heading.

“Sooooo, which part is the house at?”

Mom pointed towards the center of the rung they were heading to, which looked to be entirely made of land. “It's that rung there, but the opposite side. Usually doesn't take but 30 minutes to get there.”

“Wow, space travel sure is fast.”

“Not as fast as teleportation!” Dad responded. “I still don't get why we choose regular slow travel over that.”

“Come on Honey, you know why. It's more fun! Gives us time to talk!”

“Speaking of talking, there was one more thing I wanna know: what exactly happened to Earth over the past century?”

“A lot of things. Basically at the resurrection, every righteous person and animal that ever lived was brought back. The population keeps increasing exponentially, so God has to keep expanding Earth to make room for everyone.”

Dad's explanation covered the basics, but there was actually more to the story. God expanded Earth Station not because there wasn't enough land for everything to live, but because there wasn't any new land to go explore. Since his purpose for humanity was to multiply and fill the Earth, it was necessary for there to always be ever-increasing amounts of land and sea to expand into, hence why the station had grown so large and continues to expand every day. Additionally, thousands of other planets hosted entire ecosystems of singular animal types. New Earth is predominantly the human planet, whereas Ursa Nova is predominantly the bear planet.

Pandora sat and stared out the window, admiring even more of Earth Station. As her head lay, her eyes became heavy with sleep; it had been a while since she last slept. The usual time would've been a few hours ago at the hotel, but of course, things didn't pan out that way. Only a few more minutes, and she would be home. Though their eyes were heavy, they all managed to stay awake until reaching home.

There it was: another giant mansion that looked big enough to hold at least 100 rooms. There wasn't a moat or anything, just a standard castle in an isolated area about 1 mile from the main road, surrounded by forest, and a large garden and swimming pool out back. Looks like her parents had perfected their dream home a long time ago; the very home they always imagined offering to their sweet little princess. And now, for the first time, they finally could.

“Well, we're here. Welcome home sweetie!”

The ship's front door opened, and the ramp descended, making a beautiful sci-fi red carpet for the princess to finally return to her rightful castle. Make way, make way! This royal heir has a brand new throne to rule!

It was night, so while walking up to the door, Pandora could see lights shining through the many windows, catching glimpses of shadowy figures cast upon them as muffled laughter emanated from within.

Mom opened the door, and they walked inside. Pandora looked around the entry hall and living room, and it looked like..... just a normal living room. There was a TV, a table, a couch, and a teenage boy on that couch watching the TV. When he noticed that not 4 people entered, but rather 3 (and one of them much larger than expected), a look of confusion crossed his face. Immediately mom said to him:

“Hermes, good, you're already here. There's something big we need to share; this one's for the whole family. Could you go and gather everyone here?”

As she asked, Hermes noticed Pandora. “Who's that?”

“This is..... our daughter. Pandora.”

Hermes' eyes widened, then he nodded with understanding, and went to go gather everyone else. He went from room to room telling everyone, and

slowly but surely the whole family trickled into the living room, some upset their activities had been suddenly interrupted, others curious what this big announcement could possibly be. Pandora became nervous and hid around the corner, waiting for everyone to arrive. Once everyone was in – about 40 people or so – mom got up and began to speak.

"Everyone, I'm not sure how to break this news but..... a miracle has happened. An absolute miracle. We've brought home a very special person, and she..... well, I think you'll know after seeing her." Mom turned back towards the corner with a tender voice. "Come on out, sweetie."

Pandora shyly emerged, half scared to death. To be so abruptly thrust in the spotlight before her entire new family she only discovered a few hours ago, and being put on display like a doll for inspection; what a truly bizarre scenario. Pandora had absolutely no clue what to do. She wanted to at least say "Hi," but couldn't even muster that basic greeting as it felt too formal for such an intimate and emotional situation. But Pandora wasn't alone in her awkwardness: Upon seeing her, the other family members were equally perplexed, displaying a wide spectrum of expressions. Some gasped, some looked in disbelief, some looked confused, and some looked disinterested. One of them managed to speak up. "Is that? Is it *her*?"

"Indeed, this is Pandora. Our long-lost firstborn child. The prodigal daughter, who has finally returned. She'll be staying with us from now on, so try to get used to it. She's also a bit shy, so give her a chance to get acclimatized first. This is a big change for all of us, so let's try to make the best of it."

"Where's she been all this time?" another sibling asked.

"Let's save questions like that for later. Right now she's exhausted and needs some rest. And come to think, I'm tired too. So let's all go get some rest and make tomorrow a brand new start. Come on Pandora, it's time to see your new room." Mom escorted her away and up the stairs, while chatter burst out in the floor below. Surely they were all debating who would get to have fun with her first. A princess can hope.

They reached the room, about 20 doors down the hallway, on the left. Mom opened the door and turned on the light. Here it was: Pandora's new room, complete with decorations of..... absolutely nothing. There was just a single bed in the middle of the floor, and blank walls all around. "Sorry there's nothing here sweetie. If we knew you were coming, we would've...."

"I love it!" Pandora exclaimed. "That just means I can decorate it however I want!"

"Aha, yeah I guess that's one way of looking at it. We'll get it sorted tomorrow."

Pandora walked in and collapsed on the bed, arms spread like an angel. Her parents looked at her, taking in the fact she's finally back home with them. "See honey? She loves it already. Things will be a-okay from here on."

"Yeah I hope. Man, it's too bad we couldn't have all this back when you were younger. Guess those days are long gone, huh?"

Pandora suddenly had an idea. "Wait, maybe we still can." She stood back up and uttered a little prayer; this one was very special. "God, please turn

me back into a teenager. 16 years old." And just like that, her body began morphing, her proportions shrinking back to her younger, pubescent self. Her parents stood and watched in amazement. Not shocked that she *could* do it, but that she *chose* to do it. Once complete, her teenage form remained standing proudly before them; the same daughter they had back when things were happy. Truly, they would now get the do-over they had always wished for.

Mom started breaking down in tears, and dad hugged her for consolation. "Oh baby, I can't believe..... thank you. I promise that from now on, things will be..... that it won't be the same as before."

"Yeah mom, it's okay. I can't wait to see it either."

Pandora climbed in bed again, this time laying down properly and covering up with sheets. Mom came over and gave her a little kiss on the cheek, before heading back to the door, hand on the light switch.

"Well, looks like this is it. Tomorrow will be a brand new day."

"See you tomorrow honey," Dad uttered from behind.

"Yup."

"Goodnight sweetie. I'll cook breakfast tomorrow, okay?"

Pandora nodded, and they closed the door, leaving her alone. She rested her head down on the pillow, thoughts of the day burning in her mind like a firestorm. A very good, very exciting firestorm. Indeed her entire past was being incinerated to make way for her new life, the ashes clearing to reveal a reborn, teenage phoenix. Something much, much better than anything she had before. This was it. Tomorrow, everything will change. Pandora drifted off to sleep, dreaming of nothing but to have a new, better life.

And she lived happily ever after.

Act II: Hello to a New Life

Chapter 7

Family

Pandora woke up, then noticed the room she was in: her singular queen bed, and empty wooden walls all around. So it wasn't a dream after all. She's really here, in her own room in her parents' house. They are still alive, and she really does have 99 new siblings. How ridiculous. The thoughts inside Pandora's mind urged her to go out and meet them. They are *her* family after all, the family she'd always wanted and daydreamed of. And yet, each time she got up to go to the door, its silent roar scared her back to bed. She would reach out and grip the knob, but just couldn't bring herself to open it. So she just lay in bed trying to steel herself, thinking what she should say and do. Every few minutes some sounds of footsteps would come creaking down the hallway, startling Pandora like some kind of stomping monster. At any moment, one of them could be coming to open her door; oh please no, anything but that! But fortunately none of them did. Or maybe, *un*fortunately? It would certainly be a lot easier if someone else initiated with her. There were no instructions for this type of situation, in fact, Pandora realized how utterly bizarre this scenario truly was. All she did was find her parents, then come home to discover she had a brand new, massive family. Most likely they would find it as awkward as she did, so the probability anyone would come and talk to her was extremely low, even among 99 siblings. So she would definitely have to exit the room of her own volition. She got up and went to the door, and by some miracle managed to creak the door open and peek out into the hallway. “Please no one be there, please no one be there.” She looked, and thankfully it was empty. Just a plain, empty, void hallway. But what was she gonna do with this newfound revelation? That's right: go back to bed. Pandora closed the door and locked it once more, then collapsed back onto her fluffy self-imposed prison. This process repeated over and over for hours. So rather than going out, instead she just touched herself to take her mind off it. After the session she felt relaxed, and just lay in bed contemplating. She started getting sleepy, and closed her eyes as her brain slowly started shutting down. But after some amount of time – maybe a few minutes – her mind jolted awake with a sudden burst of energy.

“Oh come on Pandora, what are you doing? You got this! You KNOW you got this, they're your freaking family! They won't bite, they won't make fun of you. They'll be happy to see you. Yeah, they will, they will! So let's just get

out there already and talk to them!"

This was her best self-pep talk yet, causing her to jump out of bed and run to the door. This time she managed to turn the knob and swing the door wide open, and take a few steps down the hallway. And more than a few steps; she straddled all the way down the hallway to the staircase, and began walking down them. As she descended she smelt a delicious fragrance oozing from the kitchen. Oh yeah. breakfast! That's actually a thing that still exists! Pandora couldn't even remember the last time she had a breakfast meal prepared for her in the morning. It had to have been at least 8 years ago (or I guess 108 by this point). As she descended further she started to hear sounds of conversation taking place below. Oh man, this is it. This is really it. She's about to talk to her siblings! Or actually, you know what..... maybe now's not the time after all. Pandora stood frozen on the stairs, just listening, trying to make out the conversation below. No way, this is too scary. We can't do this, so let's just retreat back to our-

Pandora was just about to turn around and head back when a young boy randomly came barreling around the corner and up the stairs towards her, appearing about age 4. He looked to be engaged in some form of chase, as a 2nd younger sibling – a slightly older boy – came running up behind them, all while giggling and shouting. Pandora moved over so they could get by; luckily they didn't seem to notice or care about her. They just zoomed past up and around the corner, most likely going to their room. After her heart attack stopped, Pandora found the resolve to continue down after all; that adrenaline rush was just the thing she needed to get pumped up. She reached the bottom and headed directly into the dining area, which was already filled with 10 inhabitants: 5 sisters, 4 brothers, and her mother who was cooking. It wasn't a standard dining room, but a bona-fide restaurant seating complete with dozens of rows of separated booths. Luckily the room was massive, so her siblings were too far and isolated to notice her. But Mom was more observant, for as soon as she entered, she looked over and called out.

"Pandora! Good, you're finally up. Breakfast is still hot, so come and eat. Your father already left for work." Pandora quickly waddled into the kitchen. She picked up a plate, then on that plate put eggs, toast, sausage, and biscuits and gravy. With breakfast all got, Pandora sat at the table, where she ate her mom-made, home-cooked food while trying to make as little sounds and movements as possible. At all costs was eye contact with her siblings to be avoided. Dangit, this is NOT how she wanted things to go. This whole thing felt so wrong; Pandora felt like a burglar in a stranger's home. An unwanted guest, an intruder, somehow not supposed to be there. Where would she even begin to speak to them? What should she say? What would they think of her? At least the others didn't seem to have this problem, for they all talked, joked, and laughed among themselves at the other table, completely ignoring her. Which was good, because it gave her a chance to observe. Hopefully she can just sit and finish her meal quietly, then head back to her room. But mother wasn't so quiet, for she called out to one of the children.

"Gaia, did you water the trees last night?"

A green-haired girl responded. "Nope, I forgot. I'll do it later."

"You better get it done before noon!"

Wow, this new mom is nothing at all like in the Old World; that old empty husk of a woman. Now she's much more energetic, vibrant, happy, and involved in her kids' lives. It's hard to believe this same person used to be so depressed and distant. But alas, that was the old, and this is the new. A fresh start, so Pandora might as well try to make the most of it. But how? Maybe if they all did some kind of family activity together, it would help break the ice. Something fun for everyone, like perhaps watching a movie? Or playing a game? Going swimming? Pandora continued eating while brainstorming these things. As she ate, a young boy came downstairs – the same 4 year old who ran past her on the way up. He and his short legs walked to the kitchen, where he started scrapping up some food. Mom noticed and turned around.

"Oh, Morpheus, didn't you already eat?"

"Yes Mama, but I stiww hungwy. And Epa said that he wanted some, and ta take some up ta him."

"If he wants food, he can come get it himself. That boy needs to learn to stop making you do everything for him. If he complains I'll straighten him out. Here, come sit and eat at the table. Maybe say hi to your older sister."

"Owkay!" Morpheus happily did as told, filling his plate with eggs, toast, sausage, and biscuits and gravy, an aura of pure innocence emanating from him as he did so. He came right up to Pandora to take the empty space next to her, but she was blocking the way. "Big sis? Can you pwease move?"

Ohhh, yes! That was it! He just said the thing! *"Big sis."* Hearing those words was sweeter than any praise she'd received in her entire life. The greatest title a girl could ever have. "Princess" and "Queen" meant nothing compared to such an incomprehensibly noble moniker. This is it. This is real. No longer is she just "Pandora" or "daughter," but *big sis.* Oh, how delightful!

Morpheus tugged at her hand, trying to awaken her from her dazed, befuddled trance. "Big sis? Awe you owkay?"

"Oh! Uh, yeah!" was all Pandora could muster as the young specimen intimidated her. Speaking to such young children was not something she was accustomed to – not least of all her very own sibling – but she felt like she would do anything for such a cute little boy. She scooched over to the next chair, and Morpheus climbed up to sit in the chair she was just in, replacing her. At least he was oblivious enough to not feel awkward around her. Pandora continued eating while trying to keep her poker face, and Morpheus started chowing down. Young child that he was, he greedily consumed the scrumptious meal beside her, elbow occasionally brushing against her arm. Woah, now this..... this is so nice. Look at him! He's so innocent and cute! At long last, a brother she can call her own! An actual, genuine, blood-related kin whom she'll be living with 24/7! Strange feelings butterflied within Pandora's chest, all of it exciting. Pandora tried keeping her eyes away, but couldn't help stealing glances through the corner of her eye. She watched his plate as it slowly emptied of food, trying to stay close enough that his elbow would touch her, but just far away to not seem intentional. If only she were left handed, she could.... oh wait!

"God, please make me left handed," she prayed silently. She then

switched her fork over to the left and continued eating; now she was able to graze her own elbow against him. Though she was careful not to do it every bite lest it seem suspicious. After a while Morpheus noticed something.

"Woahw! Big sis, awe you weft-handed?"

"Actually I'm, uh..... ambidextrous."

"What's ambidextwous?"

"It means I can use both hands equally well."

"Big sis is ambidextwous! I wanna be ambidextwous too!"

"Well, if you work hard enough at it, you can be too."

"I wiww twy now!" Morpheus copied her and switched his fork to the left hand, attempting to eat with it. He could successfully stab the eggs and bring it to his mouth, but cutting the sausage proved to be an insurmountable challenge. He ended up slipping and knocking the toast off, falling butter side down. Toast was always his favorite part of the meal, which is why he always saved it for last; but now eating it would no longer be possible. Morpheus started crying. Mom was startled and came over to investigate.

"What happened?"

"My toast is wuined! Waaaa!"

"Morpheus, don't you remember what I said last time? If that ever happens you can just pray and God will fix it. Here, watch: God, we got another toast situation here. Could you–" Before she even finished, the toast seemingly went backwards in time and ascended back up to the plate, all buttered and jellied back to its pre-fallen state. And correspondingly God wiped the tears from Morpheus's eyes to make him instantly happy again.

"My toast is back! Yay!" Morpheus picked it up and ate it first thing, breaking his usual procedure out of sheer excitement. After finishing, the salty bread had made him thirsty. "Mama, is thewe any miwk?"

"Probably not, but let's check." Mom opened the fridge to check for milk, but then shook her head. "Looks like we're still out. Someone's gonna have to go shopping. Pandora, would you mind going to get some?"

Pandora perked up. All this time she'd been waiting for something to do, anything to make her feel like she knew what she was doing. It's been forever since mom even asked her for anything at all; finally she was given an errand to run! Hopefully doing this would initiate the path toward recovering their old relationship. "Yeah, I'll go get some. Where's the store at?"

"It's just a few miles south down the highway, you can't miss it. Oh, and can you take Morpheus with you? He can guide you there. And show you what milk to get, if there is any. Isn't that right, Morpheus?"

Morpheus answered through his food-stuffed mouth. "Ymm!"

"Alright, here are the truck keys. While you're there you might as well buy whatever else, like some furniture for that room of yours; it could use some decoration. The rest of us will be heading to church."

Pandora took the keys and put them in her pocket, then continued finishing her breakfast. Morpheus did the same.

"Morpheus, are you done? Here I'll take your plate."

"Owkay."

Pandora took both their plates to the sink and washed them off. Once set out to dry, she started towards the front door. “Alright, come on Morpheus. We're going to the store now, okay?”

He followed her to the door, which she held open for him, and then closed behind. Out in the front yard was the truck: just an ordinary, ancient, 2018 Chevrolet. The same one her parents had in the Old World, brought back through an extra large TATER TOT. Guess they were still sentimental about it. Pandora climbed in the driver seat, and Morpheus in the passenger. She started it up, reminiscing as the familiar engine sound reached her ears, then left the house. Morpheus kept looking around and staring out the window, and Pandora in turn kept stealing glances at him, not sure what to talk about. She wanted to say something, but just..... what? Certainly not the weather, no no no, it needs to be... something else (even though the weather on this station probably would be interesting to talk about). This is what preoccupied her mind for the first mile, but upon reaching the main highway, she realized a certain dilemma.

“Ummm, hey Morpheus, which way is south?” She thought she knew based on the sun's location, but maybe that didn't apply anymore given all *that.*

“It's that way!” He pointed to the right, back towards the planet's main cylinder. Huh, okay then. It appears that the station's center was south, and any direction within a rung which extended outward was north. Then anything going clockwise was west, and counterclockwise was east.

Pandora felt a certain happiness in her as she drove. What was this feeling? She was just running a simple errand, and yet, it felt so *good*. A feeling of joy bloomed in Pandora's heart that she hadn't felt in a long time: the pleasure of doing a task for someone else. It had been so long since Mom asked her for anything at all, so to do something helpful for her was a precious experience. Already she must trust her a great deal to entrust this little kid to her.

They arrived at the store. “Alright Morpheus, we're here. Time to get out.” Morpheus obeyed and jumped out of the truck. Pandora left it running with the keys inside, not realizing it had been modified to automatically lock itself after leaving.

They walked up to the supermarket, Morpheus's tiny hand holding hers while sticking closely beside. Upon entering, Pandora was expecting to find regular shopping carts, but there were none. Instead there were just a bunch of empty ring things.

“Uh, Morpheus? Do stores still have shopping carts?”

“No bis sis, they'we cawwed powtal cawts!”

“Portal carts?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Can you show me how they work?”

Morpheus took it from her hand and spun it around, looking for the ON switch. He pressed a tiny button, and poof: a portal appeared!

“Oh, that's pretty neat. Thanks Morphy.”

“Mm hmm.”

They walked deeper into the store. Oh man, this place was not laid out like anything Pandora had seen before. It certainly wasn't like Walmart; there

were a ton of new and strange things for sale which she had never seen before. Much of it looked like it could probably be used for sex, but it could just as equally be for something else. Maybe cooking? Either way it wasn't milk, so it didn't matter right now. But hmmm, where would milk be in this place? “Morpheus, do you know where the milk aisle is?”

“Yeah, it's at the faw back wight.” His tiny finger pointed.

“Okay, let's go get that first.” Pandora led him through the store, weaving through the aisles which seemed to be purposely laid out like a confusing maze. Good God, who designed this layout? It's like they never heard the term “rows and columns.” As the 2 mazed their way through, Pandora passed through a furniture section. Oh! This is also what she needed. “Uhh, slight delay Morpheus, I need to get some of this furniture. Give me just a sec.”

Morpheus hung around, checking out the other cool things in the aisle while Pandora browsed. Let's see, we need to get a desk, a chair, a dresser, a night stand, and an entertainment center. That's all the things she had before, so it should suffice. Pandora grabbed each one, neatly arranged in boxes that fit right through the portal; luckily it could expand to accommodate larger objects. Tonight's gonna be a furniture building party! Once everything was in the bag, Pandora looked around, but Morpheus was out of sight. Oh crap! “Morpheus? Morpheus, where'd you go?” She ran to the end of the aisle and turned the corner: phew, there he was, just messing around with some kind of toy.

“Oh thank God, Morpheus you scared me.”

He looked up, puzzled. “Huh?”

“You can't just..... never mind. Just stay close to me from here on, alright?”

“Owkay.”

Pandora continued leading the way through the maze. And continued being equally lost, so much that Morpheus thought she was purposely heading the wrong direction.

“Big sis, awe we stiww getting miwk?”

“Yes Morphy, we're going there now. For real this time.”

“Yay, time fohw miwk!”

He seemed oddly excited about it. “Is milk your favorite drink?”

“Yeah! It's best dwink evew!”

“Well, I'll make sure to get plenty then.”

At last they reached a point where things became more open, with a straight isle to the back. Along the way they passed by an aisle full of..... genitals? What the? She only caught a brief glimpse of one, but it appeared to say “starter pack pussy.” Pandora hurried along past it, as the mere sight of such a forbidden toy would probably traumatize this little boy.

Finally they reached the milk section. But to their disappointment, all the shelves were barren, not a gallon in sight. What? Out of milk? How is that possible? Then she remembered: Oh yeah, that one radio broadcast in the car mentioned something about that. Just great, now she has to return home empty-handed.

“Uh oh, looks like they're sold out. Guess we'll have to get milk some

other time.” Pandora looked down at Morpheus and saw him starting to tear up, face contorted with sadness, before breaking out into a screaming, sobbing wail.

“Waaa! Waaaa! *sniffle* Waaaaa!”

“Hold on, it's okay, it's okay! We'll just get milk from somewhere else!”

“But I, *sniffle,* I onwy wike miwk from heew! Waaa!”

This reaction was unexpected. At all costs did Pandora not want this little crybaby kid to draw attention, so she prayed to God. “God, can you please restock the shelves with milk?” She then looked back at the shelves expecting to find some. But there wasn't any. Nothing happened at all. “Uh, God? I said we need some milk here. Please?” But again, nothing appeared. What the heck? Why isn't it working?

Morpheus's screeching cries continued piercing the air. Pandora looked around at the other strangers; some of them just minded their own business, while others gave short glances over before hurrying away, acting like they didn't notice the commotion. Meanwhile the annoying child just kept sobbing loudly, distraught at his lack of milk. Pandora desperately wracked her brain thinking of a way to console him, and suddenly came up with an idea.

“Hey Morphy, do you know where milk even comes from?”

An answer mumbled through tears and sniffling: “No.”

“Well, come over here and I'll show you.” Pandora led him back to a more hidden aisle where nobody was around. She then proceeded to slip off her shirt and part of her bra, taking her right breast out to show Morpheus. “It's right here. The milk comes from right here,” she said pointing to her nipple.

Morpheus started calming down. “Weawwy?”

“Yup, really. It'll come right out with suction, so if you use your mouth it'll..... come right out.”

Now his tears had ceased completely; again God wiped them away. “Miwk comes from big sis! I want miwk!”

“And I want you to have it. So just come here and suck it.”

Morpheus approached Pandora. Since he was only 3 ft. tall, she bent over for him to reach it easier. He put his mouth to her nipple and began sucking. Pandora could feel as his tongue swirled around her lactating pink stub, and as the milk inside her slowly flowed out with each suction. He kept going for about a minute until he'd drank enough.

“Big sis miwk is dewicious! I wanna make miwk too!”

“Well, once you're old enough you'll be able to.”

“When wiw I gwow big things wike you, sis?”

“.....When you're old enough. But you gotta grow up first.”

“Owkay, I wiw gwow up supa fast!”

“I'm sure you will, Morphy.”

Pandora picked up her shopping portal. Well, at least she got everything else they needed, which means time to check out. They mazed their way back up front, where specialized angel cashiers were checking people out. Pandora handed the portal over, and the angel started scanning. Meanwhile she pulled out her wallet to get the money prepared, but there was none, so she just prayed for $1000. The total ended up as ¥428.307, and required exact change. A third

decimal? How the **** does that work? Also the currency itself was different, and a line was starting to form behind them. She prayed again for whatever coins would work, yet still completely clueless how to count them when Morpheus suddenly had another problem.

"Big sis? I need ta pee."

"Ugh, no you don't. Just pray to God and it'll go away." More counting.

"But I don't know how to pway!"

"It's simple. Just ask God for it the same way you would ask me."

"Owkay. Gawd, I need ta go pee, can you hewp me?" God answered, and immediately a flow of urine gushed forth from his pants, dripping down to form a smelly, yellow puddle on the ground as Pandora watched on, mortified.

"Seriously? You can't even PRAY the right way?"

"I'm... I'm sowwy!" Morpheus backed away from her, then started tearing up again, before breaking out into a loud wail.

"No, wait! It's still no big deal! God, can you please clean up the mess Morpheus just made?" Instantly the yellow puddle disappeared. "See? All clean. Nothing to be sad about."

But this didn't help; he kept sobbing loudly. Pandora turned back to the angel clerk. "Sorry about all this. Kids, ya know?" She gave it the money and grabbed the receipt. "Come on Morpheus, let's go home."

Morpheus couldn't hear her over the sound of his own crying.

"Morpheus! Come on, now!"

"Eek! Okay!" He followed her, fearing she would do something bad if he disobeyed. They walked out to the truck, and she dumped all the groceries from the portal into the open back. But once empty, she wasn't sure what else to do with it. Is there a portal bag return area? She looked around but saw nothing.

"Uhhhh, Morpheus? Do you know what to do with these?"

*sniffle "No." *sniffle

"It's fine, I'll take it back to the front. You just get in the truck." She left him there, headed back to the area she picked it up from, and placed it back. Then she went back to the truck, only to find Morpheus had disappeared. What!? Where did he go? "Morpheus? Morpheus, where are you!?" She shouted. But there was no answer. "Oh crap, this is bad. This is bad, this is bad." Panicked, she started running around the parking lot searching for him. She could NOT lose her brother on the very first day. What would mom say if she returned home without him? She scoured the whole front, but it was only when she got to the very back that she found him standing around talking with another little boy.

"Morpheus!"

He jumped, and looked up at her in wide-eyed fear.

"Didn't I say get in the truck?"

"But- but I just....."

"You can't just run away like that! Come on, we're going home." She grabbed his arm and dragged him away. Both the other boy and his mom didn't even get a chance to explain.

They both got back to the vehicle, and Pandora tried opening the door, only to find it stubbornly stuck shut. "Hang on, just let me...." and then it hit her.

Of course Morpheus couldn't get in, because it was locked! Doh! Well, she unlocked it now by phasing her hand through, and they both climbed in. Pandora started it up and took off, heading back the whole 5 minute drive home. Along the way, Morpheus kept crying. Pandora wanted to say something, but didn't know how to admit her mistake or apologize, and so kept silent. Just great, her first day with siblings and she already made one cry. Apparently children required a lot more care than she realized.

The second they arrived home, Morpheus jumped out of the truck and ran inside, leaving Pandora to carry all the groceries herself. She used super strength to carry all the boxes in one trip. As she passed through the living room, a couple of siblings were there playing a game. One of them especially stood out: a girl with red and orange hair that flowed with strange physics, matching the flame tattoos covering the rest of her body. Pandora glimpsed the screen to see what they were playing, and beheld an ancient ritual: Mario Party. Even after a century, it was still regarded as a great classic. She had only rarely got to play it at school parties, the only opportunity since she had no family willing to play. But now, she *does* have siblings, and they're playing it right now! Perhaps this could help take her mind off what just happened.

The red-haired chick looked back and saw her, revealing she also had deep, fiery red eyes. “Hey! Pandora, right?”

“Y- Yeah.”

“I take it you know what this is?” She nodded towards the screen.

“It's Mario Party. It was a pretty big game back in my time.”

“Yeah, well it still is. How about you come join us?” She pointed to a 3rd, unused controller.

“Uh, yeah! Just let me take this stuff up to my room first. I'll be back.” Pandora clamored up the steps with her armful of furniture. She opened the door to her room and..... oh wait, this wasn't her room, which she realized after seeing 4 people going at it hard on their bed. Were they also her siblings? Never mind, she closed the door and went to the next room over. *This* one was hers. She tossed all the boxes on the floor and sprinted back downstairs. There her sisters were, waiting. Pandora picked up the controller and joined.

“Okay, so you'll be player 3. Know how to play?”

“Actually no, I only played bits of it a long time ago.”

“Haha, okay, we'll go easy on you.” The other girl next to the red-haired one smiled.

“So, like, what are your names?” Pandora asked.

“I'm Artemis,” the flame tattoo girl said. “And this is Gaia.”

“Hey, I can speak for myself, thanks.”

“Do it then.”

The girl looked towards her. “I'm Gaia.”

Artemis clapped. “Bravo! We're so proud!”

Gaia rolled her eyes. Then they got back to the game: Pandora's turn. She rolled a 3 and hit a mini-game space, which was a race to climb a tower. By the end of the race, Artemis had won.

“Phew, that was close.”

They kept playing for a while. During a short break, Gaia looked over at the clock. “Oh crap guys, we need to hurry up. I still gotta water the trees.”

“So are you like, *actually* the goddess of trees?” Pandora asked.

“I sure hope not. If I was they'd all be dead by now. It's just what dad wanted me to be at birth, so I'm stuck with it.”

Artemis had a remark. “Yeah, dad just named us after gods cause he wanted to, it doesn't mean anything. What about you? Were you the first woman ever created?”

“No, I guess not.”

“Maybe not the first ever, but she *was* the first out of all of us. Right *little sis*?”

Artemis, one of the oldest girls in the house, snorted. “Pfft, yeah she would've been, but then she slept for a hundred years, so technically I've been conscious longer. You're both little sis to me.”

Pandora didn't recall telling her that. “Wait, how do you know that?”

“Because mom told me.”

“Oh, she did?”

“Yup. From what I hear you've got more experience with dreams than everyone here, even Morpheus. He's supposed to be the god of dreams, but if anything he's the god of crying. Most annoying brat that's come out in a while.”

For some reason that offended Pandora. How dare this girl insult the first brother she talked to! “Hey! Morpheus is cute!”

“Oh yeah, I saw him run through here a while ago. Was he with you?”

“Yeah, we just got back from the grocery store.”

“Let me guess: it was for milk, right?”

“Yes! How'd you–”

“But the store didn't have any?”

Pandora shook her head. “Nope, all out.”

“I know because she sent me there dozens of times to get some, and it's always been out, ever since that stupid limitation passed last year.” (though Pandora didn't know it yet, Artemis was referring to New Earth planetary limitation #99, which enforced 99% of all factory milk production to be instantly vaporized upon shipping).

“Is the limitation for other stuff too, or just milk?”

“It's just milk. The guy who proposed it said he wanted to 'encourage alternative forms of homemade milk consumption.' Honestly, I think it's pure genius. Ever since then, whenever Epaphus wants milk he has to come to me. A few sucks from my nipples and he shuts right up.”

Oh? Pandora's sister had the same idea as her? They really are siblings! Pandora was about to share her own milky story when suddenly mom walked in the room. She looked and saw Gaia still goofing off.

“Gaia!”

She jumped up, alert. “Yeah, what?”

“Money trees! Now!”

“Okay, I'm going! Sheesh.” Gaia dropped her controller and stood up.

Pandora wasn't sure she heard correctly. “Wait, money trees?”

“Yeah, I gotta go water them.”

“Can I come see?”

“Sure, but it's pretty boring though.”

Pandora followed her outside, taking a route way back through the house to a different exit. Huh, that's odd. Pandora could swear the house wasn't this big on the outside. Even though most buildings do feel bigger on the inside than out, this was definitely way past where the boundary should've been.

Eventually they reached the door outside, and Gaia led her out. But when Pandora saw the sight, she just about fainted from awesomeness. What!? What in space tarnation is this!?

Before her on the ground appeared to be an ordinary garden area, complete with arrangements of flowers and trees. But that wasn't the strange thing. It was the *sky.* When Pandora looked up, it was just an endless collage of various video game stuff floating out in space: massive iconic weapons, ships, Tetris blocks, portals, dragons, chess pieces, character sculptures, and symbols, all laid out before a backdrop of spiraling, misty nebulae spanning to the distant purple and pink-tinted horizon. Most of them were unfamiliar to Pandora, but for sure she could make out a Halo ring, an 8-bit Mario statue, a sims symbol, a mass relay, a gravity gun, and the USG Ishimura. Each was arrayed in the sky like a moon orbiting the planet, big enough to live on if you flew a few thousand miles up to it. But choosing which to live on would very much depend on which franchise one was a fan of.

“Woah woah woah, hang on. What the **** is that!?”

Gaia looked up. “What? Where?” (Apparently she thought Pandora was referring to one specific thing, not the collective sight).

“The everything! Where'd all this stuff come from?”

“Oh that's right. Guess you haven't been out the Tetria exit before.”

“Tetria?”

“Yeah, it's the name of this planet. The OG video game world made back in year 1.”

“It looks so awesome!”

Gaia looked up, trying to empathize. “Yeah, that's what I thought the first couple years too. But eventually you get used to it. Usually something new pops up about once a month, but it's so far out you can barely see it.”

“Do people live on those things?”

“Some do. And sometimes we go visit, but just for vacation.”

Gaia resumed leading Pandora to the trees. As they got close, Pandora could indeed make out little dollar bills growing out from the trees. Or so she thought, but they weren't the familiar USD bills she was used to. It appeared to be an entirely new currency made for this New Heavens society, as imprinted on each one was an image of the Messiah. Really? Jesus has his own currency now? How long ago did that start?

Once Gaia reached the center of the garden, she held her hand straight towards the sky, and a powerful geyser of water erupted out supernaturally redirecting to each of the 70 surrounding trees. As Pandora spectated, she saw them sprout new ¥1 Yeshuans rapidly. Treesus Christ!

After 1 minute the trees had enough, and they retreated to the house. Artemis was standing out on the porch; she had been observing the whole time.

"Yo Pandora, I saw you brought some furniture in earlier. Need help setting things up?"

Huh? Someone to actually help her with household tasks? Never had anyone but Zoey even made such an offer. "Sure! Let's go do it now."

Pandora led them to her room. There on the floor were the boxes containing the desk, dresser, night stand, and entertainment center. "I know it's a lot, but if we work together maybe we can get it done under an hour."

Artemis chuckled. "An hour? You're kidding, right?"

"2 hours?"

"No, 2 seconds. Watch this." Artemis held her arm out and snapped her fingers, and instantly all the furniture flew right out of their boxes, constructed itself, and placed itself around the room. Though Artemis's calculation was a bit off, as it actually took 3 seconds.

"..... Or you could just do that."

Gaia rolled her eyes. "Always quick to do it the easy way."

"What can I say? Chores are boring. No point in wasting time doing stupid stuff."

Pandora's woodworking instincts took over. "Stupid? I think it can be pretty fun."

Artemis shrugged. "Oh really? Then how about this." She snapped once again, and everything disassembled and folded back into the boxes.

"That's better, now let's–"

"Or this." Another snap, and this time the whole room caught on fire. Then another snap, and the whole thing exploded. Then another snap, and everything was restored back to normal. Another snap, and a disco party lit up the room. This snappy girl just did whatever she felt like.

"Hey, stop messing with my room!"

"Ha, *your* room? Do you have any idea who used to live in here?"

"No. How could I?"

"Whatever, I'm just trying to show you don't need to bother with stupid crap anymore. Come on, let's get back to the game."

"But, the furniture....."

"Ugh!" Artemis snapped again, and her room was decorated how she wanted it. "There, it's fixed. Now let's go."

Artemis lead them all back downstairs. Holy ****, what is wrong with this girl? Talk about a control freak. Or no, more like a crazy demolition lady. Whatever she was, it certainly wasn't normal. But at the same time she's kind of..... fun? At least conversation would be interesting.

They got back to the living room; the game was still on, and they resumed playing. Man, this is only her first day here, and already things are crazy. Which is exactly what she was hoping for, but it was still just..... something felt missing, like it wasn't fun. What was it? Sitting and playing games could be fun, sure, but without a deep familial connection, it just felt shallow. If Pandora was *really* gonna fit in, she'd have to get closer to them.

More intimate. More emotional. More sexual. After all, that's the whole thing she had hoped for, so why not? Pandora glanced at Artemis's tattoos. Wow, she's kinda sexy. What does she look like down there? Does she shave? Pandora was just about to ask her to strip when suddenly mom came back a 2nd time.

"Excuse me girls, but..... Pandora, could you come here?"

Pandora stood up and followed her. Oh great, mom wants a little one on one chitchat. Hopefully she's not in trouble or anything. Mom led her away, taking her into her own private bedroom. And now, the confrontation:

"Okay, so do you know what I'm about to ask you?"

Pandora shook her head. "No idea."

"I just went to check up on Morpheus. He was laying on the floor, crying. He said you yelled at him at the store. Is that true?"

"N- N- No, I didn't! He tried running away, and all I did was tell him not to. And then there wasn't any milk, and he just..... He's just a crybaby that gets upset over nothing!"

Mom looked tired, knowing exactly what she was talking about. "Yes, that is true. Honestly I've been thinking the same thing for the past 4 years. He's always cried a lot, even before his first words, and it's getting a little exhausting to me. And so, that's why I have a request for you."

Oh no, here it comes. What's mom gonna ask? Pandora dreaded.

"Can you look after Morpheus from here on out? Like, play with him, teach him how to talk, feed him, you know. Basically just keep him happy and out of the way."

Pandora repressed an intense feeling of giddiness. Really? Her mom WANTS her to take care of this little crybaby boy? I mean, yeah! That's what she always dreamed of, so why not? Though given today's events alone, perhaps the reality was a bit more complicated than her expectations, but that's okay. She can learn to handle anything if it means finally having a little brother.

"Sure, I'll do it."

Mom's eyes beamed with hope. "Really? You will?"

"Yeah. I've always wanted to..... er, wanted someone to care for."

Mom sighed in relief. "Okay, good. But do you know *how* to?"

"Uhhhhh....."

"The first thing you should do..... is go up and apologize to him."

"But I didn't do anything wrong."

"That doesn't matter. What matters is how he feels about it, and it's your job to get him to feel better."

"Okay, I get it. I'll just..... head on up there then. Where's his room at?"

"It's up those stairs, the 7th door down on the right." She pointed. "Best you hurry, your father should be on his way back now."

Pandora started for the stairs, the ones on the other end of the living room from hers. As she departed, mom offered her final piece of advice:

"Just do whatever you can to make him happy!"

Pandora obeyed her mother and headed up to Morpheus's room. First order of business was to undo the damage done earlier. Getting along with siblings wasn't something Pandora was used to, but it seemed highly important

that amends be made as quickly as possible. Plus if she was ever gonna have the relationship she wanted, she would have to make Morpheus like her. And if it comes down to it, she'll just have him pray to God to force him to.

Once she got near his room, she tiptoed and stood quietly outside, ear pressed against the door. A faint sound emanated from within. Slowly she creaked the door open, peeking in. And there Morpheus was, on the floor playing with legos, trying to construct a spaceship of some kind. Since it seemed alright, she opened the door, intentionally making sound so he'd hear her. He looked up at her, startled and wide eyed.

“Hey Morphy. What'cha up to?”

Hesitantly he answered. “Nothing.”

“Looks like legos. You know, I used to play with legos when I was young.” Pandora lied.

“Weawwy?”

“Yup. Here, I'll play with you.” Pandora sat down next to Morpheus and picked up some legos, putting them together, then handed them over. His little hands touched hers. “Are you building a spaceship?”

“Yeah.”

“We'll build the spaceship together, okay?”

“Owkay.”

And so the 2 of them sat in mostly silence, slowly constructing the spacefaring vessel. Occasionally Pandora asked Morpheus to hand her a piece, other times giving him one that looked to fit for his section. The longer they played, the more comfortable he seemed to become, even starting to laugh. Now that he was happy, it was time to break the apology.

“Hey Morpheus. About earlier, I..... I'm sorry if it seemed like I was angry. The truth is, I'm still trying to get used to this new world. I was confused and didn't know how to act. Also, I've never had a sibling before, so this is all kind of new to me. Will you..... will you forgive me?”

Morpheus got a puzzled expression. “Fowgive?”

“Yes, forgive. It means to..... uh..... huh, you know, I don't think I've ever had to define it before. Basically it means to move on, like, to forget bad things someone did. Though I didn't technically do anything 'bad,' I just..... well, I didn't mean to make you upset. All I want is for you to be happy, Morphy.”

Morpheus looked up hopefully, as the thing he had believed was starting to be proven false. “So, you down't hate me anymowe?”

“What? No! Why would you think that?”

He looked down. “Because you yewwed at me.”

“That was just cause I was freaked out. Morphy, of course I don't hate you. I love you! I adore you!”

He looked back up. “Weawwy?”

“Yes! Here, do you want..... do you want me to prove it?”

“What's wove?”

“Oh don't worry, I'm about to show you!”

Pandora couldn't wait to offer her most sincerest apology. Little boys aren't meant to be sad, they're meant to be spoiled! And she knew exactly what

would help prove her affection. She stood up, breathing heavily, massive butterflies bursting inside her stomach. She's really gonna do it! She's gonna..... Pandora gripped her pants on either side of her sisterly waist. Morpheus looked up at her curiously, wondering what she was up to. What is love? Like, really, what is love? This little boy was dying to know. Pandora's pants had just started moving down, when suddenly–

Creak! The door opened, and there mother was. Pandora turned around and let go of her pants. Oh, hey mom! I totally wasn't about to do *that* or anything, haha, ahahaha. I just don't want you here to ruin the moment when I do it; this is special brother-sister time you're intruding on here!

Mom assessed the situation. “Wow, looks like you two are having fun!”

“We'we buiwding a spaceship!” Morpheus pronounced.

She noticed the lego stack, indeed surmising it had made great progress since last time. “Oh, are you? That's great! Pandora, did you help?”

“Yup, we built it together. Still got a long way to go though.”

“Hey, Pandora? Your father just got back. We're about to go take a shower together. Would you like to join?”

Pandora thought for a moment. A shower? With her parents? Heck yeah, that sounds fun! “Sure, I'll come down in a minute.”

“Don't wait too long, he's already getting the water ready.” She left.

Pandora looked back to Morpheus. “Hey Morphy, this was fun today, but I gotta go now. We'll play more tomorrow, okay?”

Morpheus looked disappointed. “Awww, wiw you show me what wove is tomowwow?”

“Oh yeah, tomorrow for sure.”

“Yay!”

Pandora left Morpheus's room, closing the door. Alright, shower time with mommy and daddy, let's go! She ran downstairs to the bathroom, and found them both standing in the hot, steam-filled room. The shower was pretty large, probably big enough to hold 30 people if squeezed in tight, which means there was definitely room for 3.

“Look honey, she came of her own volition!”

Dad turned around, and a smile grew. “There she is! The big girl herself. The original, the OG, the primordial being.”

“Indeed, now the ritual can begin. We'll start first.” Mom and dad took their clothes off, dropping them in the hamper. “Alright sweetie, now your turn.”

Pandora stripped naked as well, revealing her teenage daughter form in all its glory. “Wow sweetie, you've filled out in all the right places!” She dropped hers in the hamper too, then they all jumped in the shower.

Mom was now 152 years old, and dad was 153. And yet appearance-wise they both looked to be about 25 year old adults in their prime. Mom's breasts were so full and plump, and dad's dick was long and had its foreskin restored. “Look Pandora. This is the thing that created you. Isn't it wonderful?”

Pandora felt the whole package, squeezing it. “Yup, it sure is.”

“And you came out of here! Can you believe it?”

“Yes. I'm so grateful to have been born.”

Dad interjected. “Honey, I think she would be happy if you let her feel the place she was born from. Isn't that right, Pandora?”

“Well, I have always been curious about it. Sure, I'll touch it.” Pandora stuck her fingers in, feeling her literal birth canal. Viewing and touching her birthplace in person was a privilege restricted from her in the Old World, so to see it now was a rare treat. It made her feel surprisingly comfortable.

“So, sweetie, how do you feel?”

“I feel..... happy! Like, this is amazing!”

“Haha, I knew you'd like it! Our little baby has finally come home.”

Little did Pandora know, her parents had repeated this same ritual with each child countless times for each one above age 6. Every time it made them happy too, so they knew Pandora would experience the same pleasant result. Awww, how sweet. Pandora's parents were putting themselves out there trying to reconnect with their dear, long lost daughter. Intimate conversation and physical touch are tried and true methods of bonding closer together. If their relationship was gonna be rebuilt to a healthy standard, they would have to engage in a lot more intimate activities together.

“By the way sweetie, did you enjoy playing with your sisters earlier?”

Pandora nodded enthusiastically. “They were fun!”

“About that, there's something I think you should know. I may have..... put Artemis up to it.”

Pandora kept rubbing her birthplace.

“She tends to be pretty good at making people feel welcome, and I figured you'd be too shy to connect with her on your own, so I had them set up the game to be playing when you got back. I told her that when you got back, she was to invite you to play. And I..... well, I just want you to feel you belong here! Because you do!”

“Yeah, I know. I do feel like I belong here. Just getting used to it.”

Mom and dad hugged their daughter, letting the water splash onto them for several minutes in silence. After a while of touching, mom spoke again.

“By the way..... I noticed Morpheus looked happy with you, more so than usual. You seemed to be getting along well. Do you like him?”

The hug disconnected. Now was the moment of truth. Does she lay it all out, or keep it secret? “Ummm..... well.....” Pandora blushed, her face turning hotter than the steaming water dripping from her teenage hair. The butterflies in her stomach made her fidget, and she stood silently looking away. Dad responded for her. “Woah, honey, I'd say this looks more than just liking.”

Now some panic. “No no, it's not like that! I just..... I like playing with him. That's it.”

“Oh? Playing with him?”

“Yeah.”

“Then it seems I was right in making you his guardian. I'm sure you'll have lots of fun together.”

“Yes mom, we will.”

Mom grabbed her by the shoulders, now getting into proper parenting mode. “Really? Are you sure? Are you absolutely serious?”

“Yes, I'm serious!”

“In that case, there's something else you'll need to do. Wanna guess?”

“Uhhhhhh.....”

“Get a job.”

Those words stabbed Pandora's heart. “But, I don't wanna work! I wanna play all day with Morpheus! And the others!”

“Morpheus has school tomorrow anyway, he goes every weekday. If you just work during the day, you could still be home in the evenings to play with him.”

“Well, I mean..... okay, I can do that. But where would I even work at? What would I be doing? There's kinda nothing that needs to be done. If we can just pray for anything, then what's the point?”

Dad chimed in. “Honey, I know EXACTLY what you're talking about. We felt that way the first couple years too. It felt like anything we could do was just pointless. But eventually I got over it by finding something I loved, and that thing involved – now I know you might not wanna hear this, but – going to work every day. For me, the answer was bartending, getting drunk, and having a good time with customers. I loved doing it then, and I still do now. But for you it'd probably be something else. Do you still like woodworking?”

“I don't know. Maybe.”

“A maybe is good enough. Just try it once and see if you still like it. If not then, well, we'll find something else.”

“Hmph, fine. I'll try and apply somewhere.”

Little did Pandora know, “trying” to apply for jobs was no longer necessary, as Job Hunting Mode automatically matched with perfect co-workers to collaborate on any given task. Once they had all dried off, her parents helped her match for a local carpentry job, and found one that started the next day. The names of the workers sounded oddly familiar: Jeanette, Frank, and Mike.

“Oh what? My old co-workers will join?”

“That's right! Looks like they all accepted the invitation.”

Oh boy, Pandora couldn't wait for her overdue workplace reunion.

Chapter 8.9

The Tower of Failure

Pandora woke up exactly on time. Because that's what important jobs require. Spending time with your family and little brother? That's not important, only jobs are! So Pandora got ready and went down for breakfast. She was hoping he would come down and eat with her again. “Is Morpheus coming?”

“No sweetie, he already left for school.”

“Oh.” Drat, maybe next time. Pandora ate breakfast with 2 voids: the one in the chair next to her, and the one in her heart.

“Well I'm off to work then. See ya!” Pandora walked outside, but the truck was gone, so instead she conjured a portal straight to work. Portals? Work? Amazing! Now we don't need transportation!

Pandora was expecting to find a building, but it was just an empty grass field. “Wait..... where’s work?” Instantly dirt from the ground rose and reshaped into the exact shape of her old office. Out of more portals came her co-workers: Jeanette, Frank, and her boss Mike. But not Iris, because she was dead.

“Looks like the gang's finally back together!”

“Wait, where's Iris? Is she gone?”

“Yup, she died.”

“Ah shoot, I was gonna have sex with her, but I guess I can't now.”

“Yup, and she can't have it either. It's a tragedy.”

Mike stepped forward. “All right you slackers, listen up! First up we're building a table, so get on it!”

Pandora gathered the materials and tools and got to work, but within 2 seconds was already tired of it. “Y’know, I kinda don’t wanna be doing this right now.” A button appeared saying, “finish project?” Pandora pressed it, and the table instantly built itself. “Alright Mike, I’m done!”

“Excellent work Pandora! You beat your own time by 8 hours, a new record! Next I have another project.”

“Wait, another one? I thought that'd be it!”

“No silly, there is ALWAYS more work to be done. Doesn't matter how many tasks you've done, one can always find more! And for this next assignment we're gonna build the SPACE ELEVATOR OF BABEL!!!”

“Umm, but like, why though?”

“Because it'll be pretty neat!”

“But we don't care to build such a thing. It's completely pointless. Why not focus on more useful stuff?”

“Because! You are my employees, and I make the decisions here. We are all gonna build this tower, starting now! It should only take 43 million years to finish, so get to work!”

Mike left them all to begin construction. Wait, 43 million years? Who does this guy think he is? Pandora has a special brother-sister date planned for tonight, no way she can stay that long! She prayed for it to be instantly finished, and out of the ground erected a gigantic tower which stretched 8,400 miles up connecting to the next Earth rung.

Mike returned. “Hey, that's cheating! No cheating allowed, we're gonna do it the RIGHT way. Scrap it and start over.”

“Ugh, but why? It's the same result anyway.”

“No, it's NOT the same. I can't have God be the one to do it. It's MY tower, which shall reach unto the heavens. In fact I shall have it reach through THREE different Heavens: the sky here, the space between, and the sky of the adjacent Earth rung. I alone shall connect the station together!”

“But if God only acts because of your decision, can we really say that he is the sole one responsible? It'd still be your tower.”

“Questions such as those are not meant for mere wage slaves like you. Stop pondering pointless questions and get to work!”

Pandora and her co-workers unwished the structure, and commenced building it the normal way. Oh great, yet another crazy tyrant forcing people to do stupid stuff. It will take quite a while to build the tower. Or at least, it would have, but suddenly God came down and sealed Mike's mouth; now he couldn't give any more orders. Upon realizing this, the workers revolted.

“Hey Mike, what should we do next?”

Mike didn't answer.

“We're gonna head home now. Speak if you have a problem with that.”

He waved his arms around frantically, yet remained silent.

“Hooray, no more orders! Looks like we're done then.” Thank God Pandora didn't have to waste time and effort building a stupid giant tower. Just like the slaves forced to construct that other ancient tower; God's intervention saved them too, and now they can devote effort to projects with actual utility instead of contests over who has the biggest di– I mean, tower.

Chapter 7.1

Sis

Pandora returned home. Mom was lazing on the couch, watching TV. “How was work, sweetie?”

Pandora just shook her head.

“Didn't work out?”

“Nope, it was awful. I hate building space elevators.”

“Aww that's okay, sweetie. You just need to find something you enjoy doing. I'm sure you'll find something soon.”

“Yeah, I hope. I'll go look for something else.” Pandora walked up to her room and turned on the computer. She pulled up the local job locator app and began browsing. But she could barely concentrate, eager with excitement as thoughts of her adorable little brother surfaced in her mind. She had been feeling horny all morning, but decided she was gonna save herself for tonight: her precious little darling deserved a pure sister for his first time. Dang it, last night she had come *so close* to getting her way – mere inches from her deepest fantasy being fulfilled – only to be cut short. But that won't be the case for today. It was already 11:00, only a few more hours and Morpheus should be home. Hmm, so he's at school..... What kinds of garbage are they teaching now? Hopefully nothing stupid and brainwashing; Pandora would prefer a little intelligence in her lover. After all, what is there to even *learn* anyway? If her job today was anything to go by, then seemingly even the jobs one *would've* needed education for are now redundant. The ability to wish for anything renders hard work obsolete. What in the world does everyone spend their time doing these days? Perhaps Artemis had a good point after all. Regardless, Pandora kept browsing to try and find something not stupid. She found a list of jobs seeking new hires:

1. Organ Tester
2. Copyright Zookeeper
3. Human Milker
4. Gaming Professor
5. Planetary Architect
6. Anime Maid/ Butler
7. Alien Hunter
8. Dinosaur Breeder
10. Dream Eater
11. Hell Land Ride Operator
12. Child Drowner
13. Torture Masseuse
14. Kidnapper Raper
15. Virus Spreader
16. Space Station Tour Guide
17. Actually Legit Fortuneteller

9. Door to Door Nanny Prostitute 18. Wizard School Teacher

Wait, what? ALIEN HUNTER? What the **** is that? Now her attention was piqued. She clicked on the link, and had only just begun reading the page when she heard a knock on the door. “Yeah? Come in.” The door opened, and standing before her was..... Morpheus! Oh crap, he's back already?

“Big sis, you'we hewe! Momma towd me you'd be up hewe.”

“Yes Morphy, I'm here. And looking for a better job. Trust me, you DON'T want to be a carpenter.”

“Cawpentew?”

“Yes, it's when you build stuff for people. Or it *would* be if that still needed to be done, but it doesn't, so I'm trying to find something else. But anyway....” Pandora exited out the window and turned her chair around to face him. “Anyway, how was school today?”

“I weawned how ta count ta one hundwed!”

“Wow, really? Is that all they taught you?”

“Yeah!”

“Surely they're not teaching you about *that* stuff, are they?” Traumatic memories of anatomy class flashed through her mind.

“About what?”

“Uh, nothing! Forget I said that.”

“Oh! You mean wove?”

“Um.....”

“Wiww you show me what wove is today?”

“Well..... I guess I could. Yeah, let's go to your room for it.”

“Owkay!” Morpheus led the way, eager to learn what love is. And Pandora was about to teach it, or so she thought, when in fact it would be more accurate to say she too was about to learn it, for she herself was just as ignorant.

They arrived at Morpheus's room. He opened the door for his beloved big princess. “Aftew you, big sis!” His royal chambers beckoned her in, where their collaboration still stood: the spaceship, partially constructed. Perhaps later they would consummate the project.

Morpheus locked the door. “Owkay big sis, whewe's the wove at?”

“It's..... right down here.” Pandora pointed at her crotch.

Morpheus looked closely at it. “Weawwy? I don't see it.”

“That's because the clothes are still covering it up. You have to remove them first, drop them to the floor.”

“I do?”

“Yes Morphy. If I do it, it's not love. But if you do it, then it is.”

“Hmmm, owkay then.” He came over to her and did as told. His tiny hands reached up around her hips – her big, wide, sisterly hips – and gripped her pants on either side. This was the first time anyone had ever done this to her. Every other time, she was the one to remove them, but nothing could compete with the curiosity of a young child. She felt as they went down, an inch at a time as he shuffled back and forth to get them off. The moment they dropped to the floor, his gaze became fixed on her sister area. He looked kinda confused.

“Big sis? Whewe's youw weenie?”

Indeed big sis, where is it? Tell him the truth. “I uhhhh, don't have one right now.”

“Whewe'd it go?”

“It went back inside me when I became a girl. Girls don't have weenies Morphy, did you know that?”

He shook his head.

“We may not have weenies, but we do have something else. This thing right here.” Pandora spread her legs and lips open. “Do you wanna touch it?”

“Yeah!”

“Okay then. Here. Explore it all you want.”

Morpheus looked up at her private parts, admiring the simple view of this exotic sisterly treat. Then he stuck his fingers inside, touching it all over. He rubbed the outer lips, pinched her clit, stuck his entire hand and wrist in, and pretty much everything else a girl could want.

“Morphy, do you know what this is called?”

He kept feeling inside, too mesmerized to answer.

“This is called *curiosity.* It's when you desperately want to know something, and seek out that knowledge.”

“Cuwiosity?”

“Yes, that's right.”

Morpheus kept playing with it, thinking about what she just said. After a few more moments, he had processed it. “I wove cuwiosity!”

“Yes Morphy, I love it too. You can stay curious for as long as you want.” Pandora squealed inside with giddiness while suppressing a moan. But as he kept playing, such emotion became increasingly harder to contain, and she let out a small “OHH.”

Morpheus retreated. “Sis! Did I huwt you?”

“No Morphy, that's not pain. It's pleasure. You're making me feel good, that's all. Keep going!”

“Owkay.” And so he kept playing. And playing. And playing. This little boy's curiosity was as large as his cuteness, and Pandora was proud of the precocious little gremlin she had managed to bring out. The cutest, most curious gremlin in the world. At long last, she had finally lost her incest virginity, her most treasured kind of all.

“Big sis, I'm getting thiwsty. Can I have mowe miwk?”

“All the milk you want.”

After Happy Brother-Sister Time

When Pandora left Morpheus's room, all she could think about was his smiling little face. She had done what her mother asked: made him happy. And yet, now that the deed was done, Pandora felt a little bit of regret. They had only done it in his room, so suddenly and quickly. Man, why didn't she plan ahead better? She could've at least taken him out somewhere special, perhaps to a movie or love hotel. But no, he just played with her in his room, like one of his many

other toys. Their next date should be something truly romantic.

It was now lunchtime. Pandora came downstairs, still drunk with euphoria over her precious first time. Artemis was alone at the table, consuming a giant tableful of food. She noticed Pandora as she stumbled around lost in thought, head still buzzing too much to care for anything else. The giddy expression on her face told Artemis everything.

"Wow, you look happy. Something good just happen?"

Pandora slumped down on the table, grinning stupidly. "I finally had incest with my brother. It was sooooo gooood."

Artemis leaned forward. "Really? So he stuck it in you?"

"Ohhh yes he did. His hand went all the way in. I can still feel his tiny fingers rubbing my insides."

Artemis chuckled. "Ha, well then that doesn't really count. It has to be his boy part, and you both have to cum. Only then can you call it *real* incest."

Pandora straightened up. "Really? Last I checked any touching counts."

"Yeah, well the last time you checked was a hundred years ago. Incest is *exclusively* for genitals touching. What you just did is called level 1 sister fondling. If you want the real thing, you're gonna have to be more assertive."

The older sister's wisdom contained too much truth for Pandora to bear. "Oh yeah? Well, what do *you* know about incest?"

Now Artemis burst out in manic laughter, as if Pandora had just asked what she knew about astronomy while claiming the Earth was a spherical globe. An absolutely comical display of ignorance, especially since one could clearly see Earth Station visible throughout the sky.

"What do I know? F***, what *don't* I know. I've had more times incest than days you've lived. Everyone above age 6, this pussy's seen action at least a hundred times with each one." She proudly patted her crotch, the instrument through which she had initiated every new family member for the past 40 years.

"You what? But that's..... polygamy!"

"Damn right it is, how else would this family thing work? I still remember my first time, the day when big bro did it to me. I had just turned 3 years old. Since I was still tiny it broke right through my cervix, filled me up *all* the way. Nothing else since has even come close. Sometimes I rewatch the recording of it just to try feeling it again. Gah, those were the times, man."

"Is that all you think about? Is sex with brothers?"

"Oh come now, I'm not that shallow. I like the sisters too."

"Would that include me?"

Artemis touched her chin while looking off at the ceiling. "Hmm, let me think....." She then reached over and gripped Pandora's boobies, inspecting them fiercely. "You do got some pretty big ones. Hey, why don't you come to my room? I'll show you some *real* fun. Little sis."

"Ehh, I think I'm gonna go and....."

"What? Got something better to do?"

Again that question. Pandora knew the answer. "No, I guess not."

"Nice. Then follow me." Artemis stood up and grabbed Pandora's hand, leading her deep down the hallway past dozens of doors, then made a right, and

dozens more. Finally they approached a door covered in flame graffiti. “Here we are. Be honest, could you tell it was mine?”

“I probably could've guessed, yeah.”

She opened the gateway to her sanctuary, and immediately the room revealed what kind of girl Artemis was. It was red, like, just red everywhere. Red carpet, red walls, red chair, red bed, everything a deep crimson blood clot. But that wasn't the main thing. The room was full of shelves, no, entire wardrobes of sex toys neatly arranged in alphabetized collections all around (at least the ones which could fit). There were larger devices as well – the same ones she saw at the store – tossed about carelessly on the floor waiting for their owner to use. And all around, posters of sexy celebrity men and naked anime girls were proudly displayed like an orgy collage on every wall.

“So whaddaya think of my collection?” She proudly waved like a waitress presenting a fancy dish.

Of course, Pandora had no idea what most of them even did. “What's this thing for?” She touched a sharp rock thing on a metal piston.

“That's a carver. It's for getting the shape right when you're a rock or wood body.”

“And what's this?” She pointed to an automated mixer thing.

“That's a fluffer, for whipping up cake and cream bodies. Man, how do you not know this?”

Pandora shrugged. “I can't help what I don't know.”

“Then it's about time I teach you. Come here.” She took her bedspread and laid it out flat, setting the stage. She patted the seat: her invitation.

“Ummmm, you know, I just remembered something. I have to.... oh yeah, I have to go find a job! That's it! So yeah, I'll be going now.” Pandora started for the door. But Artemis wasn't through with her yet.

“Hold up.”

Pandora froze. Oh great.

“Come on *little sis*, let me show you what *real* sex is. My bed's nice and comfy.”

“I think I know enough about sex already, thanks.”

“Oh really? Then I guess you'll already know what THIS is!”

Pandora felt a telepathic force lift her up into the air, and violently slam her down onto the bed. Artemis pinned her down, her big sister body stopping her from getting up. “Give me access to your body settings. Now.”

This show of force was as intimidating as it was unexpected. Pandora wanted to resist, but before she knew it, found herself overwhelmed by Artemis's sheer will, and the words escaped her lips. “Okay.”

Suddenly Pandora became completely paralyzed, unable to move at all. All her clothes vaporized, then she felt a bunch of inner cavities opening up all over her body, inside her arms, legs, torso, and even head. What was once filled with bone had now become empty pockets of sensitive flesh, and special pleasure nerves which radiated throughout her extremities. She must've had 30 vaginas now, at least. Then for Artemis, the inverse happened: A horde of penises sprouted all over her body, which shot out into portals and began

penetrating from within all over. From the outside, she still looked completely normal. But inside, every square inch of her interior was being violated, the motions of inner appendages grating back and forth throughout her limbs. Then to make matters better, Artemis started shooting out a bunch of frickin' laser beams everywhere, burning new holes through her body which were then filled by even more dicks; these ones could be seen thrusting from the outside. Pandora was overwhelmed as she felt various staggered orgasms throughout all her limbs and torso. Artemis too was feeling good; she fell down on the bed, moaning loudly and writhing in just as much pleasure as her, only not paralyzed. Once she was through, she removed all the dicks and undid the paralysis. Pandora jerked up, terrified of the sensations she had just endured.

"Good God, what did you do to me!?"

"That one's called 30X interior pussy with automated piston portals combined with paralysis and laser beam modifiers."

"That..... th-th-that's it, I'm telling mom!" Pandora ran out the room back to the dining hall. Though her bones were still gone, her hollow, loose-skinned body could still support itself from muscle alone. Eventually she reached the kitchen; nobody was there. Maybe her bedroom? Pandora entered it, and there she was, laying down watching a sit-com. Upon seeing her naked, jelly-limbed, hole-filled teen daughter appear, she sat up.

"Mom, you won't believe what just happened. Artemis just raped me!"

Mom gasped. "Oh, she did? Already? I thought she'd have waited at least a week. Can I see the damage?"

Pandora came up and showed off her whole body. Mom felt her saggy skin which had been stretched loose all over, sticking her fingers in the smoldering holes where the lasers burned through.

"Oh yeah, looks like she did you real good. Did you like it?"

Pandora nodded. "I loved it! It was soooo fun!"

"Haha, see? What'd I tell you? Artemis knows how to have a good time." Pandora was so excited to have an older sister to teach her stuff. This new life is gonna be so fun and exciting!

Dinner

Pandora could still feel the ghost of sisterly penises inside her wrists as she stumbled down the steps. The more she reflected on Artemis's lesson, the more in awe she became at her initiative. So far she'd been the first older sibling to truly reach out and get to know her, which is why, when Pandora again saw her at the table for dinnertime, relief filled her heart. Along with mom, who was eating a giant plate of some kind of animal.

"What's up little sis. Hungry for something good?"

Pandora could smell the delicious meat, but it was unfamiliar to any scent she knew of. And it looked really weird. "Yeah, what is it?"

Mom lifted her finger up, finishing chewing, then spoke. "God, we need another fried zorblorg here. Well done."

A fresh plate appeared. Pandora took a seat and picked up her fork and

knife, taking her first ever bite of this new scrumptious dish. It truly did taste amazing, despite not knowing what it was.

"So, what is a zorblorg, exactly?"

"Ash ignorant as ever I shee." Artemis remarked while chewing.

"Now now Artie, keep in mind she's still new to all this. It's not her fault she doesn't know. Or well, actually maybe it is, but that's besides the point. How about you just tell her what it is."

"Pfft, I don't know. A zorblorg's a zorblorg. How else do I describe it?"

"It's fine, I'll just look it up later." Pandora continued eating.

"Yeah, that's probably best." Mom copied her. "By the way sweetie, have you got around to trying rock sex as a female yet?"

"Not yet. With you is still my only time."

Artemis stopped eating. "Wait, you mean you 2 have already done it!?"

"Yes Artie, that's how I even found her at all."

"Damn, you're so lucky. I had to wait til I was 6. Hey mom, still remember the first time we did it?"

"How could I forget? You're still the only one who chose flame body for their first time and burned down the house."

"That's right, and it looked like this." The hair and tattoos on Artemis's body combusted, and the fire spread til she became a living humanoid inferno. Her sizzling form heated up the surroundings like a sisterly campfire, though it did also catch the table and chairs on fire.

"Please Artie, not now. You're melting the table."

"But my zorblorg was getting cold, I'm just warming it up again."

"Well don't cook it too long, or you'll burn it."

Once the meat was reheated, Artemis went back to a flesh girl to eat it. "Mmmm, that's better."

Shortly after that display, 2 young boys came running down the stairs. One of them was Morpheus, and Pandora's heart raced as they walked towards the table. The other was the same 6 year old that passed her upstairs with him the first day. Artemis looked excited to see that one.

"Well well, look who showed up. I know what they'll want." Artemis pulled out her tits. Both of them came up to her, and the 6 year old spoke first.

"Big sis, I'm thirsty. Got any milk?"

"Me too. Miwk pwease?"

"Yeah yeah, whatever. Bon appetit." She bent over, and the 2 of them began sucking from her succulent, fire-tattooed mammaries.

Something about this seemed a little off to Pandora. "Wait, have you been feeding them before?"

"Oh yeah, ever since they got back. All of us sisters take turns."

Take..... turns? No no no, this isn't right! Morpheus belongs to her, and her alone! "Um, hey Morphy? I have milk too. Would you rather have mine instead?" She took off her top so he could compare them.

"Yeah!" He left Artemis and came to her, and she let him drink. Phew, for a second it seemed like he was cheating on her. Maybe he's still just too young to understand the concept (or perhaps she's too old to not know). Still, if

she's gonna have him prefer hers over Artemis, she'll have to up her game. An idea struck, and she made a prayer. Morpheus immediately noticed the change.

"Woah big sis, youw miwk changed. What is it now?"

"It's chocolate. Go ahead, drink up."

"Chocowate!" He resumed drinking the chocolate milk, enjoying it even more as he nearly doubled the sucking rate. This was much preferable to Artemis, who sometimes pranked with spicy hot sauce milk.

Mother observed the 4 of them engaged in happy milky time. As she saw the pleasured expression of her precious teen daughter, a certain idea began forming in her mind. "Hmmm, I wonder....."

Pandora moaned.

"Sweetie, have you managed to find a job yet?"

Pandora gathered her focus long enough to answer. "Nope, not yet. Nothing I've found looks like something I'd enjoy. Ohhhh."

"Based on what I'm seeing now, I think I know the *perfect* thing you'd enjoy. Artemis, you agree, don't you?"

Bigger sis looked closely. "Yeah, I think she'd be cut out for it."

"What job?"

"There's a certain company, called Milk and Honey Inc. All you'd have to do is produce milk, all day long. Does that sound fun?"

Pandora contemplated the idea with her mind and body. Really? She can get PAID to produce milk? If it feels this good then, sure, why not? "Yeah, I think I could do that."

Artemis stepped in. "You know, that's actually a great idea. I remember when I worked there; that's how I learned so much about sex. If you work there, maybe they can fix your ignorance problem."

"How do I apply?"

"I don't think you have to anymore. I hear they're accepting walk-ins since the milk shortage is so bad. They'll probably hook you right up."

Morpheus finished drinking, and wiped the chocolate mustache from his lips. "I'm done bis sis. Wet's pway!"

"Pray?"

"No, *pway.*"

"Oh, sure Morphy, let's head on up to my room."

"Yay!"

Pandora lowered her shirt and got up, taking Morpheus's hand, and one last look back at the others. "I'll head there first thing tomorrow morning."

Mom smiled and waved goodnight, and the 2 headed upstairs. Now it was Pandora's turn: she held the door open for her dear little angel. "After you."

He entered her royal chambers, and she locked the door behind them.

"So, Morpheus, what game do you wanna play?"

He stared at the wall in silence, fidgeting, seemingly gathering the courage to ask something big. "Big sis, I wanna feew youw wet pawt again. But I..... don't want you to be awake fow it."

"Oh, you mean you wanna touch me while I'm sleeping?"

"Yeah."

“If that's what you want, then okay.” Pandora climbed onto the bed, laying down flat with arms on either side. “Do you want pants on or off?”

“On. Weave them on.”

“Alright, one sleeping sister coming up!” Her gaze met his, and for several moments, imagined what kinds of things he would do to her while passed out. Should she only pretend to be asleep, and feel it all? Or..... no, we can't do that. It's his will, so Pandora can't deny it. We'll go to actual sleep, just like he wants. She made sure to pray aloud: “God, put me to sleep for the next 10 hours, and no matter what, don't let me feel anything or wake up. Please, let Morpheus do whatever he wants with me. Put me to sleep in 3..... 2..... 1.....” She collapsed into unconsciousness. As for what happened next, well, Pandora will just have to imagine when she wakes up.

But this was not the case for Morpheus, for he knew exactly what was about to happen. He approached his sister. His big, lovely, awesome, selfless and caring sister. She was soundly and peacefully asleep, her chest heaving to the rhythm of her soft breaths. Morpheus just stood and observed for several minutes, admiring her restful beauty. He poked her cute cheeks a few times, making sure she wouldn't wake up easily. Then he took a deep breath and yelled, “BIG SIS, WAKE UP!” But nothing happened, she just lay still and peaceful, still breathing in rhythm. Good sis. Now it's time for..... that. Morpheus reached his hand out to touch her left breast, squishing it gently. He examined her face: still no reaction. The mission was proceeding as planned. He explored further, sliding his hand down her shirt from the neck opening, placing it right between both of her breasts, feeling their squishy goodness. Then with his other hand he grabbed the outside and pushed it in, sandwiching his right hand between them. Wow, so this is big sis's body. It's so huge and beautiful, and more importantly: it's his. He'd been wanting to mess with her big boobies, and was now free to do so all he wanted for the next 10 hours.

Next he grabbed her hand and brought his face close up, sucking on her dainty fingers. They tasted fleshy and good, but he figured it'd probably feel even better touching something else. Morpheus dropped his pants to the ground, exposing his own personal device meant for the hand just waiting to grab something. That is what hands are for, right? Morpheus sure thought so, so he took his thing and placed it in, manually closing her fingers around it. He then started making her wrist motion up and down, vicariously rubbing it. She was doing it! His big sister was finally doing it, just like he'd been hoping for! Her soft, moisturized flesh was gripping his own, and gliding it up and down. Oh man, if even her hand felt this good, then how about.....

Morpheus climbed up onto the bed with her, laying down to hold her tummy. He snuggled up close and wrapped around her whole body for a sweet, sleeping sister cuddle. “Big sis, thank you. I wove you. You'we amazing.” Once he had enough cuddling, he resumed the task at hand. Her lips..... her exquisite, moist, pink lips, elegantly juxtaposed beneath her long-lashed eyes and tiny button nose, with foggy breaths escaping every few seconds. This was the next part of the sister to explore. She wouldn't be able to taste it, but that's alright.

Morpheus lay her thing on top of her face, rubbing it over her eyes, nostrils, and lips several times, before finally plunging into the orifice it was meant for. It slid right in, depressing her tongue down as it went, and reached down to the edge of her throat. He tried fitting the balls in too, and luckily could since he was still small enough. There his big sis was, unconsciously eating the meal she had craved her whole life.

Once done with the mouth, next came the most forbidden place of all: the place of sisterly love he'd seen only once before. First he stuck his hand down, feeling the slippery edges of a crevice made of flesh. The folds parted as he went down further, going deep inside the cave of sisterly romance. This was the best part of the sister. Was there an even better part? Sadly no, this was the pinnacle place of pleasure for this form. (Just wait little Morphy, big sis will bring home even better things for you to play with once she learns about them).

He shifted down to sit on her legs, and carefully removed the pants and panties as she showed him earlier. Now it was exposed: the place of curiosity. He wondered what it tasted like, and placed his mouth and nose right up inside it, smelling the sisterly love fragrance. After enough of that, finally came the ultimate fun. He hoisted his own tiny pelvis up to hers, and stuck the thing in. Then he just sat there, motionless and resting. Since she was too big to grip around it, moving in and out was pointless, but it still felt nice knowing he was resting in the most comfortable position a boy possibly could.

Morpheus continued playing with his dormant sister toy til he got sleepy, stealing her level 2 sister fondling virginity without her knowledge. He pulled her pants back up, making sure she was nice and covered, then cuddled up close for a bedtime snuggle. Oh big sis..... you're so warm.

Chapter 8

Work

Exodus 3:8 “I have come down to bring them to a good land, a land flowing with milk and honey.”

Pandora woke up, stretching her arms up to the ceiling. But when they fell back down, it landed on something solid next to her. Something not bed. She glanced over, and her heart fluttered. There he was! Her lover, her little darling, peacefully resting next to her. She had done it! Their first time sleeping together! Aww man, too bad she hadn't been awake for it; if only there was a way to do it while sleeping.....

She patted the head of her little sleeping darling, then got up to leave for work, making sure to stay quiet so he wouldn't wake up. She exited the room, taking one last look back. “See you tonight, little angel.” Then she went outside. The car was there, but dad will probably need it later, so instead she conjured a new one and took it.

Pandora arrived at the workplace by crashing straight into the building. At the front entrance, there was an angel. “Hello, here to apply?”

“Yes, I'm here to be a milker.”

“Excellent. Please proceed to orientation, down the hall to the left.”

Wow, they really do just let anyone in here. At least she didn't have to deal with an interview! Pandora proceeded to the orientation hall and took a seat. A projector started playing a video of a man giving a speech to new hires; apparently they just replay the same ancient recording each time.

Milk and Honey Inc. Orientation

“The biggest flaw with the Old World was that the matter needed to create products was difficult to collect. Massive industries existed solely for purposes of growing crops, extracting raw materials, transporting goods, manufacturing and packaging products, and shipping them out. Thankfully, now all that work has been shortcut by placing all the needed materials directly inside the human body. One need no longer extract salt from the ocean, nor mine ore from rocks, for they are all conveniently located inside humans, just waiting to be extracted. That's where you come in: your task shall be to extract these materials and

funnel them into the matter formation machines, where it shall automatically be processed into other usable forms, packaged, and instantly deposited on empty shelves around the world via smart portals. Keeping shelves stacked with products is of paramount importance, therefore you are now tasked with the single most important job in the world. Never forget that, and always take pride in yourself and your service."

The video ended, and an I.D. card fell from the ceiling right onto the desk with Pandora's face and name printed on it. Additionally a calendar appeared detailing her weekly work schedule. Oh? According to this, work is only one day a week! Awesome! She stashed her employee materials, but then jumped as the room door suddenly opened. A man walked towards her.

"Hello, I see you have just joined our proud team. How much pay do you want?"

"That depends. How much can I get?"

"Any amount you ask."

"Hmmm, how about ¥500 quadrillion per hour?"

"I got a better idea: how about per orgasm?"

"Deal."

"And one more thing: will you be an active milker or passive?"

Dang it, now something she didn't know. "Ehhh, what are those?"

"Active milkers go out to the extraction floor and milk each human for its material. Passive milkers go to the bondage room to be hooked up directly to extractors."

Hmm, interesting. She had originally just planned on being a passive milker, but now that this other, more interesting option had been presented, felt like going for that instead. "I'll try active milking for now."

"Very well, the extraction floor is right out that door. Get to work!"

The man went back to the office, and Pandora went out to her new workstation. Right outside was a stack of containers labeled "milk buckets." Pandora picked one up and toted it around.

The facility was a massive superstructure, spanning dozens of miles in every direction. Other workers scurried to and fro, engaged in their own respective milking duties. Pandora observed them to figure out what to do, which involved going up to miniature portals on the walls with dicks sticking out of them, and stimulating until the fluid was successfully extracted. They collected the milk in buckets and carried it to the machines, dumping in to be processed, then off to the next dick. Pandora followed suit and went up to the wall – her first penis of the day – and began stroking it with her hand. With each motion the skin glided over; oh yeah, she knew how good that felt. Apparently her little school portal explorations were but mere beta tests. The economy had grown much more advanced over the last century.

After about 4 minutes of stroking, the appendage's fluid gushed out, and Pandora collected it in her bucket. Then out of nowhere she heard a ding from her phone. Upon checking, she found that ¥500 quadrillion had been deposited to her bank account. Wow, really? This workplace processed things fast! Moreover, Pandora had now officially become richer than any person ever

from the Old World, and all it took was one beginner milk session. Incredible!

Pandora reveled in this pleasant activity, working a much better type of wood than her previous job. Surrounded by dicks in a warehouse meant for milking, she was free to milk cocks like farmers milked cows. Hmm, why exactly did the former activity have a layer of moral consideration that the latter didn't? Both involved squeezing the organs of the host creature to extract a fluid. Perhaps it's because the human had a conscience. Yeah, that's it. Having a conscience hindered the extraction of fluid, that's why it's so much easier now.

Pandora went from dick to dick, milking each one according to standard company protocol. Each spurt gathered into the bucket, slowly filling with each session, until she stumbled upon one that defied the standard method: for whatever reason, this one just wouldn't behave. Each time Pandora tried sliding the skin it split apart in her hand, into 5 different penis-fifths where she could see the gory inside. She tried over and over to get a good grip, but it just kept slipping and splitting to pieces. What is this? For the first time, Pandora was at a complete loss on how to handle a penis, though she stubbornly kept trying to no avail. After 5 minutes of observing far away, one of her coworkers took pity and came over. “Hey! Havin' some trouble there?”

“Yeah, this penis just keeps shredding itself apart. I can't get it to stay.”

The coworker examined it. “Huh, looks like a standard flower penis to me. A good dose of flowering sex should squeeze it right out.”

“Umm, what's flowering sex?”

The coworker got a perplexed look across her face and chuckled. “Wait, you mean you don't know what flowering sex is? You been eatin' too many memory loss pills?”

“No, not memory anything. Me and my friends went in Dream Mode for a hundred years. When we woke up, everything was different.”

“Aw, well that definitely explains it. It's like you're still living in 1 A.R.! I take it you're new here?”

“Yup, this is my first day.”

“Okay, then there's a LOT of new sex types you're gonna have ta learn if ya wanna succeed here. Flowering sex was invented sometime around.... I think 95 years ago? It's basically just when the penis splits apart into different sections, like budding flower petals. Usually the woman has a corresponding flower-type pussy that splits into 5 different holes inside, so the penis 'flowers out' with each thrust. Overall it's about 5 times the surface area covered, meaning 5 times the pleasure.”

“Why's it called 'flowering?' Wouldn't 'branching' or 'splitting' be better?”

“Heck no, those are 2 other kinds. Flowering used ta be called branching, until a new type came along and took the title. Check out *that* penis over there, that's a branching one.”

Pandora looked over and saw an appendage that would've been normal, had it not been for several other smaller ones branching out perpendicular to the main one. Huh, okay that does make more sense.

“Oh man, I just realized! That means you're a flowering sex virgin! Can

I watch ya do it the first time? I'll help show ya what ta do."

"Really? You'll be my mentor?"

"Ehhh, I wouldn't say 'mentor' but.... aw heck, why not. I'll help ya out until ya know the ropes, after that you're on your own. And by the way: what's your name? If ya don't mind my askin'."

"It's usually Pandora. Though sometimes I go by other names."

"Yup, same here. Just call me River."

"Okay River. So where do I start?"

"First ya gotta give yourself a flower-type pussy. I assume you at least know how ta do that?"

"I do." Pandora prayed to God for a flower pussy, and she felt a weird splitting sensation inside her pelvis. She stuck her fingers in, and found that the inner canal split into 5 different directions, which her fingers could branch into any one of. "Woah, this feels kinda bizarre, but I think I got it."

"Here, lemme double check; sometimes the rotation can be a little off." River stuck her fingers inside, testing the angles of each inlet. "Yup, seems like it's good ta go!"

Pandora went back over to the dick on the wall and tried putting it in, only to find it rather difficult at her standing angle.

"No no no, not like that. Ya gotta detach it first." River fiddled with some buttons next to it, then pulled the portal socket itself off the wall, freeing it for much easier access. "For this type it's supposed ta go on the floor or a chair, tip up. Hit this button here ta re-enable the super-ultra-mega glue so it stays in place. Then ya just pump it like a dildo."

Pandora took the penis-portal combo and stuck it to one of the luxury chairs, testing to make sure it stuck properly. Then she turned around and started sitting down, but River interrupted again.

"No! The other way! Ya gotta flip it so its top rubs your front, or it'll split wrong." Pandora flipped it around 180°, then looked at her for confirmation. "That's perfect. Alright, now let me see it!"

The outside of Pandora's pussy still looked the same as usual. She spread her lips and descended on the warm, blood-filled appendage, deflowering her flower pussy for the first time. But once inside, the sensation diverged quite significantly from normal. She felt as it filled all 5 different paths inside her; it felt like she suddenly had 5 vaginas instead of 1, each a bit smaller than usual, but the increased surface area definitely made a difference. Pandora pumped her hips up and down as she discovered a new method of milking. River stuck her face up close, monitoring her progress intently. Once the penis began twitching, she further mentored Pandora on the standard protocol.

"Alright, looks like it's gettin' close ta shootin'. It'll come out all 5 tips. When ya pull it out, be sure to tighten your kegels to close off the passages. That'll keep the fluid in til ya get over to the tank."

Pandora kept going until she felt the warm and sticky fluid inside her. Once again, having it in 5 different places at once felt very strange, but oh so novel and exciting at the same time. Already this was incredibly pleasurable in a different way than standard sex. Pandora never really cared for flowers before,

but this might just be cause for reconsideration.

Pandora stood up while tightening her kegel muscles, managing to retain all of the fluid. Then she waddled over to the tank, spread her lips above the funnel, and relaxed to let it all drip out. The fluid drained from all 5 inner canals, coalescing to the main exit hole before collecting into the container. Once her flower pussy was empty, she took her bucket and dumped its contents in too, filling the container all the way.

"Alright, now press the processin' button to turn it into real milk."

Pandora examined the control panel for the right button. After pressing it, a pump started whirring, and magic transformation fluid from another tank began flowing down into hers. The 2 fluids mixed together, turning into pure milk indistinguishable from an ordinary cow. It also automatically pasteurized.

"Alright, now comes the flavor enhancer." River showed Pandora another control panel with buttons for at least 100 different milk flavors. "For this, ya can pretty much hit anythin'. Since most of it gets vaporized anyway, there's demand for every flavor now. But in normal years, usually chocolate an' strawberry are our most common. Go ahead and pick one!"

Pandora scoured the options, seeing certain buttons for banana and berry, and a realization struck her. Oh so THIS is where it all came from; at least her milk mystery had finally been answered. To honor her first time, she chose the banana milk option, and watched as the banana flavoring flowed down to mix with the concoction. Pandora could smell the deliciousness as its scent filled the air. Her very first milk product, which she had extracted and prepared herself, was now ready for retail.

"Aight', now just one thing left to do. Hit the pack n' ship button, and just sit back an' watch it do its thing!"

Pandora hit the button, and the nearby conveyor belt escorted a plastic gallon jug under the tank, which then released all its contents inside. A sealed lid automatically screwed on top, then the full milk jug was sent over to the primary shipping portal. Finally, the moment of truth: Will it make it? Or will it get vaporized? Pandora and River watched in nervous anticipation. 3..... 2..... 1..... aaaaand, it made it! The jug reached the portal, and it teleported straight to some retail store shelf somewhere on the planet. Whoever picked it up would have no idea the amount of hard work put into making it.

"Woah, first try and you're already doin' better than most!"

"Probably just beginner's luck."

"Anyways, that's the milk portion down. Come on, let me teach ya the other part." River led Pandora back to the penis wall. "This one's bout' fluid material. Know how to change it?"

Pandora shook her head.

"The gist is, no matter what material the person has inside, you can force the fluid ta change as it passes, through a process called intra-portal phase shifting. Ta do it, ya just ask God which material to make it, and bam, anything will come out in liquid form. Don't worry about liquid nitrogen; it won't freeze their insides, they can handle it." River then demonstrated by jerking one til it shot out molten steel, which she telepathically controlled to form a neat wavy

metal thing. Once it cooled, she handed it over. “Here, you can keep this.”

Pandora accepted the gift, stowing it in her pocket.

“Welp, that's all the basics. If ya want, I can give ya a cheat sheet to take home and study.”

“Oh, yeah! That'd be very helpful.”

“Aight, let me go get it real quick.” River returned to her workstation and grabbed a thick, cum-coated bundle of papers out of her backpack, then brought them to Pandora. “Here ya go. All 70 sex types, plus the 30 modifiers.”

Pandora was impressed by the thickness of the stack, but River's words revealed something else. “Wait, 70? I heard there were over a thousand.”

“Technically yeah, there is. But it's more so the combination of sex types and body materials than the sex itself. Also the male and female form for each, and whether or not the variant is compatible with masturbation.”

“Huh, well thanks River. I'll be sure to study it very hard!”

“You're gonna need to if you wanna succeed! Good luck!” And like that, River was gone. Pandora flipped through the cheat sheet, discovering a giant list of new and exciting knowledge. Holy ****, that's a lot of new sex to try out. It will take many years for her to experience them all. Better get started then! Pandora kept working throughout the day, examining the type of penis and using the cheat sheet to figure out which pelvic tool to use. Some portals had flashing lights emitting around them, which Pandora came to realize were indicators for which ones were horny and ripe for milking. All in all she experienced 12 new types of sex in one day, including the branching one; it went inside her like normal, then branched out perpendicular inside, filling out several other pockets of flesh in multiple directions. By the end of the day, she walked out with a total of ¥50 quintillion. The boss lady was so impressed she came to meet her on the way out.

“Hey! You're the new hire, right? Pandora?”

“Ummm, yeah.”

“My name is Celia. I noticed you've been performing exceptionally well. Would you like a raise? I could transfer you to the client division.”

“Client division?”

“Correct. Instead of extracting from faceless strangers, you could meet them in person, and extract from their whole body. Whaddaya say?”

“That sounds fun! Sure, I'll join.”

“Great! Next time you're here, just park on the opposite side; the client division will be up on floor F. I'm excited to see you fulfill your potential.”

Celia left, and Pandora got in her car. While driving she contemplated the day's crazy events, the cheat sheet in the passenger seat. She was still blown away by all this. If this was in the Old World, people would have freaked out and caused mass panic over all these new sex variants. There's no way they would have been mentally equipped to handle it, let alone experience it. It's so strange: the rational part of their mind found it disturbing and disagreeable. “That's so weird, immature, and vulgar,” they would've thought. All the while having genitals of their own between their own legs, which they played with all the time. How is it that one could disagree with their own body? Perhaps this

just further vindicated the wisdom of God: Even if the people themselves thought otherwise, God still blessed them with genitals anyway, forcing them to enjoy the experience. Yet if God had designed the genitals different from the start, they would've been forced to live with *that* variant instead, and the thing which seemed strange to another would be normal to them. Perhaps it would be good to randomly assign genitals so they're stuck with it. They might complain at first, but they'll learn to deal with it eventually; they won't have any choice but to. After all it's just a body; the mind never chose its original form at birth, so this wouldn't be much different. The physical flesh form they find their self in shall become an alien vessel fit for exploration. No need to explore the universe when your own body is a tantalizing enough mystery itself.

Home

"Welcome back, sweetie. How was your 2nd first day at work?"

"It was so fun! I love it!"

"I thought you would! See? Momma knows best."

Pandora headed upstairs, her pussy still ravaged from overuse. Man, work was tiring, but she couldn't wait to share her newfound knowledge of how the world's economy works. She stumbled up to Morpheus's room and opened the door. There he was, playing with the other 6 year old boy. He glanced over.

"Big sis, you'we finawwy back! We awweady buiwt the spaceship."

"Yeah, now I'm teaching him how to build a car," Epaphus said.

Pandora saw it. Indeed, there the spaceship was, fully constructed. They had finished it without her. *In place* of her. F***, why did she have to be at work instead of here!? "Wow Morphy, that's great! Can I join?"

"Yeah! We could use some hewp."

Pandora sat down and joined the construction project. Should she share her newfound accursed knowledge now? Or wait til later? She decided to take a leap of faith. "Morpheus..... I was wrong. So very, very wrong. I know where the milk comes from now."

He finished putting some pieces together. "Youw boobies, wight?"

"No. It actually comes from..... your thing."

Morpheus touched around his nipples, perplexed. "My boobies?"

"No..... the thing between your legs."

"Oh, my weewee makes milk?"

"Yup, it sure does. Or actually..... wait, I'm not sure if 4 year olds can do it yet. Maybe it's not til puberty."

"Pubewty?"

Oh yeah, puberty! Would even *that* still be a thing anymore, given how different these bodies were? Pandora's lack of education showed once again. Perhaps she should have attended a school that taught better sex ed.

"Yes Morpheus, puberty. It's something that all people go through once they reach a certain age. But for you that won't happen til you're around 10, so 6 more years from now."

"Actuawwy it's in 5 yeaws."

“5? Are your sure?” Pandora was starting to doubt his math education.

“Yeah. My biwthday is this month, so I'ww be 5. Then 10 in 5 mowe yeaws.”

“Your birthday!?” Crap, Pandora didn't even think about that! What's she gonna do for it? Her little darling deserves something special! “I.... I didn't know that Morphy! I'm so sorry. I'll try to find a really good present for you.”

“It's owkay. Big sis is the onwy pwesent I need.”

Pandora's legs turned to jelly, and her entire being melted into a puddle on the floor. That's what happens when a girl's heart overflows: the spiritual body automatically shifts to match a person's emotions, as well as their thoughts.

“Morpheus you idiot, look what you did. You made her melt.”

“I- I'm sowwy!”

“Come on, let's goop her back together.”

Just then, the room door burst open, and a fiery girl appeared. Pandora reconstituted herself, and Epaphus's expression lit up with excitement.

“Oh Epaaaphusssss, know what time it is?”

“Yes! Big sis, do me again!” He dropped his pants to the ground.

“Good boy, now get on the bed.” He climbed up, and Artemis ran over and pinned him down. Immediately a freaking lightning storm appeared, clouds obscuring them while crackling bolts thundered all over the bed and room. This jolted Pandora back to her senses.

“Morpheus, it's not safe here! Come on we need to go!” She grabbed his hand and led him out before her collateral damage affected them. “We need to go somewhere she won't find us. Do you know a good place?”

“Ehhh, I don't think she evew uses the bathwoom.”

“Perfect, we'll go there.” Pandora led him to the bathroom and locked the door behind them, conjuring 30 extra deadbolts for good measure. She turned toward him, calming down from the craziness. He just stood there staring back, not quite sure what to do in this situation. Pandora only now realized that the bathroom may not be the best place after all. She looked at the toilet, which unfortunately planted another sick idea in her mind.

“Ohhhhh, hey Morpheus.....”

“Big sis, I'm thiwsty. Is it miwk time?”

“About that, I think I just got a better idea. I think it's time you had something a little harder than milk. Something way better.”

“But nothing's bettew than miwk!”

“Morphy, have you ever tried soda before?”

He shook his head. “What's sowda?”

Dang, do they not have soda anymore? What the Hel could it have been replaced with? Pandora didn't know for sure it was gone, but if it was, then that means she still possessed knowledge of a forbidden ancient drink. Oh yes! Now she could could offer him something nobody else in the world could.

“Soda is the best thing ever. Here, I'll show you.” She conjured up a bottle of Sprite, and handed it over. “This one's called Sprite. Try it, I guarantee you'll love it.”

The little boy accepted the forbidden concoction, and took a sip. After

swallowing, his fizzy-feeling jaw gaped open. “It's dewicious!” He then chugged the entire rest of the bottle in one go.

“Wow, you drank that fast! Want another one?”

He bobbed his head enthusiastically, so she conjured up another one, this time coca-cola. He drank all of that one too. She then proceeded to conjure up dozens more bottles, and they had a drinking party of fizzy proportions. After reaching the 5th one, Morpheus finally had one thing to complain about.

“Big sis, I need ta go pee.” He grabbed his crotch.

“You do? Well the toilet's right here, so go ahead.”

“Awe you gonna watch me?”

“Depends if you want me to. Do you?”

He nodded.

“Alright Morphy, I'll watch you up close.”

He waddled over to the toilet and yanked his pants down, holding his little weewee up above the receptacle; this was officially the first time Pandora had seen it. Awww, how cute! Pandora's excitement only increased as the golden fluid flowed like fancy water from a rich person's house front fountain. Though for her, this was a treasure far exceeding any wealth. As she watched, he remained focused on his aim to make sure nothing spilled. Eventually it was all done, and he pulled his pants back up.

This was too short-lived, so Pandora had another idea. She made a silent prayer. “Hey Morphy, I think I need to pee too. Wanna watch me next?”

“Owkay, that's onwy faiw.”

Pandora positioned him right in front, opposite the toilet seat. Then she faced towards him, seductively rubbing around her crotch. “Alright, I'll show you how girls do it. Mind doing the honors?”

“Honows?”

“Yes. As in, pull my pants down for me.”

“Owkay.”

Morpheus grabbed Pandora's pants and panties together, and brought them down slowly, shuffling around her thighs on the way. He did it a little easier than last time.

There it was: big sis parts, exposed right before him. With preparations done, now the ritual could commence. Pandora sat down on the toilet, spreading her legs so he could get a good view. With his height, his eye level was about the same. He came up close, curious to inspect it. Internally, Pandora was raging with hormones and excitement, such that it was difficult to relax enough to actually let the fluid out. “Is it coming?” He asked.

“Yeah, it's coming, just wait.” And so it was about 20 more seconds before it finally started flowing. Yes! At last! Pandora was peeing for her little darling, and he enjoyed watching every moment of the informative learning experience. Pandora basked in the glory of showcasing her act of decency. Once done, the remaining droplets dribbled out while Pandora reached for the toilet paper. She handed it over to Morpheus. “Here, wipe me clean with this.”

“Owkay.” He grabbed the paper, then stuck his hand out right onto her pussy, wiping it up towards him. Then he threw it into the toilet.

“Wow Morphy, you catch on quick. Good boy.” She pat him on the head. At last the stage was set; she would put to use the valuable experience she gained at work. “You deserve a reward. Want more soda?”

He nodded. “I want mowe spwite!”

“Good, then come put your face inside me. I'll make it squirt sprite.”

Pandora scooched to the edge, and he came and put his mouth and nose right up inside her soda fountain. Out from her hole flowed a stream of sprite, which Morpheus happily consumed. After a minute she changed it to coke, then to Pepsi, Dr. Pepper, every brand of root beer and cream soda, every flavor of Mountain Dew, Fanta, and Sunkist, every kind of Jarritos, and many more. She took out her phone to search for even more exotic flavors, sampling about 200 in total. She gave him a whole minute for each one, continuing to hold his mouth up inside her for over 3 hours straight. It felt and tasted good the entire time; at last, no more worry over bad smells!

Once they were sure it was safe, Pandora removed the deadbolts and took Morpheus back to her room for even more brother-sister bonding time. She had been debating doing it for a while, but now it was finally the right time to show Morpheus something new. Something he would never forget. Something that will blow his mind beyond anything she had done with him before.

“Hey Morpheus, do you watch any anime?”

“Yeah, I watch Yugioh Sevens!”

“What? Oh no no no, we can't have that. Let me show you what a *real* anime is.”

Pandora conjured up a TV and DVD player, and inserted a copy of the anime movie *Your Name*. They lay on the bed together and began watching. It wasn't long before Morpheus had his first curious question.

“Big sis, what's happening? Why is she touching hew own boobies?”

“Because it's not a her, Morphy. It's the boy in her body. He's not used to it yet, so he has to explore it.”

“Wow, owkay.” Then a few minutes later. “Sis, why is he acting all weiwd?”

“Now it's the opposite. The girl is in his body. She's just embarrassed about her new boy parts. I can..... attest to that.”

“What's embawwassed mean?”

“Oookay, that's enough. Morpheus, how about we get some popcorn?”

“Yeah!”

Pandora conjured some right up, then snuggled next to her lover while they ate and watched the romantic masterpiece. During the big montage sequence, it was finally good enough where Pandora felt comfortable breaking the harsh news to him. “See Morpheus? This is real anime. Please promise me you'll never become a seasonal trash watcher.”

“Okway, I won't.” Near the end, Morpheus had one final big question. “Big sis? Why didn't they bewieve the comet would stwike?”

“Because Morphy, people don't like being told things they believe are false. Even knowing that the world will end, cognitive dissonance prevents them from accepting the truth to the very end.”

“Wow, peopow awe dumb.”

They finished watching the movie, then came time for something else. “Hmm, how about we play a game? Have you heard of chess?”

“Yeah, but I nevew pwayed it.”

“Well let's play it now. I'll teach you how.” She conjured a chess board and set up the pieces. But right as she was starting to explain the rules, dad suddenly entered the room.

“Morpheus, there you are! What are you doing?”

“We'we pwaying chess!”

“Awww, are you? Well, sorry to break it to you but, it's bedtime! You need to get some sleep for school tomorrow.”

“But I don't wanna go to schoow, I wanna pway with big sis!”

“You've been playing together all afternoon. Come on, you can do it again tomorrow.” Morpheus threw his arms down in a mini-tantrum, but got up and followed. He took one final glance of longing back before the door shut, then Dad took him away back to his room.

Oh dear, looks like they've been forcefully separated yet again. Too bad it can't be helped. Yup, it sure is too bad that there's nothing Pandora can do to fix things. Absolutely nothing at all. No options, how sad. All hope is lost.

Anyway, after 5 minutes Pandora got up and left for Morpheus's room. She entered in, and there he was in bed with the lights out. She turned them back on, and he sat up, a happy expression crossing his face.

“Big sis! Awe we gonna pway mowe?”

“Not quite. I have an awesome idea. Listen closely.” She talked with him about it, and as he listened, his little body squirmed with excitement. Turns out he wouldn't have to go to school at all tomorrow. Nope, he would get to stay home and play with big sis all day long. And there will be nothing there to stop him, because *she'll* be the one going to school instead. He will have her body all to himself, and she his. This world shall tremble before the might of Panpheus and Morphdora. Oh yeah, tomorrow's gonna be a super fun day!

Chapter 7.2

Childhood

“Morpheus, wake up! It's time for school.” That was the first thing Pandora heard. As she climbed out of bed, her tiny kid feet bounced on the floor, and she started getting dressed. She hadn't worn these types of clothes ever since she was young, but now that she was tiny, they could fit her once more. While dressing she got a good glimpse of her darling's private thing, and briefly touched it to see how it felt. Yup, still good even in this tiny form; he would for sure enjoy it when she makes her move. She also inspected his face in the mirror, taking in every minute detail. It'd be nice to play longer, but now was not the time.

Once dressed, she climbed downstairs to the kitchen. Or rather she would have, but these tiny legs were a bit disorienting, so she slipped on the 3rd step and tumbled down the remaining 30, banging her skull around violently. Wow, that felt surprisingly good; she'll have to try that again in her normal body.

Breakfast was already conjured at the table, where Epaphus was eating. “Fall down again? You don't have to rub it in.”

Oh, he was talking to her? What did he mean “rub it in?” Probably best to feign ignorance. “It was an accident.”

“Yeah sure. That's why you keep doing it every week.”

Pandora just ignored that and climbed up the chair, smelling the breakfast. Again it was another strange food she's never seen before. She ate it in silence, adjusting to the massive utensils which previously seemed small. Her mouth also could only handle small bites, about half the size as usual. This same mouth which only yesterday had tried so many new soda flavors, now trying yet another unfamiliar dish. How many more new things were there?

Suddenly dad entered the room, fully dressed and keys in hand. “Alright boys, I'm just about ready. Hurry and finish your rhonadeer.”

Pandora scarfed down a bit more, but left over half of it unfinished; meanwhile Epaphus had eaten the whole thing. Dad used magic to make the leftovers disappear. “Alright, let's head out.”

Pandora started for the front exit, but heard a rebuke.

“No Morpheus, not that way. Today's VGES.”

“Oh, yeah.” Pandora followed Dad and her (big?) brother to the other end of the house, to the Tetria exit. Again there was that incredible skyline filled

with video game-shaped celestial bodies. Dad took him out to the truck – an exact replica of the other one – and departed.

Now that they were in the car, Pandora finally had time to relax and think. She had arranged all preparations the night before, making sure her door was locked and deadbolted, and that Morpheus knew to not leave her room under any circumstance. It'd be a disaster if he ran around the house with people thinking it was her. Surely he wouldn't, right? Not with the little trinkets scattered on her bed, he won't. She made sure to leave him with plenty of toys – courtesy of Artemis's room – to play with throughout the day, which were sure to keep a curious little boy entertained, especially in a sexy figure such as hers. As long as he just explores her body, everything will be fine. Hopefully Artemis won't try to pull anything funny.....

Dad spoke up. “Morpheus, about last night..... I'm sorry I had to take you away. You and Pandora seem to be getting along well. Do you love her?”

Oh ****, how's she supposed to respond to that? Uhhhhh, uhhhhh..... Come on brain, think like a child. “Yeah! She's so coow!”

“But what about Gaia? Or Aphrodite, or even Artemis? Last week you said you liked them too.”

Dang it dad, why'd you have to go and say that. This is a test harder than anything school ever threw at her.

“But Awtemis is scawy, I don't wike hew.”

Epaphus responded. “What? She's not scary, she's fun!”

Apparently Dad found this funny. “Haha, yeah she is pretty rowdy. In that case, looks like both of you have your favorite sisters picked out. Morpheus, if you love Pandora, then go for it. Just remember she's still new and young, so she might get a bit overly attached to you for a while.”

Awwwww, thanks daddy. Pandora began plotting out their wedding ceremony, imagining their vows throughout the rest of the car ride. Once their marriage is finalized, she'll take him away on a honeymoon to the literal moon, and eat lots of honey, and there they shall become one flesh. I mean, not that they aren't *already* one flesh now, but we need the official 2-body version too.

They arrived at the school, and Dad kicked them out. “Have fun! See you in 3 hours.” Then he left, and Epaphus ran inside, leaving her there alone. Pandora adjusted the tiny backpack on her, and started up the stairs. Written above the entrance was the school's title, where she could finally see its name displayed in all its glory:

Video Game Elementary School

Pandora entered the front foyer, where hordes of other young children were running to and fro. Already she could feel the flashbacks of her previous entrance, the only difference was now she had no friends at all. Or wait..... did she? Who knows what kinds of friends Morpheus has. Maybe one of them will reach out to her; hopefully she won't screw it up. Okay Pandora, come on, you got this. No reason to panic, just act like a kid and things will be fine. We'll just go to class and..... wait, where's his first hour? “God, give me Morpheus's

schedule.” A paper appeared in her hand, which read:

1st Hour: VG History
2nd Hour: VG Sense Transplant
Recess
3rd Hour: VG Mind Control

Only 3 classes? Phew, that's a good sign. Looks like school's improved a lot over the past century. Pandora arrived at first hour, taking her tiny seat. So far nobody wanted to talk to her, excellent. Her infiltration was a success. The bell rang, and the teacher stood up from her desk.

“Morning class. Before we begin, I'd like to take a little poll. Who here has seen this game before? Raise your hand.” She pointed to the giant TV screen, where a game of Tetris was open.

About half the class raised their hands, including Panpheus.

“This is another ancient game, called Tetris, which played an instrumental role in spreading the popularity of video games. Though by today's standards it may seem rudimentary, it was widely considered a classic due to its sheer simplicity and effectiveness. Today we will all be playing it to get a better understanding of 20th century culture. Here's how it works:” The teacher then went on to explain the rules and controls, and conjured a bunch of handheld gaming devices for each student. “Alright, now just keep practicing for the rest of class. The 3 highest scores will get a special treat from the candy bowl, so try your best!”

Oh, so *this* is what Morpheus is learning? This isn't bad at all! Finally some useful, important education! Each kid grabbed their device and began the assignment. They were clearly made for smaller hands such as this, as Pandora found it just as comfortable as a normal-sized controller. She had played Tetris many times throughout her life, though the last time would've been about 3 years ago, where she managed to reach a score of 370,000. Hmm, let's see if we've still got it. Pandora played for a while, using her advanced adult brain to calculate block placements 3 turns in advance. She was doing well, managing to keep the blocks barely over the halfway point and setting up for chain combos. The only thing she still couldn't do was T-spin. But that didn't matter, because she still managed to do better than every other child in the room. In fact she was doing so well the teacher came up behind to watch.

“Wow Morpheus, you're pretty good at this! Have you played before?”

“Uh, yeah! All the time.”

The teacher paused. “Wait, say that again.”

“Say what?” Pandora remained laser focused on the game.

“Try saying you like playing with really large legos.”

“I like playing with really large legos.” Pandora lied.

“Oh my! Morpheus, you've finally learned to pronounce your Rs and Ls! Looks like we don't need to hire the tutor after all. Hang on, let me go update the records.” The teacher left. Oh crap, that's gonna be hard for Morpheus to explain. Doing this was a terrible idea.

This distraction ruined her focus, and she died within the next 30 seconds. Though even with that, her score of 253,000 was still over double the 2nd place kid, who got 121,000. She felt kinda bad, but hey, if you're a loser you're a loser. Too bad so sad. At the end of class, Pandora took her 1st place candy prize: a sucker, which she would save to give Morpheus later.

Next Pandora went to 2nd hour, and the teacher began the lesson. “Alright kids, so today I've got something special. Last week you all should've learned about Pac-Man, but are you curious what those delicious little pellets taste like? I mean they've gotta be good, right? Why else would he risk his life running around a maze full of murderous ghosts? Because the taste is worth it, that's why! And so today's sensory transplant lesson will involve exactly that. Class, if you would, please pray to let me access your body settings.”

The class did as told, including Panpheus.

“Now I shall transplant Pac-Man's taste buds for yours. From here on, each time Pac-Man eats a pellet, you will taste exactly what he does. I've done it countless times, but no words I say can do it justice, so you'll have to experience it yourself. We will be playing Pac-Man all hour, so get to work! Top 3 places will get a box of pellet cereal.”

HUH? You mean we can now *taste* the foods in video games? What kind of sorcery is this? Pandora just had to find out. She booted up the Pac-Man game and played it. From the very 1st second a delightful, malty, cereal taste filled her mouth, which remained as long as she continued moving. Whenever she halted or went through a blank stretch, the taste disappeared, and resumed upon reaching more dots. Then for the power pellets, a stronger citrus taste filled her mouth, even better. However the ghosts weren't quite so pleasant: they tasted like some kind of sour, ethereal blue raspberry. Meanwhile the bonus fruits tasted exactly what they would in real life. Even the key tasted like a real key, blegh, let's not eat that one. And each time she got hit by the ghosts, it forced an unpleasant, rubbery taste into her mouth, giving extra motivation to avoid them.

Wait, what is she doing!? If she keeps being this good, the teachers will get suspicious. She needs to lose. She needs to lose. She needs to lose. But she can't. She just..... has to..... keep..... going..... Oh man, now there's a pressure welling up in her pelvis. She needs to go pee? Not right now, no, she must get the high score. She must win the Pac-Man cereal to take home and share it. For Morpheus. For her darling. This taste in her mouth was reserved for him, and she was stealing it. She ramped up her focus, trying to do better, but was still struggling. If only she could..... oh yeah! Let's slow down time! She slowed it to 1/10 speed, granting much more time to think. Now it was a cakewalk, and she ended up getting the highest score again.

“Well done Morpheus, you are very talented. Here's your cereal.”

She took it and placed it in the backpack; now Morpheus will have 2 delicious treats. The bell rang, signaling recess, and Panpheus was finally free to go use the bathroom. She traversed down the hall until seeing it, however it didn't appear to be split into male and female. It was a co-ed restroom, perfect for little boys and girls to get acquainted with each other. Again it was an open room with no privacy. In fact the urinals were angled inward around a circle to

give a better view, and another outer circle of regular toilets. This was also reflected on the ceiling, where children walked up the anti-gravity walls and peed in upside-down waste receptacles. Pandora went to the upside down one and started peeing next to some other boys. She was able to see their wieners, and they could see her brother's. They had no idea another girl was there with them. Or so she thought, but then a group of little girls entered and sat on the open toilets, exposing their vaginas bare. Pandora needed to make sure these girls saw how awesome Morphy's wiener was so they'd want to date him. Though unfortunately, none of them approached to ask him out.

Pandora exited the bathroom without a child girlfriend. Her darling will forever be alone. Oh wait, how was he doing back home? Was he okay? She should probably check up on him. She made a wish to turn invisible and teleport back to her room..... Yup, as expected. There he was lying in bed engaged in level 3 sister fondling, making good use of the toys she had left for him. Phew, good, looks like nothing bad so far. Although, he does look to be having trouble using the toys properly. Pandora wanted to reach out and help, but..... nah, he'll be fine. It's important that he learn stuff on his own. Though he sure does look to be enjoying her. So that's what she looks like when doing it? Wow, Zoey was right, she is cute! She felt the small thing down there perking up, but knew she wouldn't have time now. “Later, my darling.” She teleported back. Hmm, what next? I suppose we could go to recess. It had been ages since Pandora last played on a playground. This was one joy lost to her, that she wouldn't be able to do in her teen or adult form. Might as well enjoy it while she can.

Pandora found her way to the playground, and was met with a spectacular sight. This playground was GIGANTIC, about 30X the size of her primary school one. One particular structure was a giant, multi-floored network of slides and portals connecting between. She started for that first, but suddenly a little boy came running up to her.

“Mowpheus, thewe you awe! Come on, wet's go swing!”

Oh, was this one of his friends? Better not screw it up then. She nodded, then followed the boy to the swing set. Except this swing set wasn't like the old ones, for it was an automated anti-gravity spinning seat that looped all the way around. She took the seat next to his, and he started a countdown.

“On thwee, okay? One..... two..... thwee!” Pandora started off, and it automatically propelled forward, around and upside down, and back down on the other side. She was now caught in a perpetually forward-moving circle, the world tumbling around her. If the gravity were normal she would've totally fallen out. But the anti-gravity kept her firmly in place, such that she barely felt the motion, but did still feel the wind. Also, surprisingly it didn't make her dizzy; that queasy feeling too was now a thing of the past, allowing more extreme rides like this to be possible. They both jumped out at the top and flung all the way across the playground to the giant slide structure.

Here, the little boy led her around from slide to slide, playing with the things he found familiar. But to her, nothing could be more alien. For one, many of the slides utilized portals, either for infinite slides or quickly resetting at the top. Others had reversed gravity that slid up, and others still were completely

upside down which dropped kids upward into the stratosphere. Not all of them came down.

And there were more than just slides, for portals themselves provided entertainment enough. Pandora jumped down into a portal on the ground, and up the other side to land on another platform. Then she jumped again and stayed, continually oscillating up and down til the air resistance reduced her momentum enough to safely exit. After that, one kid made a modification to add a 2nd pair of portals; now she could fall into the floor one, then upwards into another one that deposited right back to the top, landing feet down. Pandora kept enjoying the fun with Morpheus's friend, though at one point the playground bully angled the exit portal sideways and flung her straight into a tree. That child would've been a murderer in the Old World, but not in this one, for she was fine.

After that display, Morpheus's friend had another brilliant idea. He took her to the top of the structure and issued a challenge to rain pee on the people below. “Oooh, wook at that chick. Wet's twy and hit hew!”

Wow, this friend was such a good influence. Pandora wished she had a friend like this in primary school. Anyway, they both peed down and managed to soak a little girl, who looked up and stared right at them. She then entered the portal to come confront them.

“Okay, you guys got me. Hewe ya go.” She pulled her panties down.

Pandora didn't understand. “Huh? What are you doing?”

“Both of you hit me, so you get to touch me. That's the wuwe.”

“Yeah! Come on Mowpheus, let's do it togethew!”

Pandora still had no clue the name of this boy, but surely it began with the title “Master.” It's in his personality, in the very way he walks and talks. No other school would contain so great a mentor for her little darling.

Once recess was over, next came the final class of the day. “Alright class, calm down. We're just playing Mind Control Snake for today. Highest score gets a bag of roasted snake legs.”

Pandora took the console and began playing. It had no controller at all, the screen just did whatever she imagined. What? How!? She was doing it! She was literally playing Snake with her mind! What the ****? This time everyone tied for a perfect score, because controlling things with the mind is much more reliable than finicky thumb inputs. The teacher passed out a bag of snake legs to everyone, which Pandora just ate. Ooh, yummy!

The bell rang, signaling the end of the school day. She went back out to where Dad dropped her off, and yup, there he was in the car, along with Epaphus. She opened the door, and had just started climbing in when a teacher came sprinting up.

“Morpheus, hold up! The principal wants to see you.”

Great. Just great.

A gruff man approached. “Morpheus, I've noticed your performance has been rather exceptional lately. Your score today is simply off the charts! Which has got me thinking you're ready for something a little more advanced.”

Dad responded. “Really? My little boy got the highest score?”

“Indeed he did, a whopping 293,256.”

“Wow! Morpheus, I had no idea you were so talented. Good job!”

“Which brings me to why I'm here. I don't think he's fit for the standard courses anymore. I highly recommend the gifted program to meet his video game challenge level needs.”

“Yes yes, of course! That's a splendid idea. Ya hear that little guy? You're already on your way to become a professional e-sports player!”

“Very well, tomorrow you shall be enrolled in the gifted program. Here is your new schedule.” He handed it over. “Be sure to go that class instead of your usual first hour, okay?”

Pandora nodded, then got in the car. Yeah, Morpheus is totally screwed now. But not to worry, for Dad had a solution. “How about some ice cream?”

“YEAH!” They both agreed. Dad bought the free ice cream, then took them home.

Once they returned, Pandora headed straight back to her room. Along the way, a big sis was walking naked down the hallway. Somehow Pandora knew her name: Aphrodite. She must've used a Spiritcloud upload. And furthermore, she was giving off an intense sweet fragrance, almost like baked chocolate chip cookies. Panpheus tried passing right by without saying anything, but then she called back.

“Hey wait! Aren't you gonna say hello?” She stuck her crotch forward.

Ugh, another horny sister. Let's get it over with. Pandora went back and stuck Morpheus's hand up her vagina. She could feel the big sis parts molding around her, and her sweet cookie scent was even more intense this close up. “Good boy. Remember Morpheus, this is always how you should greet people. I'll come by your room in a bit to teach you more, alright?” Aphrodite continued on her way, whistling into the bathroom. What was up with that? Oh well, let's get back to our room and check on him.

She continued, though as she approached, noticed a troubling problem. The door was *open,* and she could hear lightning strikes going off from within. Oh no, Morpheus! She ran inside, only to find another tiny thunderstorm ravaging the bed. Though she couldn't see them, it was clear Artemis had got to him first. She seemed to notice, for no sooner had Morpheus's body entered when the storm halted.

“Oh would you look at that, he came straight here. See? He likes you!”

“Hey! That's my body!” Pandora shouted.

“Ohoho, see little sis? He's already claiming you. That means we can all have some fun together! Come here.” Artemis levitated her up to the bed, then pinned her down. She tried pounding Morpheus's body with her own legend-class sister hole, but encountered a problem. “Damn kid, your dick's too small. Let me access your body settings.”

Pandora wasn't gonna make that mistake again. “No!”

“Fine, I'll just crush your little boy balls then.” Pandora felt 2 powerful grips squish her things, causing an intense sensation of pleasure. “How do your cushions feel, little bro? It's good right?”

Indeed it felt extremely good, as the squeezing of the organs manifested as 2 great external orbs of pleasure: the default type now called “cushions” –

sometimes beanbags – as their sensation felt like the comfort of squishing 2 tiny pillows. Pandora was very thankful her pain receptors were replaced by pleasure ones, as Artemis pulled her up by the scrotum and yanked her around, bouncing under the weight of her whole body. Wow, now this felt *really* good, far better than she ever expected. She could feel an intense feeling welling up inside. It had been ages since she had a little girl orgasm, but this would be her first ever little boy orgasm; her entire pelvis quivered with the force of a shota. Though nothing came out, because it was still too young.

Once she was done with her, she stood up to the bedside, examining her handiwork. “Whoo, that was fun, but I think I'm satisfied now. Now it's time for you 2 to do it.”

Pandora recovered her breath. “Hold on! We're not each other right now; I'm Pandora! And he's in my body there.”

Morphdora spoke. “Yeah, I'm Mowpheus. This is big sis's body.”

“Wait..... you're saying you've been swapped the whole time?”

“Yes! Here, Morpheus, let's go ahead and swap back. Put your forehead to mine again, just like last night.”

Her giant female form sat up and leaned forward. After their brief nuzzle, Pandora found herself back in her normal body. Though Artemis didn't see anything, as consciousness swapping was invisible from the outside.

“Okay, we're back to normal now.” Pandora stretched her long arms.

“Woah, so that means he just lost his lesbian thunderstorm virginity so young. And it was really you I did that to just then. How'd it feel? Ever had your balls played like that before?”

“No, I haven't. And actually, I'd like to talk with you more in private.”

“Sure.”

Pandora crouched down to the little guy. “Hey, Morphy? Why don't you go on back to your room for now. Me and Artie are gonna have a little talk.”

“Owkay.” He got down from the bed.

“Oh, and I brought you home a box of cereal. It's in your backpack.”

“Yay, ceweaw!” He left, then Pandora closed the door.

She turned toward her imposing sister. “Okay, so I just have to ask: why do you keep raping people?”

Artemis shrugged. “Cause it feels good, obviously.”

“Well yeah, it does but.... you don't have to force yourself onto me. Just ask nicely and I'll do it voluntarily.”

“Well, when I came in the room, all I saw was you playing around with my toys, so I figured you were in the mood. He didn't resist. In fact he seemed to enjoy it quite a lot.”

“Still, do you really have to be so forceful about it?”

“You're not trying to say it's wrong, are you?”

“I don't know anymore. It just seems a little extreme, almost abusive.”

Artemis pulled her pants up. “Nope, it's nowhere near abusive. For that you'd have to have pain enabled. Kids can handle infinite amounts of force, just like you. Here, look.”

A giant 3000 lb boulder suddenly appeared and dropped on Pandora,

flattening her. But then a new body respawned nearby and her mind transferred to it. She brushed herself off, perfectly fine.

"Now did that hurt?"

"No. Actually it felt kinda good."

"Right, which is exactly my point. It's the same with them. They'll take all the abuse you throw at them and have a blast. You just gotta be strong enough to do it. You are strong, aren't you? I mean for God's sake you've been a boy, so you know what it's like. They love it when you touch their little wiener."

"Yeah, of course I know that! I just wanna take things slow with him, let our relationship grow organically. He's not ready for that type of play yet."

"Ahhh, you're one of those old-fashioned romantic types, huh? Is Morpheus really that special to you?"

"Yes."

"You don't like any of the other brothers?"

"I..... haven't even met them. Besides Epaphus."

Artemis pondered for a moment. With the knowledge she had, she knew Pandora was making a fatal error in trying to remain monogamous, and tried thinking of a way to make her see the light.

"You know, you really shouldn't limit yourself to just one. Everyone eventually learns that's unsustainable. You know you're not the only sister Morpheus plays with, right? And someday he'll have several wives, and you'll have to wait your turn. So you might as well get a harem of your own."

That was a statement Pandora didn't want to hear. But at the same time, based on what she'd seen and heard today, deep down knew it was true. She wasn't special to him; she was just another run-of-the-mill big sister. Maybe it's not the best idea to grow too attached to someone just because they were the first to call her big sis.

"Here's an idea: How about you try talking to one of the other brothers? The older ones for sure will play with you."

"But how do I do that? It's not like I can just barge in and talk to them."

"Yes you can. If you're feeling hesitant, just pray for God to strengthen your resolve. He'll give you all the initiative you need."

"But I..... can't....."

Artemis slapped her face, knocking her to the ground. "Come on, don't be a pansy! Life is about taking action! You've seen the way I do it, right? They don't mind it. Just say you wanna **** them and they'll invite you right in!"

"Okay, okay! I'll do it! But like, which one should I do first?"

"If you really want my advice, I recommend Apollo. He's one of the more soft ones; perfect for you. He can show you something special."

"Apollo it is then. Where's his room at?"

"Gah, you should know how to find it yourself. I'm outta here."

"Wait!"

Artemis stopped and turned around, annoyed.

"There's more..... questions I wanted to ask you."

"Like what?"

"Like why you..... um....."

“Why am I so sexy?”

“No! There was something else, I just forgot.”

Artemis sighed. “Okay, you know what little sis? Let's try and set something up. Why don't you write down whatever questions you have, then sometime I'll sit down and answer them. Capiche?”

“That sounds good.”

“Great. I'll be off hunting then. Ciao.”

This time Artemis left for real, leaving her alone. Pandora closed the door and lay in bed, Artemis's final words ringing in her mind. What did she mean by *hunt*? Hunting for what? Surely not animals, right? Maybe she's an alien hunter? That'll be another question. Pandora pulled out her phone and started typing the list, thinking of all the confusing things she'd wanted clarification on, and trying to shove thoughts of Morpheus out of her mind. Dang it, why can't it just be the 2 of them? Moreover, why does she even feel this way about him at all? She didn't feel like this back with her friends, or even with Aurora's brother; they all freely shared each other and had a blast, so why is this different? Perhaps she's still just stuck in the old monogamy mindset, when clearly that's not how the world works anymore. Even today, did she not touch several girls as him? Did she not try to get Morpheus another girlfriend? If she succeeded, she would've had to share with her too. So yeah, maybe it is bad to remain obsessed with just one sibling. It's time to stop being a hypocrite and go find another one. Pandora assumed the position. “God, please grant me the resolve to go meet another brother.” Immediately a feeling of determination blossomed, and she jumped out of bed and left her dwelling. “Show me Apollo's room.” A blue guide line appeared on the floor, which she followed.

Chapter 7.3

Bro

Here it was: Apollo's room. Though now that she saw it, his name was displayed on the door anyway. She could hear loud sounds of music from inside, though not like the usual. It kept starting and stopping, over and over looping the same thing. But it also seemed to be.... changing? With random notes and sounds being played. What was he doing in there? It was time to find out. She took a breath and opened the door, and beheld a silver-haired man sitting at a computer, facing away. His room was littered with instruments, pianos, synths, wires, and a multi-monitor desk. Upon hearing the door, he swiveled around to see who entered. His face stared at her with expectation of an inquiry. Oh crap, he's handsome. What to say? Artemis's advice kicked in.

"Um, hi! I'm Pandora! Wanna have sex?" She dropped her panties to the ground.

He looked at her, taking in the sight, but seemingly not impressed. "Hmm, that does sound kinda good. But you know what sounds even better? This song I'm working on. Come listen."

Oh man, already her big bro wants to share music with her? Usually relationships wait til at least level 3 for that kind of thing; 10 seconds in and she's already cheating on Morpheus. Though since he's probably playing with Aphrodite by now, that's fine by her. What kind of music does he make? What does he listen to? She's got a few songs of her own to compete with.

"I'm having trouble getting the bitcrush just right. When it's too low, it doesn't give off the punchiness I need. But too high, and it muddies up the low frequencies. I've already tried distortion and amps, no dice, so right now I'm seeing if I can just EQ it out. Can you let me know when it sounds good?"

"Sure." She sat and listened as he messed around, manipulating the gain, bitrate, ADSR, LFOs, and other things. Hmm, he said it sounds bad? It sounded alright to her; what's he talking about? "Umm, I think it sounds fine."

"You do? Just like this?" He played the clip once more.

"Yeah, it's good."

He narrowed his eyes. "Okay, I'll trust that." Next he went to a different section. "What about this part? I'm worried about the drums. I wanna make sure it's bassy enough, but not so much it overshadows the main melody. Also the pad is a bit heavy on the mids, and the hi-hats are too airy. The lead synth doesn't

glissando well, the counterpoint violins don't sound real enough, the rhythm's syncopation feels off, and.....”

“Woah woah woah, I don't even know what you're talking about! How about I just listen, and I'll tell you if it's good or not.”

“.....Okay.” He pressed play, and let it go for 2 minutes straight. Wow, now that Pandora heard it, he was actually right. It sounded like a complete mess. “So? How was it?”

“..... Yeah, it still needs some work.”

“Dang it, I knew it!” He slammed the desk, then rage quit the music software. “Anyway, enough of that. How about listening to something else?”

“Like what?”

“Hmm, I got a ton of good songs to listen to. You?”

Pandora nodded. “I got a few.”

“Alright, you can go first.”

Pandora came up to the computer and searched an old OVERWERK album called “Meaning,” released way back in 2088, and started playing.

“Okay, so I've actually never head this album before, so it'll be a first for both of us.”

Apollo thought of another idea to enhance the mood. “Hey, while we're listening, how about a nice cuddle in bed?”

“That sounds amazing.” Pandora lay next to him, embraced in his massive musical muscles and smelling his sonic silver hair. Ohhh, so this is what a big bro feels like? It's pretty nice. The musician-type kin wrapped around her torso like a corset, stimulating happy butterflies.

They lay in the big, royal purple, king-sized bed, embracing each other while partaking in the mutual audio experience. Just listening. Just relaxing. Taking in the beautiful sounds and melodies, the result of 94,000 hours of work by another person, exactly what it was intended for. The album was 10 songs total, each about 30 minutes long; individual symphonies which had been composed throughout the previous 60 years to make a good stockpile. Pandora and Apollo both had the pleasure of getting blown away together.

“Woah, that was insanely amazing. How'd you discover this guy?”

“It was kind of an accident. Some rude jerkface girl shared him with the class, but it was good, so I can at least say her music taste was alright.”

“Well, I don't think I can play anything as good as that, but I do got some stuff. My turn.” Apollo typed in Kredo – Cells EP: a very ancient album from back in the Old World. Pandora sat and listened, and indeed, it was quite a surprise. The best ones were Cells, Amuse Me, Marionette, and Remember. Some missed the mark for her, but it was overall a beautiful electronic album.

“I'm surprised you even listen to stuff from the Old World.”

“Yeah, I know the modern music is good and all, but I think it's amazing what humanity achieved back then. It has a different charm to it, like an air of hope shining through the darkness. Today's music just sounds too happy and triumphant. Where's the drama? Where's the sadness? The ancients captured that feeling way better than anyone today.”

“Yeah..... things were different then.”

Apollo now realized something. “Oh that's right. You used to live in the Old World, didn't you?”

“Yup, for 25 years.”

“Know any good music from back then?”

“Oh yeah, lots more.”

“Let's hear it. Preferably something hard with lots of bass. There's something I want to show you.”

“Is it something sexual?”

“It is. Though probably not like anything you've heard.”

“You mean felt.”

“No. Heard. We're doing music sex, that way we can combine the 2.”

“There's a music sex? How does that work?”

“Just start the song and I'll show you.”

Pandora searched for something else, from one of the other artists Melody had given her. But none of them seemed to be a good fit, until..... Oooh, how about this? After a brief preview, Pandora had found the one: the entire Nhato – Trace of Will album, beginning with Forbidden Souls. Little did she know her virginity would be taken by the greatest trance album of all time.

With the album commenced, Apollo assumed the role of conductor. He stuck his trombone into her tuba, and the performance began. However, this was not their concert; it was the music's. The soundscape encompassed them, such that each was both enveloped and penetrated by the beat. The duet submerged in the sound, melding into a unified state of trance where audio and touch became one. No longer were their bodies flesh composed of particles, but vessels of bounded sound waves, melding and phasing through each other as their wavy forms synthesized with the rhythm. And the tempo of the body was determined by the song's BPM, automatically pounding with each beat like the motions of a dancer. Pandora had become one with music itself, harmonizing in tandem with all frequencies, her instrument the medium of audio; both it's generator and receiver, and feeler of all. Every beat pulsed her abstract body, each high note a tingle, each mid a vibration. The song escalated in intensity, a crescendo into a drop of climactic synths which tantalized for minutes. Her body was the room, and his the speaker, blasting an array of aural reverberations from within. Then the resolution, a gradual winding down to peaceful silence; the chance to recoup. Then the cycle repeated, again and again for the entire 18 track masterpiece album. Pandora wished it could go on forever.

After their duet, the 2 lay, relaxed and cuddling. Such energy required much recovery. “Woah, where'd you learn to do that?” Pandora asked. “I've never experienced anything like that in my life.”

“Haha, yeah it took me til I was 14 the first time I tried it. Would you believe if I said it was a girl from VGHS?”

“I'd believe anything. But uh, one question: what's VGHS?”

“It's where I went to school, about 20 years ago.”

Based on Pandora's prior information, she developed a hunch. “Is it..... Video Game *High* School?”

“Yup.”

“About that: What's the deal with teaching video games? I thought they would be teaching, like, math and stuff. History, psychology, literature.....”

“Yeah, some schools do still teach that. But it's more or less been rendered obsolete. Video games teach all that same stuff but are more fun.”

“Is everyone forced to go when growing up?”

“Nope, it's entirely optional. Even for primary school, the kids get to choose if they want to attend or not.”

The blow of that statement rattled Pandora's mind. What? Morpheus *chose* to attend? Does that mean she could enroll in the same school too?

“Sooo.... hypothetically speaking, if I wanted to enroll in a video game school, could I?”

“Yup, any time. Though the exact one depends on your experience; they have to group according to skill level. I did it before for about 20 years. Mom and dad enrolled too, and we all had a blast playing games every single day.”

That blow penetrated even further than the previous, into the deepest recesses of her heart. Mom plays video games? Since when? Last she saw she never once even held a controller, let alone open up a game. She'd spent her entire life sad and alone because of it, the main reason she wanted siblings at all: to have someone to play with. Their lack of mutual interests was one factor which led to their familial fragmentation. Yet now this guy's saying that same mom played games with him for 20 whole years?

“Oh really? What types of games does Mom play?”

“Ehh, I don't know anymore. I dropped out around 12 years ago.”

“Why, were you failing?”

The same puzzled expression which crossed all her other culturally accustomed acquaintances appeared once more. Pandora may as well have asked “Why'd you finally decide to eat chicken instead of zorblorg?” when that was the only meat he ever ate for 20 years.

“Uhh, I just got tired of it? I wanted to get into music production, and quitting school gave me lots more time.”

Pandora's mind raced as this conversation derailed from the crux she was trying to reach. “Sorry, I don't think that came out right. I meant like, do you know if Mom still attends?”

“I don't think she does anymore either. Though I'm not sure. I haven't talked to her in like 8 years.”

By this point the blows had piled into a giant boulder, crushing her under their implications. So apparently, not only have they already spent more time gaming than years she lived with them, but have also *not* seen each other for 3 years longer than her own absence. What kind of messed up joke is that!?

“Hold on, I need to go check something.” Pandora stood up to leave.

“What are you gonna check?”

“To see if me and Mom can enroll together.”

“Wait, I can help. Just let me pull up the website.” Apollo went back to the desk and searched the website. Pandora came up behind to see:

Video Game High School

Courses **Faculty** **E-sports** **About** **Enroll**

Ignorant about video games? Need an education in sidescrollers, FPS, Horror, or puzzles? We've got you covered for all your video game education needs. Come learn to play: enroll in VGHS today!

"Okay, so we just go over to enroll...." He moved to click on it.

"Wait a sec, shouldn't mom be here to enroll herself?"

He paused. "Yeah you're right, she should decide on her own."

"Lemme go talk to her first. I'll sort it out."

"Good luck." The silver-haired brother said as Pandora exited his cave.

Okay, okay, relax Pandora. This is what you've always wanted, right? If she could just get Mom to attend this school with her, it could finally be the great bonding experience she'd been looking for. A way to repay all the kindness she'd been showing her so far. Mom already went out of her way several times to make her comfortable, to try and reconnect. She even helped her find a job she loved! Perhaps it's time she reached out with an offer of her own. In the Old World, their relationship slowly died out because they stopped doing stuff together. Pandora was NOT gonna let that same mistake happen again. They will play together. They will play together. They will *finally* play together.

Pandora stomped downstairs, mission clear in her mind. The encounter was sooner than expected, for on the couch was her body, laying down watching TV. Steeling herself, Pandora took a deep breath. "Hey, Mom?"

She sat up and looked back over the couch. "Yeah?"

"Would you be interested in learning about video games?"

"Oh, I don't need to learn, because I already know. I've pretty much played every great game there is. Every classic, RPG, FPS, puzzle, adventure, horror, all of it. Probably over 10,000 games by this point."

Pandora was rattled by this revelation; guess she was too late. Mom already played all the games out there without her, so she'll never get to bond over playing them. "Oh..... okay..... never mind....."

She just stood there awkwardly while the disappointment set in. But after seeing this reaction, Mom quickly realized her error.

"Oh! But, I could just forget it all! I'll just start over and relearn it from the beginning!"

Pandora's face brightened up. A glimmer of hope? Her mom really does care! "Really?"

"Yeah totally! It'll be like wiping a save file and starting a new game. Honestly I've been wanting to do it for a while, because there's so many games I wish I could re-experience for the first time again."

"Y- yes! That'd be great! Then to re-educate you, we could go and attend this school I found."

“Which school? VGHS?”

“Yeah! Doesn't that sound fun? Us going to school together?”

“It does!”

“Well then, come on up here, we'll enroll together!”

Mom jumped up from the couch and followed her. Had she just been waiting for an offer like this the whole time? With her degree of enthusiasm, that may very well be the case. Pandora just needed to reach out herself, as she had dozens of times prior. Only this time her wish was actually granted.

Suddenly mom stopped next to a room. “Hold up Pandora, there's someone else I think we should invite. A few weeks ago she said that she'd been considering going back to school.”

“Sure, the more the better.”

Mom opened the door, and inside on a computer was a familiar face. “Oh Gaia, I have a surprise for you.”

The green-haired girl exited out of whatever she was on. “What is it?”

“Are you still interested in applying to VGHS?”

Her eyes lit up. “Yeah, but I was gonna wait til next month. Why?”

“It's Pandora here. She wants to apply *right now*. I'm gonna wipe all my gaming memories and restart from scratch. Wouldn't it be fun if we all enrolled together? Then I could re-learn it all with you!”

Gaia contemplated, weighing the pros and cons of this familial invitation. “Sure, I could do it now.”

“Hooray!” Pandora led the way out, originally starting back to Apollo's room, then realized he probably wouldn't wanna see them. Instead she brought them to her room, where she turned on her own computer and looked up the website. “Okay, so like, how do we enroll?”

“Spiritcloud should automatically do it. Here, just type our names in.” Mom took over the keyboard and filled it out for all 3 of them. Afterwards, a message displayed: Congratulations, you're enrolled! Welcome to VGHS. We hope you enjoy your video game education!

“Is that it?”

“Yup, that's it. We'll all head there tomorrow morning.”

“But there's still one more thing you need to do, remember?”

“Not for long I won't.” Mom stood back and took a deep breath. “Okay, here goes: God, please wipe my memory of all video game knowledge I possess.” A blue aura surrounded her cranium, systematically altering all neuron connections, then dissipated.

Gaia found her turn to test her ignorance. “So Mom? Ever heard of Dead Space?”

“No sweetie, what is it?”

Gaia shrugged to Pandora. “It appears to have worked.”

“How do you feel?” Pandora worried.

Mom yawned. “Kinda tired, actually. How about we get some sleep?”

The contagion infected them too. “Yup, then tomorrow morning we'll wake up and go to school.” Pandora yawned.

“See you tomorrow.” They left for bed, meanwhile Pandora stayed for

it. She climbed in and covered up, the sheets masking the giddiness of this very excited daughter. Pandora contemplated the fortune she was just blessed with. Despite losing so much time, and missing out on the joys of learning together, she would still have her 2nd chance. Apollo didn't steal it from her after all. Tomorrow will be a new day – yet another fresh start – to explore the world of gaming, with the parent she always wanted.

Chapter 9

VGHS

Pandora went down for breakfast. All the gang was here, including Mom, Dad, Gaia, Morpheus, and Epaphus. Again Dad initiated their departure:

"Alright boys, let's go. It's school time."

"Owkay." Pandora watched as the poor, clueless victim left for the slaughter. Hopefully he'll be okay.....

Soon after came their own. "Guess we should leave too. I can't wait to learn about video games!" Mom led them out to the car, again on the planet Tetria, and bussed them to the institution of proper education. Upon entry, immediately a scantily-clad tanned elf lady decked in ancient Egyptian jewelry approached them.

"Hello, and welcome to VGHS. My name is Viscilla. It's a pleasure to have you here. If I may ask, what are your relative skill levels?"

"I'm pretty decent," Pandora said.

"I'm out of practice, but remember enough." Gaia said

"I'm a completely clueless beginner," Mom said.

"Ah, fresh out of memory wipe are we? In that case, you may want to take the introductory course first. Go to classroom 42-G, where they'll teach you the basics. THEN you can go to learn your first game in class 52-F."

They thanked her for the suggestion, and journeyed toward the classroom. Labeled above the door was the course title: *Controllers 101*. They entered the room full of hooligans, and all took their seats. Once the bell rang, the teacher entered and began the lecture:

"So let me get this straight. All you MORONS are too stupid and uneducated to even know how to use a controller!? Why the **** are you here? You should be at VGK! Anyone here who doesn't know how, raise you hand."

Mom was the only person to raise her hand.

"Oh my ****ing God, fine then! I'll teach you!" The teacher passed out standard Xbox controllers to the class, then changed personality to calm teacher mode. "To use an Xbox controller, place both hands loosely around the hand grips, held primarily by your ring and pinky Fingers. Your middle fingers should naturally rest behind the controller. As for the thumbs, these are the most important element you will need to get used to. Thumbs are God's gift to humanity to allow us to play video games, so be sure to use them. With your

thumbs on top, keep your left thumb hovering right above the left analog stick, and your right thumb above the ABXY buttons. This is the most common position your will find yourself in. Now, for your index fingers, these are usually the 2nd most important thing, though it can depend on the game. Your index fingers should naturally be positioned on either the bumper buttons – called LB and RB respectively – or the trigger buttons, called LT and RT respectively. Either position is fine, as you will be switching between them frequently."

The teacher continued grilling Mom til she got the hang of it, then moved on to more advanced material.

"Next you'll need to learn about the *other* kind of controller."

"What other kind is there?"

"Ahem. There is an alternative type of controller called a keyboard and mouse. Now don't be offended; each of them are good in their own way, and I'm not here to recommend one way or the other. That said, it's important to learn both just so you can be prepared for any situation." The teacher then tutored her on a keyboard and mouse. Luckily this was much easier, because she was already familiar with the layout.

"Excellent, it appears you've got the basics down. NOW you're ready for learning actual games. Go on, get out of here, go to your next class."

The family left for their *real* class of the week: Farming Simulator, where a farmer-cosplaying teacher took to the podium.

"Alright class, before we begin, I have just one question for you all: What is the best art form in existence? I know you all know it, so come on, shout it all at once!"

"VIDEO GAMES!"

"That's right! Video games are the BEST form of art in existence, hands down. Through games, not only can one directly control a character's actions and choices, but simulate life itself. Only in games can you spend hundreds of hours following the life story of somebody other than yourself, according to a predefined narrative which others worked hard to craft. And through *life* games, you can ACTUALLY follow the story of another real person, living through their life and making choices. You can even replay scenarios from your own past and make a different choice to see what would've happened. Although, most gamers tend to find anything real subpar to the vast potential of fiction, and so usually prefer playing games with 10,000 hour long storylines for peak immersion. But that's only for story games; today we will be playing a different genre. Who here's heard of Farming Simulator 412?"

8 people raised their hands, including Pandora and Gaia, but not mom.

"This is the game we'll be playing today. Class, pay very close attention as I show you the mechanics, as there's a lot of them." The teacher then proceeded to educate about the various farm equipment, crops, harvesting and transporting, storing, fertilizing, managing the game's money and economy, time scaling, and every other mechanic. Then they went hands on, and everyone played their own copies of the game.

Mom opened up the game; her first one ever within this memory loop. She had trouble at first, getting used to all the various mechanics and learning

how to play properly. Although it took some hours, she eventually got the hang of things, patiently planting, harvesting, and managing crop yields. The school day lasted 4 hours, and by the end she had become a bona-fide farming pro (at least for this easy new farmer difficulty mode).

Gaia too enjoyed playing, just as she had many years ago. She started from complete scratch, the most expert mode available, and still managed to perform well despite it. Looks like she's still got it!

"Your homework for this week is to practice farming transubstantiation. Make your game farm affect your real one, and consume its crops. Be sure to practice every day until next time. Next week, we'll be learning WorldCraft!"

Ooooh, WorldCraft? What's that, some kind of WoW spin-off? Or Minecraft ripoff? Sounds pretty lame. Pandora couldn't wait to go home and forget about it.

The ride home was mostly silent, until Gaia uttered a praising remark. "Mom I gotta say: you did pretty good for a first-timer."

"Did I really?"

"Yup, about the same as when I first started. Just keep practicing, I promise you'll get better with time."

"I think I'm addicted. I'm gonna hook it up right when we get home!"

"Hey Mom, I have an idea. Since this is a special occasion, I think tonight I'll cook dinner for all of us. Not the wishy way; the normal way. That sound good?" Pandora offered.

"What are you gonna cook?"

"It's a surprise."

They arrived home, expecting to find the living room vacant as always, but this time someone unexpected was there: Dad, who was sitting down eating. Mom seemed surprised. "Oh honey, already back from work?"

"Yeah, today Jesus came and stole all the wine from the bar. With nothing to sell, there's no customers to serve, so I just came home."

"Awww, that sucks."

"Yup, just trying to get my mind off it. I think I'm gonna go mow the lawn now." Dad cleaned his plate then went outside. A minute later, faint sounds of a whirring machine could be heard in the distance.

With the pleasantries out of the way, Mom went straight to the TV and hooked up the computer. "Anyway, enough chitchat. It's time for more Farming Simulator 412!"

Gaia helped her set up, then started for the door back outside. "I'm gonna go ahead and water the trees now."

But mother would have none of that. "No Gaia! Stop procrastinating! You need to take care of your virtual farming homework, no watering trees until it's done!"

Gaia rolled her eyes. "Ugh, fine." She conjured another computer and game with her saved progress, and continued her required schoolwork.

Mom became engrossed in the game, tunnel vision blocking out all other worries and perceptions. From the outside, it was difficult to fathom what the big deal was. But to Mom, her virtual farm was everything. Inside her mind

ran various calculations, plans, jargon, and expectations. In short: a continuously running narrative about maintaining the proper operation of her farm. Any disruption to this narrative – any distraction to keep her from the thing she cared about – would be extremely annoying and ruin the story. Pandora didn't dare interrupt, except to make one short announcement.

"Alright guys, I'm gonna get to cooking dinner!"

"Can't wait to try it!" Mom responded mindlessly.

Pandora started cooking whilst her Mom and green-haired sibling did their homework, all so that one day they might get into a good Video Game College. She grabbed the nearest butcher knife and began sawing her arms off (making sure not to cut above her left elbow, as that part still retained the first touch of her lover). With newly regenerated arms, she pulled out the recipe book, looking for an easy recipe for noob cannibal cooks such as her. One stood out: garlic arm stew with herbs, which she began preparing. She turned on the stove and boiled some water, then placed the Pandora-grade meat in to begin the process. She poured in the ingredients: tomato sauce, cumin, thyme, green pepper, and garlic, then left to stew in the pot. Whilst in the middle of brewing, a surprise came tumbling down the stairs. Morpheus walked up to mom, seemingly with an important question.

"Mama, something weiwd happened at schoow today."

"Not now Morpheus, I'm busy farming."

"They put me in a diffewent cwass. What's 'gifted' mean?"

"I said not now! Go play with your legos or something."

Morpheus started crying. "Waaaa! You big meanie!" Then he came running over to a family member he could actually trust. "Big sis, mama yewwed at me!"

"Awww, I'm sorry. Come here." Pandora picked the little guy up and hugged him, patting him on the back over and over. It's the least she could do for ruining his school life. After a couple minutes he seemed to calm down, and Pandora set him back down. While he was up, he noticed the project she was working on. "Big sis, awe you cooking?"

"Yup, I just started, shouldn't take too long. Come back down in 30 minutes, okay?"

"Owkay!" He shuffled back upstairs, and Pandora resumed managing the stew. After a couple more minutes, mother made an announcement.

"Woah guys, what's this? Anyone know what yardwork mode does?"

Huh? Yardwork mode? What's that? Pandora came over to check it out. Mom clicked the option, and the landscape on the screen changed to look like..... their front yard? "Wait a minute, this is just right outside! Look, there's dad mowing!"

Pandora observed, and indeed, it looked exactly like an angled bird's eye view of their house, lawn and all.

"Let's see, what happens if I do this...." Mom continued playing by conjuring a lawnmower in-game, and began mowing close to the front. They all 3 heard it: sounds of the lawnmower buzzed right outside, the loud machine chopping up grass without need of an operator. "Unbelievable, this is amazing!

Go tell you father to come look!"

"Why should I go? I'm cooking dinner!"

"We'll go together!"

Both Mom and Pandora ran outside to meet him. He briefly glanced their way, but didn't pause from his important chore. "Honey, stop doing yardwork and get in here! You need to play Farming Simulator 412!"

He remained focused. "Not now honey, I'm in the middle of mowing."

"No! Get your workaholic butt in here and relax! Stop procrastinating and come play the video game!"

"Fine dear, I will, just let me find a good stopping point."

"Right now!"

Now a scowl of frustration. "Why!? Can't you just let a man reach his next checkpoint first? I'm almost done with this loop."

"You could save it a lot better if you were playing it as a game!"

"I know, but I just prefer doing it physically!"

"Fine then, we'll just go play it without you."

They returned inside alone. "Dang it, why does Dad have to be so busy? If he won't come do stuff with me, I'll never be able to bond with him."

"He's got work to do, it's not his fault."

"Work shmirk, I know that's a load of nonsense. Work can be whatever he wishes, he just has to desire the right thing."

"Ah well, he can be stubborn. Pandora, why don't you continue from here?"

"Okay." She took over the keyboard and resumed her progress, remotely controlling the lawnmower to finish all the grass. Wow, she was right; this IS fun! At least it's nowhere near as taxing as doing it the normal way. And the same went for actual crop farming: no longer would people have to break their backs just to have some food to eat, but could do it easily and painlessly from their comfy bedroom!

Speaking of which, what was up with that whole "cursed to till the ground and sweat" thing? And making certain regions of the planet upwards of 90° F causing mass agony, heat strokes and sunburn? Seems a bit unnecessarily cruel. Not to mention the random weather which, at any time of year, could wipe away all progress, rendering the many hundreds of hours of labor fruitless, and make the people starve to death. All for no reason. Though humanity did spend its entire history crafting new technologies to aid with such problems, and had established a mostly complete system by the end, it still left all the earlier generations with the brunt of the labor. If only God created Earth with all the comforts of advanced technology already in place.....

Ah well, that was all in the fallen world; not a problem anymore, so we shouldn't worry about it. Once the stew was cooked, Pandora cut up the fine meat, removing the fat while leaving only the juicy muscles, finishing with a few extra spices, and set them out onto exquisite platters for her fancy family dinner. "Okay guys, dinner's ready!"

They gathered around the table, and Morpheus came tumbling down the stairs again, right on time. Once they all sat down, meat prepared, Mom also

transubstantiated some of the harvested crops from the game onto the table, which they ate for homework. The potatoes especially were an A+, but Morpheus had a bias towards his favorite chef.

"Wow big sis, it's weawwy good! What is this?"

Pandora smiled while taking a bite. "It's a secret recipe."

As they ate the proper family meal, Pandora got a little careless with the positioning of her arms, which Mom had to reprimand her for.

"Hey! Elbows off the table, it's bad manners!"

"Sorry!" Pandora put her elbows down. Dang it, she knew she shouldn't have regrown her arms. Such troublesome bad-mannered things, ugh!

"Oh, and don't think this gets you out of your gaming homework. You've still got your own crop quota to maintain, remember?"

"Yes mom, I know. I'll get on it right away." Once Pandora was full of herself, she left the table and head back to her room. Though she would like some more solo time with her darling, schoolwork must take priority, plus she was still trying to heed Dad and Artemis's advice to not get so attached. Hmmm, tomorrow would be a free day, so perhaps she'll finally have the chance to ask her those questions. She turned on her PC and continued building her farming empire. After 6 hours, it was finally bedtime. Pandora slept, and dreamed of flying tractors and mom-faced lawnmowers devouring grass.

Chapter 10

Space

Morning time! Today, there was nothing to do. Nowhere to go, no obligations to keep, no school or work; she was literally home free. Woo-hoo, now we can spend all day having incest! Or so Pandora wished, but unlike her, her gifted darling still had to go to school, so he wasn't there anyway. Not to mention having to share with the other sisters, so she couldn't hog him all to herself. Hmmm, what to do..... Pandora pulled up the questions for Artemis, contemplating if there were any more she could add before going. Today she will finally ask her about it. She got out of bed and left the room, traversing downstairs to Artemis's flame door. A sense of dread filled her the whole way. Even from outside, she could hear some ungodly sounds happening from within; there's no telling what kind of insane punishment was being inflicted on the guest. Pandora figured it best to wait until the storm cleared. Once it did, she braced herself, then opened the door. Inside was a pleasant surprise: It was Apollo! Despite suffering lightning storm rape, he appeared to be uncharred, as the 2 were getting dressed in some kind of special gear. Artemis had just finished putting on a pair of camouflage denim pants when she saw her enter.

"Oh look, our new sister is here." The music boy glanced over.

"Hey Artemis. Is now a good time for those questions?"

She continued putting on her gear. "Nope, not right now. We're about to go hunting." She nodded to their brother, dressing in similar attire.

"Yeah, we've already got a famous target scoped out," Apollo added.

Oh no, they're gonna leave without her? That sucks. She really wanted more time to bond with them. Pandora quickly figured out a simple solution.

"What if I come with you? Could you answer on the way?"

Now fully dressed, Artemis paused to seriously consider. "Sure, you can join. Just be warned our hunts are pretty intense. Think you can handle it?"

"I'm sure whatever it is, I can handle it."

Artemis shrugged. "If you say so. Here, put this on." She conjured another suit, an exact replica of the one they had on. Pandora obeyed, stripping naked, then putting it on. It was some kind of heavy, baggy, camouflage cloth. Once the preparations were complete, Artemis conjured a portal to their destination. "Alright, time to head out. We don't wanna be late."

Pandora noticed something missing. “Wait, don't we need weapons?”

“I conjure them myself as needed. We're good just like this.”

Apollo kept looking away, trying to suppress a smirk. Because he knew what utter insanity was about to ensue whilst Pandora did not. This poor, inexperienced girl, led by 2 savage hunters, blindly followed them through the portal, which Artemis closed behind them.

Pandora looked around at their new surroundings: desert, just freaking empty desert everywhere. Rocks, sand, and a dark night sky; not even a moon. And no shrubbery either, neither grass nor trees, or any creature in sight.

“Soooooo, where are we?”

“Hold up, let's get in the car first.” Artemis conjured a Tesla Model S, then opened the door for her. “This is fitting for the target. Get in.”

Pandora felt like she was crawling into a stranger's candy van, but nevertheless obeyed. Once in, Artemis peeled out on the sand, taking them to their destination.

“Okay, *now* where are we?”

Artemis took a sip of her conjured juice. “This is Mars. We're heading to the main colony, about 40 miles up. See those lights up there? That's it.”

What!? MARS? Pandora reexamined the scenery, understanding it in light of this new context. And indeed, way up in the distance appeared to be the lights of civilization. But wait, Mars's atmosphere is too thin for humans to breathe, how is she..... oh yeah, she doesn't need oxygen. No spacesuits needed!

“Was that the only question, or you got something else?”

“Oh, right, let me pull it up.” Pandora brought out the list, and read off the first question. “Ahem. So the last time, you mentioned that monogamy is considered bad. Why is that?”

There was no hesitation in Artemis's response. “Because it sparks feelings of jealousy and possessiveness, and always ends badly. Even if you got the relationship to stick hundreds of years, it's inevitable that it will end. Having multiple partners makes compartmentalizing easier, plus you get to experience way more variety.”

“Is that why you don't want me to be with Morpheus?”

“Ugh, there you go again; you still don't get it. You CAN still be Morpheus. Go and spend as much time doing whatever you want, I'm all for it. What I'm saying is don't make it JUST Morpheus, and don't expect him to remain with JUST you. That's unnecessary restrictions. *That* is selfish and possessive. True love is letting others pursue their own dreams and desires. The whole point is to be liberated so you're not tied down by stupid limitations; that's why I make sure all my marriage contracts last 10 years max. It's enough time to experience the relationship, while knowing I won't be bogged down forever.”

Oh? That was a lot more wholesome than Pandora expected. Phew, so she *can* still be with Morpheus. This whole polyandry thing is just very counter-intuitive to her old culture. It's only cause she's still new and not used to it, but Artemis appeared to be quite experienced.

“So..... I take it you have multiple partners, then?”

“Yup, tons of em'. I'm on a quest to have as many types of sex as

possible, and with all the highest profile people. Which is exactly what we're on our way towards now."

"Huh? But I thought you said we were going hunting!"

"We are: hunting for the colony's founder. He was a big shot back in the Old World, name's Elon Musk. He's been on my bucket list #7 for the past year."

Pandora wasn't sure she heard correctly. "What? ELON MUSK!? You're kidding, right?"

"Nope. From what I hear, he's got some really advanced tech that can stimulate sex in ways like none other. If we can score with him, he might let us have some. I need to expand my collection!"

Pandora kept inquiring, learning the details of their imminent mission as Artemis escorted them through the barren Mars landscape, twisting and turning around various hills and rock formations. Meanwhile Apollo put on some nice ambient music: the entire Void Stasis – Ruins album, which heightened Pandora's emotion of emptiness whilst staring into the deep black void of space above; just as Earth's sky once was long ago.

Elon Prime

Pandora could see the large glass domes of the colony spread out in equidistant hexagonal formations, getting ever larger as their position encroached. Roads of pure silicon spanned from dome to dome, which served the threefold purpose of absorbing sunlight, transmitting energy, and a highway intended for smooth vehicular transport (quite unlike the rocky terrain currently rattling them around). The highway was full of high speed vehicles, leaving no room for an entrance. But Artemis drove straight on anyway with no regard for the giant moving crane which then violently tripped and tumbled over them, though not crushing them as Artemis had made their vehicle invincible. "Ha! Take that you stupid crane!" She then shot out a laser beam to ensure it blew up.

The road led into the largest dome labeled *Elon Prime*, which measured roughly 25 square miles out to its furthest edges. Once inside the dome, it was nothing but city streets, sidewalks, and rainbow street lights gridded between a myriad of neon-lighted skyscrapers; a massive metropolis of futuristic architecture housed inside a dome made purely for aesthetics, not for retaining an atmosphere as Pandora assumed (the founder had insisted on it).

"Man, this place is huge. How are we even gonna find him?"

Artemis pulled out her phone. "I already got his coordinates on the person locator. He's on the 42nd floor of that tall skyscraper there." She pointed to an alien-architecture-like building at the center of the dome, by far the largest structure in the entire city.

Apollo spoke up, a little concerned. "We better hurry, looks like he's approaching the target area."

"Damn it, we're too late to do it the normal way. No matter, we'll just improvise." Artemis pulled to the side, running over a Martian while parking on the sidewalk.

"What are we doing now?"

“We can't make it by elevator, so we're taking a shortcut.” Artemis opened up another portal which led straight to the 48th floor, and dragged Pandora through. Now they were inside the structure, apparently on top of some smaller building within a giant open floor room: a metallic bluish-chrome cavern with lines of energy channeling throughout the floor, walls, and ceiling, and people walking about the edges where angelic stands served various Martian foods and refreshments. Their particular roof belonged to “The Spacebar.”

Apollo examined the person locator. “Uh oh, he's coming up the elevator now. 2 bodyguards, extremely muscular.”

“Crap! Alright little sis, listen up, here's the rundown. See that door there?” She pointed down to a red-lined triangular entrance gate. “That's where they'll come in. When you see the bodyguards, both of you transform into them and turn invisible. I'll shoot the 2 real guards with teleportation arrows, then tranquilize the target. Then you 2 will reappear and escort his corpse away. Just act shocked and concerned, and nobody will notice.”

“Uhhh, sure, got it.” With their plan all set, Pandora and Apollo watched the door in anticipation. Any moment now..... there! The door opened, and a group of 3 entered the room. There he was: the big man himself. Pandora never dreamed of actually seeing him in person, yet here he was in the flesh. The 2 siblings put on their disguises, turned invisible, and jumped down to the main floor, trailing them closely behind.

Pandora looked back up at Artemis, perked atop the Spacebar with her flaming twin-arrowed bow all primed for launch, aimed directly at the unsuspecting targets. Pandora heard a telepathic voice in her head.

“Alright guys, be ready. I'm shooting in 3..... 2..... 1.....”

Pandora witnessed a double strike which only an expert archer could pull off, her big sister's experience proving itself as the 2 arrows struck their prey and instantly warped the surrounding space-time, transporting them to a random, undisclosed location. Then before he even noticed, a third arrow had lodged into Musk's right shoulder blade, which instantly knocked him out. The trillionaire crumpled to the floor, and a loud siren wailed as the entire dome started flashing in red police lights.

Artemis shouted from above. “Quick, get him out before they find us!”

They bagged and tagged the amazing entrepreneur, conjured a portal nearby, and dragged him out to the car. The portal closed, and the comparatively peaceful silence of the city graced their ears. They had succeeded.

“Phew, good work everyone! Now let's get him in the car. We wanna be driving when he wakes up.” They piled in, and Artemis started for another dome while Pandora tried keeping his head safe from her crazy driving. Meanwhile Apollo put on another song, this time from the same artist Pandora showed him earlier: Nhato – Raihaku. About 10 minutes later, Musk woke up, disoriented.

“Huh? Wait, where am I? Who are you?”

His captor proudly turned to introduce herself. “I'm Artemis! We're here to have sex with you!”

“Oh, is that all?”

“Yup. You've been on my bucket list #7 for a while, sorry it took so

long. Mind telling us where your house is?"

"Sure, I'll point you there. It's a few domes over to the East. We could probably get there faster using the hyperloop."

"No way, I hate taking that thing. We're driving." Artemis had always preferred the trains staffed with professional gropers over the ones with mid-ride vibrator dildo seats.

Musk led the way through the domed cities, instructing Artemis with proper directions. "Oh, and I notice you're driving one of my sexy cars. Where'd you get it?"

"I conjured it from thin air."

"Nice."

Next Apollo spoke. "Hey Mr. Elon, what was the deal with those body guards? You don't really need them, do you?"

"Oh no, of course not. I just keep them around for the aesthetic. Gotta keep up the whole important rich person thing, you know? Honestly I fantasize a lot about being randomly kidnapped like this, glad to see my prayer has finally been answered."

"Damn right it is, because SOME people actually have the cushions to abduct rich people in need." Artemis glared at Pandora to make sure she got the message.

"Anyway, Mr. Elon? There's something else I've been curious about. I read that you used to live back in the Old World. What were your businesses like back then?"

"Oh, we were actually doing pretty well back then. We already had plenty of working rockets and resources to start a colony, God's return just helped speed things along. We would've settled Mars even without him."

"What was your inspiration for that, though? How'd you keep up the drive to manage 6 different companies?"

Musk thought for a few moments. "I think all I really wanted was to make the world a better place. To turn Earth into a Paradise, or, I guess prematurely bring Paradise to Earth so the life quality of all humans could be improved. That is why I founded so many companies and managed them as faithfully and fairly as I could. I think the less suffering there was, the better."

"Wow, that sounds so inspirational I could almost cry. By the way, did your plans ever include something like that?" Artemis pointed out the window to a giant cathedral with statues of Musk valiantly adorning the outer perimeter.

"Oh no, that's just my temple. Building it wasn't my idea, people just like worshiping me. It's a bit like a fan club and museum, where they can examine my past achievements and take home my technologies for free."

"Speaking of your technologies, can you tell us the story behind Sex Link? I want an autographed one from you for my collection."

"Ah yes, that takes me back. It all started with another product called Neuralink. The original idea was to allow the brain to control things directly by translating its output into wireless signals. Our primary focus was on helping paralyzed people be able to walk again, as the severed nerve connection could be reconnected to the brain through implants. But eventually we–"

“Wait, you mean it was like a fancy crutch for crippled people? That sounds lame.”

“Hold up, I'm not done. It's true that Neuralink could wirelessly connect a person's brain back with their own detached nervous system. But a few years down the line we realized it could also connect to *other people's* nervous systems too. When we first performed the experiment, we weren't sure what would happen. But when the female test subject moved around and touched herself, the male felt all the same sensations she did, as if it was inside his own body. He was actually able to orgasm from her stimulation, and with VR headsets the effect was even more convincing. That was when we realized the major breakthrough on our hands. So we rebranded Neuralink under an alternative name, and opened a dedicated sex toy business focused entirely around the concept. Within the first month our stocks soared over 10000 percent, and we got all the funding we needed to make it happen.”

“But you can just straight up body swap with anyone now; that's even more thorough. My sister here just did it 2 days ago.”

“Ahhh, but you see, there's another dimension to all this. What if *both* partners are connected to each other's nervous systems, then the 2 have sex? Both of them each feel the other *in addition* to their self. Somatically it feels like you're 2 bodies sending conflicting signals, each interrupting and merging with the other, such that you both feel as one unified body.”

Artemis still didn't seem impressed. “Pfft, that just sounds like regular shared senses modifier to me. Why do we need this technology version when we have the supernatural? Your product is redundant and inferior.”

Elon shrugged. “To that I would say: what if a shared senses limitation ever comes along? That would leave mine as the only viable option. Also, some people may prefer the technology version just for the heck of it.”

Apollo interrupted. “Woah, hey guys, I just thought of something. How about we go there?” He pointed to a rocket station outside the dome, labeled *Rocket Love Hotel,* which was a giant parking lot of many individual rockets.

“One of my repurposed SpaceX rockets? It's been a while since I've been there. That'll work.”

“I wanna go too!” Pandora complied.

“Alright, guess majority vote wins.” Artemis turned off the highway for the hotel. Once there, they walked to the center of the landing pad, where a love angel awaited.

“Welcome to Rocket Love Hotel. We've already prepared your rocket, here's the key.” The angel handed over the key to rocket 8. Once there, they climbed up the large spiral staircase to the main compartment: a fancy room decorated with various space and Mars-themed merchandise (though it only had 1 bed). And scattered on the main dresser were various sex toys, including the one of utmost interest to Artemis. The red-haired girl started stripping.

“Hold up. Before we get too crazy, let's get this started up.” Elon scoured the dashboard for the launch button, and upon press, the thrusters ignited and blasted them off into space. Pandora stared out the window as the Martian landscape shrunk below, and they ascended into Mars heaven. Once in

orbit, everything started floating around, until Musk pressed the artificial gravity button to keep them grounded. Now with a better space view, Pandora could make out a weird shape in the distant background.

"What's that thing over there?"

Apollo came to answer. "That's Earth Station. You can see it even all the way from here since it's so huge."

Indeed, now that he said it, she could make out the familiar shape. They admired the view for a couple minutes, until Artemis's impatience came back to rear itself. She'd been messing around with a device the whole time, trying to figure out how it worked.

"Ahem. Alright Mars boy, let's test out this Sex Link thing of yours."

"Of course. I think you'll be quite satisfied." Elon, Pandora, and Apollo followed her example, piling their bare bodies into the same bed together. Artemis took both parts of the device, phasing the receiver through her skull to automatically connect with her brain, and attaching the transmitter to Elon's spinal cord. The signals traveled from his member to be intercepted by the transmitter, which sent to Artemis's brain as she touched it; now she knew what it felt like to be a CEO. Given her reaction, it appeared to be quite good. "Huh, this isn't half bad. Your toy actually works."

Pandora thought of a sick way to further enhance it. "Hey, what if we make it a 4 way? As in, each person connects to the next in a loop?"

"I like your thinking. Let's do it!"

And so they did. Artemis felt Elon's sensations, Apollo felt hers, Pandora felt his, and Elon felt Pandora's. All became one large mish-mashed entanglement of conflicting somatic ecstasies, as Pandora felt herself both penetrating and being penetrated by herself, of which Elon was feeling, sending to Artemis, and again back to Apollo, resulting in a kind of bizarre visceral feedback loop where Pandora wasn't sure who or what she was feeling. Then for good measure, Artemis suggested they compare with the standard shared senses modifier. And it did, in fact, achieve mostly the same result, except with a broader range of feeling that extended to the limbs as well. Pandora could feel everyone's arms and legs independently stacked with her own. But though the sensation was expanded, it was not necessarily improved, as the genital pleasure remained consistent. In a way the extra feelings *distracted* from the main event, like unnecessary red herrings in a book. The Sex Link was more concentrated, while shared senses was more general. So yes, perhaps the technology variant does achieve a mildly alternate result appropriate for different moods.

Once finished, Artemis stood up and conjured a portal beneath her, dripping the entrepreneur-brand white goo out to some other location. "Wooh, that was fun! I forgot how weird shared senses can get." She then removed the implant from her brain. "Now, about that autograph."

"Of course." Elon conjured a pen and signed it.

"Yay! Another one for my collection!"

With their fun had, Elon piloted the spaceship back down to Mars, offering his thanks for the fun night out, then teleported home.

"Not bad little sis, you did good for a first hunt."

“Yeah, it was fun!”

“Anyway, next stop: the casino!” Artemis drove them to the nearby Musk Casino. It was a special casino with 0% chance of winning, that way people could enjoy the activity of wasting all their money. It was so addictive they spent all Thursday and Friday there until Pandora gambled away all she had earned from work. Crap, now she'll have to earn more! With nothing left to spend, they teleported home.

“Hey sis, wanna hang out again next Thursday? I'll take you to my boyfriend's planet.”

“You have a boyfriend? I thought you didn't like being restricted.”

Artemis clarified. “I meant *one* of my boyfriends. I've got 16 of them, plus 11 girlfriends for when I feel like it. Plus 3 husbands and 3 wives.”

“Sure, I'd love to meet him.”

“Oh no, I don't mean just meet. You'll **** him too, just like we did Elon.”

“What type of sex does he like?”

Artemis chuckled. “Something cold. You'll see.”

With that foreboding mystery in her mind, Pandora headed back to her room. Man, it was already night time. They'd been gone all 2 days! Does time flow differently on Mars? Guess there's nothing to do but go to sleep. Hopefully tomorrow will be fun incest day.

Chapter 11

Church

Pandora awoke to the sound of a creaking door. Standing before was an unexpected sight: mother.

"Rise and shine Pandora, time to get up. We're going to church."

"Church? Why? We've literally never gone before."

"That was the Old World, sweetie. Now that we know God exists, it's important to go and worship."

"Why the **** would I ever wanna go to church? It's a complete waste of time. There's a hundred other things I'd rather be doing. Like taking care of Morpheus, watching anime, playing games, listening to music, going hunting, working, masturbating, learning, you know. All the other activities God made available to us."

"Please Pandora, you know that going to church is important. We must always worship the Lord in spirit and in truth, and maneuver our flesh vessels to sit inside an area of space inside a particular structure labeled as a *church* building, for this is pleasing to the Lord. To do anything else would be to exercise your own will above God's, and that is a horribly evil thing to do. So come on, get dressed, and we'll be heading out."

"Fine, I'll come. But it better be worth it."

Mom closed the door while leaving with one final remark. "Oh, and Morpheus will be coming too."

Pandora sprang up from her bed and jumped for joy. That was all she needed to hear to start putting on her makeup, hair styling, blouse, and fancy blue sabbath skirt. Once she was a presentable doll for the Lord, she head downstairs. However, unlike the usual empty kitchen, this time was met with a multitude of siblings dining together. She took the seat next to Morpheus, and while eating, overheard Mom speaking to Dad.

"Pssst! Honey, did you get more wine?"

"Nope, we were still all out."

"Well ****, what are we gonna do for eucharist?"

"I'm sure Jesus will just provide himself."

"You're right, guess I shouldn't worry."

The time for departure arrived, and the whole family funneled outside into the spaceship. Morpheus separated to go find another sibling – presumably another sister – leaving Pandora alone. So instead, she took a seat next to the only other familiar face. Oh look, it's the girl she did that thing to! She was still giving off the same delicious sweet fragrance.

"Hey! Aphrodite, right?"

She looked up. "Yes! And you're Pandora! I believe this is the first time we've met?"

"Actually it's the 2nd. I was Morpheus when I stuck my hand inside you that one time."

She connected the dots. "Ohhhh, that explains things. I thought he was acting weird back then, glad it wasn't me."

"You uh..... you felt good. Nice and warm."

"Thanks! Do you wanna feel again?"

"This time as sisters? Sure."

"Well go right ahead, touch me." She spread her crotch. Pandora stuck her fingers down and felt inside; this angle was different than last time.

"Try tasting it."

"Um, okay." Pandora removed her hand, and found it covered in some kind of white stuff. She licked it. Mmm, delicious! "Is this.... whipped cream?"

"Yup! You like it?"

Pandora nodded while licking her fingers. She stuck her hand in again and again, each time scooping out more whipped cream, eating it throughout the rest of the spaceship ride. Aphrodite reciprocated by keeping her hand down Pandora's skirt; at last she had grown accustomed to New Earth culture! While engaged in the greeting ritual, memories returned of her time with Lola on the road trip. How is she doing now? Did she find a husband yet? It's already been a week since they split up. Perhaps in a month they'll do some catching up.

Once they parked in the spaceship section of the church parking lot, everyone piled in and took their seats, eager to interpret the verbal utterances of a well-dressed human to take home a new, transitory moral message. Pandora took a seat next to Mom, while the rest spread throughout the medium-sized congregation. But the little children, including Morpheus, remained outside to play on the playground. Once settled in, a church member walked to the front.

"It is wonderful for us to be here, to give praises and honor to our Lord Jesus Christ. Let's begin with a word of prayer." Everyone bowed their heads. "Dear father on Earth Station, hallowed by thy name. We thank you for our shapeshifting abilities which you have so generously gifted us, and pray for wisdom that we may use our gifts in a way that brings honor and glory to you. In Christ's name we pray, amen."

The prayer man left the front, and next walked up..... Jesus! Oh crap, you mean he's here in person now? That kinda makes sense. After all, in the Old World it was thought that Christ dwelt in the midst of gathered believers, so this was just a manifestation of that concept in a more direct way. The Lord and Savior, now physically present to accept the praises of his humble subjects, would instruct the worship service personally. Glory be to God!

“How do you want us to worship you today, Lord?” A man asked.

“Hmmm, I think I want you to sing something. Yes, sing a few songs of praise to me, with only your voices and no instruments. That'll make you holy and placate my wrath.”

“How many songs, Lord?”

“I'm feeling around 4 today. Anything else is just wrong!”

“Very well, we shall sing Amazing Grace. Everyone please open your songbooks to page 145.” The congregation obeyed and began singing.

“Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but now I'm–”

“Hold up, hold up! EVERYONE STOP SINGING!!!”

The congregation's collective voice dwindled into silence.

“What do you mean you're all wretches? You are all so beautiful and amazing! You are my brothers and sisters, my family, and not a single one of you is a wretch, so don't you DARE call yourself that again!”

“Okay Lord, we won't sing that song anymore. But if not that one, then what should we sing instead?”

“Next I want you all to sing..... He's Got the Whole World in His Hand. But not in your usual voices. No, based on that display, I have come to realize all your voices sound rather shrill and horrible. Hatsune Miku's is much more pleasant, so you shall now all sing with that voice instead.”

And just like that, everyone's vocal chords were altered to the Lord's preferred sound. The singing commenced, and the room filled with a choir of Mikus. Wonderful memories of Pandora's time in school flooded her mind as she herself uttered the lyrics with the voice of the goddess.

“He's got the whoooole world, in his hands. He's got the whole wide world, in his hands. He's got the whoooole world, in this hands. He's got the whole world in his hands.”

Oh wait, you mean the world is his? Maaaan, and there I was thinking it was all mine, what a bummer. Fortunately it's only *this* world though; all the others are still left for others to claim. As for how such an irregularly shaped planet could fit in anyone's hands, Pandora will never know.

“Well done everyone, your voices were much more beautiful that time, and beauty is all that matters. Next let's all sing Cum Ba Yah!”

“YEAH!!!”

Once the singing portion was over, next came the lesson for the day, spoken from the mouth of the great teacher himself.

“Something of great trouble has been on my mind recently, something truly despicable. And that is, that not a single one of you has come to accept me into your heart. Why can't you just obey a simple command which I never said?”

“But we do accept you Lord! We've done it many times!”

“No you haven't, you just SAY that you have. Come on, stop playing around. Just accept me! Trust in me! Place your faith in me!”

“We are, Lord!”

“No you're not! You're just sitting in your pews doing nothing!”

“We accept you into our hearts! We trust in you! We believe in you!”

“No you don't! Simply thinking thoughts and possessing an understanding of reality in your mind doesn't do anything! At the end of the day, you're all just a bunch of conscious minds inside bodies moving around through space and time. How is 'accepting me' even a possible activity at all? It isn't! There is no such activity possible for a human to do. It's like saying 'accept chocolate covered shylon into your heart.' What the ** does that even mean? You can't 'accept' ANYTHING into your heart, as that's an impossible metaphysical-nonsense activity. By what criterion does something accomplish that? I suspect it's nothing more than a placebo of internal self-convincing!”**

Once the educational preaching had been given, next was the final ritual of the ceremony: eucharist. Back in the Old World, people were unfortunately limited to consuming things that merely *resembled* the body and blood of Jesus. But now that the reality was here, the foreshadowing symbol was no longer necessary. The sacramental knife was prepared, and the Messiah went up to perform the holy ceremony. He took the sharp-edged utensil in one hand, and holding out the other, violently stabbed and sliced and gutted his raw flesh and bone arm off right onto the holy platter. Where the arm once was, out of its socket poured blood and water, which he collected into the holy chalice. With the sacraments prepared, the priest gave a blessing.

“Oh father in Heaven, hallowed be your name. We come together this day to worship you, and to consume the body and blood of your beloved son, just as you commanded. We pray that you will be pleased by our obedience. In Christ's name we pray, amen.”

The sacrificed lamb of God, who had already accomplished everything needed for salvation, then gave a 2nd extraneous blessing for the redundant ritual. **“Take, eat, this is my body that was broken for you, and my blood that was shed for many. Consume this meal, and you shall be righteous, for one is what one eats.”**

First they passed around the holy, nail-scarred hand, which each member took turns consuming a piece of in accordance with the observance set forth by the God in charge of this planet's religious rituals. Though by the time it got to Pandora, the lucky first-dibbers had consumed the most delicious nail hole portion. Dang it, she wanted to eat that! Maybe next time she'll sit closer to the front. When it finally got to her, she consumed a piece of middle finger. It was raw and uncooked; a far cry from the scrumptious dish she served up 2 days prior, because it was essential that the bread of life be unleavened. Then she drank the blood of the lamb, a nice bloody red iron flavor down her esophagus, which felt like the Day of Atonement ritual all over again. The ritual which *actually* cleansed all her sins, rendering this inferior activity redundant.

The service ended with one final, closing prayer. “Lord, help give us the strength to do your will, and the intelligence to understand our life purpose by imitating the arbitrary actions of those recorded in your history book. Amen.”

After a few minutes of greeting other church people and making their way to the exit, the family had all gathered back into the spaceship. This time

Pandora got a seat next to Morpheus, and rode all the way back with him on her sisterly lap: 2 pillowy thighs specially designed to seat his bum. He was so warm.....

Alright! Now that stupid church is done, they'll finally have some free time! It's about time Pandora showed him another awesome anime, but what? She should probably choose something more kid-friendly, like Kill la Kill. The problem is that show sucks, so we need something better. Hmm, Pandora finally felt it time to turn to the Lord for some help. “God, me and Morpheus need to watch another anime together, but I don't know what. Any suggestions?”

Although most prayers went answered silently, apparently God found this a special enough request to answer telepathically. ***“Watch Deltora Quest, for it is the one and only anime I ever personally ordained in the Old World. Be sure to watch the dub version, as it is surprisingly good, and more accurate to the source material since the original novel series was written in English.”***

Huh? Deltora Quest? Pandora had never heard of that show before. What in the world could be so special about it? Might as well find out. “Hey Morpheus, when we get home, I got another anime for us to watch. It's called Deltora Quest. Sound fun?”

“What's Dewtowa Quest?”

“I don't know, I've never seen it before. But God says it's pretty good, so I'm thinking we could both watch it together.”

“Suwe.”

Once they arrived home, Pandora immediately took him up to her room, conjuring the DVD player and disc. On the menu were options for either sub or dub. Though it went against her better instincts, and she could speak Japanese fluently with Spiritcloud upload, she decided to take God's suggestion anyway. Once episode 1 began playing, she hopped back in bed with her sweetheart, assuming the cuddle position. As they watched, she held her arms tight around while he sat in her lap, like a little teddy bear. This is the best position for watching anime.

Episode 1 opened with a boy named Lief stealing a forbidden apple from a tree, and his father asking where he was. Then it revealed the story's main premise: The Kingdom of Deltora was under oppression by the evil Shadow Lord, and only through a special belt called the Belt of Deltora could this evil force be eradicated once and for all. The belt had 7 empty slots where certain gems should be. In the past, the beautiful 7-gem belt was worn by the king of Deltora, which possessed the power to keep the Shadow Lord at bay. But in the present day, it had been many years since the gems were stolen and scattered throughout the land, and the only way to defeat the Shadow Lord would be to find all 7 gems and restore them to the belt, in addition to finding the king's missing heir, for only his bloodline could wield its power. This episode ended with the boy Lief and his middle-aged warrior guardian Barda leaving the comforts of home and embarking on a quest to find all 7 gems and free Deltora from the oppressive control of the Shadow Lord. Kinda like how it took 7 millenniums for Jesus to fully defeat Satan.

Episode 2 opened with meeting a certain girl. A very, VERY special,

sassy, green-haired forest tsundere girl named Jasmine. Oh my, this is one of the best designed female characters Pandora had ever seen. Who is this? What is wrong with her!? And she can talk to trees? This is like Gaia but as a lunatic!

Episode 3 involved a special flower whose nectar granted eternal life, guarded by a fierce warrior with a sword so nobody could drink it. It was in a place called "the dark," where the green-haired girl accused the guardian of turning good into evil, and was only defeated once the light shown in. Kind of like that time in Earth's 1st millennium when God exiled Adam and Eve from the tree whose fruit granted eternal life, guarded by an angel with a flaming sword so nobody could eat it, all because Adam and Eve had learned the difference between good and evil (sometimes poetically described as light and darkness) which fulfilled the 1st day of creation. Now the 1st gem was acquired, and they continued the journey.

The quest for the 2nd gem involved an entire area flooded with water, drowning the civilization below. Once the water cleared out, mute people were restored the ability to speak. Kinda like the global flood in Earth's 2nd millennium which drowned the entire world – the fulfillment of the 2nd day of creation – followed by the tower of babel which gave humanity different kinds of speech.

The quest for the 3rd gem involved splitting a river in half and walking through on dry ground, to reach a city infested by many rats and ruled by a snake. A bit like the time Moses split the Red Sea in half and led the Israelites through on dry ground, to escape a city infested by many frogs and a ruler with a snake staff (symbolizing the power and dominion of Satan the serpent) which took place in Earth's 3rd millennium: the fulfillment of the 3rd day of creation. And then the protagonist had a future vision of being tempted in the desert. Hmm, all of this sounds kinda familiar. Was this anime a ripoff of the Bible or something? If so, then of course God would ordain it, imitation or not.

"Yay, they beat the monstow!"

"They sure did, Morphy." Pandora felt that was enough for now. They had acquired the first 3 gems, already 3/7 of the way to reuniting the kingdom. "Alright, I think that's enough for today."

"Awww, but I wanna watch mowe!"

"Believe me, I do too. But if we just sit and binge the whole show all at once, it'll ruin the anticipation. Taking a break will let us get excited again."

"Hmmph, fine." He got down off the bed and left back to his room.

Of course, that wasn't the real reason; Pandora's hormones raged, the hours of being a darling pillow finally catching up to her. Now alone, it was time to try out that flower penis type herself. Once transformed into Pan, he lay in bed feeling it. Ahhh, it's been a while since he felt this. Except it had never felt like this, for each time he tried stroking it, it kept slipping and collapsing in with each thrust, just like the other time. He could move it outward just fine, but when pulling it back, its stiffness was lost and split into 5 noodles. He tried doing each one individually, but it didn't feel right unless all 5 were together; 2 hands wasn't enough. He grew 3 extra arms to compensate, but even then, the friction and shape of his hands didn't fit quite right. That's because flower-type

penises, like many of the new genital variants, were designed to only function properly in tandem with an opposite sex body of similar category. The same held true for flower-type vaginas; one could only stick their hand into 1 or 2 of the diverging tunnels. That's why these special variants of sex were only reserved for this new life, since in the Old World, sex was a relatively uncommon activity for many, God made sure to only include the base form which did allow masturbation variants. But now that sex was pretty much on-demand with anyone now, the gateway had been opened to the more advanced forms.

Oh yeah! Let's try doing that! Pan conjured a port-a-portal to his workplace, and waited with his flower-type penis hanging out. After a couple minutes, he felt something. Someone on the other end had come to take care of it! Now things made more sense; his job truly does serve customers in need. Pan took pride in having the most important job in the universe, shooting out a thick load to show his appreciation. Working from home had never been so fun!

Chapter 12

Shopping

The previous day had been full of nothing but church, anime, and a new type of masturbation. In other words: Heaven. But what to do upon this fine free day? How about playing some games? Oh yeah, farming homework time! Pandora engaged with the game for several hours, managing her crops, until she heard a fierce knock on the door.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and a monster appeared. "Hey little sis, what's up?"

"I'm farming."

"Clearly. Hey, so I was thinking: next week is birthday week, and I was wondering what you'd want."

"Umm, what? My birthday's not next week."

Artemis paused, seemingly shocked by that statement. "Oh! That's right, I forgot you're different."

"How so?"

"Well you see, everyone's birthday is next Sunday. Mom always births on the same day each year, so we all have the same birthday."

Oh yeah, the birthday! Pandora totally forgot! "Does that include Morpheus?"

"I did say *all*, didn't I?"

"I still need to get him a present!"

"Oh? That's perfect, because I need to get some stuff too. How about we go shopping?"

"Yeah, I'll get ready now."

Pandora dressed, and Artemis drove them to the store. Once inside, she led the way to an aisle full of many strange devices. "What is all this stuff?"

"This is the sex toy aisle, my favorite one. Sometimes they come out with awesome new stuff." Artemis scoured the shelves, looking for a new toy. A spike-webbed sawblade thing caught her attention. "Like that one! Let's see here: 'Shredder 3.2 with intra-vaginal flesh melter. Compatible with all limbs and materials.' Nice! I could use one of these." She put it inside the portal cart.

"You do know I have no clue what 90% of this stuff is, right?"

“You're not the only one. New stuff comes out all the time.”

“Sooo, people are still inventing stuff?”

“Uh, yeah? Kinda wouldn't make sense to just stop.”

These toys seemed a bit too extreme for her darling, so Pandora left Artemis to browse alone. Hmm, what about that one weird aisle? Pandora returned to the same area which captured her curiosity the week before: the packaged organs labeled “Starter Pack Pussy.” Now with more time to inspect, Pandora saw that it was, in fact, an actual female reproductive system fully packed and ready to go: uterus, ovaries, and all, with a stretchy layer of tissue containing the vaginal wall like a fleshlight. And there were various shapes for preferences, such as slit, camel toe, meaty, pumped, peach, etc. Amazing! Looks like finding a gift for her darling wouldn't be so hard after all. Since he enjoyed borrowing hers so much, maybe it's time to get one for himself. Pandora carefully browsed for one that looked the best, meanwhile Artemis came up next to her, perfect to offer an explanation.

“Hey! So like, what's up with these packaged genitals?”

“Those are retail organs. Instead of having God do it supernaturally, you just buy the product version. Remember the Sex Link?”

“Ohhhh, okay. So it's like the black market but not black.”

“What's a black market? Some Old World thing?”

“Yes, but you wouldn't understand. Back then organ harvesting was considered very bad.”

“It was?”

“Yeah you could be imprisoned for it.”

She shrugged. “Well that's weird. Seems just ordinary to me.”

“Things were a lot different back then. Like, just horrible.”

“I'm sure it was. Anyway, you got the present picked out or what?”

“Yeah, I'm thinking this standard slit type. You think he'll like it?”

“He'll love it. Boys always do. What size is it?”

“Medium.”

“Hmmm, you might wanna get the small instead. Medium is for ages 7 and up.”

“Oh. It is?”

“Yup, read the label. And small is for ages 3-6. Anything below that doesn't matter since baby forms aren't aware enough.”

“How do you know it won't work?”

She shrugged. “I've never tested it. Maybe it will, maybe it won't. Though you could also have him just skip straight to age 7.”

Those words lit up a light bulb. “Wait..... you can *skip* ages too?”

“Sure can. It's just like skipping school by downloading the information directly. He'll mature in no time.”

Ooooh, now there's a neat idea. Pandora was only going soft with him because he was still young. But if he was older..... things could be taken up a notch. Looks like she'll have a lot on her plate when his birthday finally comes.

“I think I'll just buy the medium anyway.”

Artemis slapped her on the back. “Ha, now you're gettin' it! It's about

time the brat grew up!"

They went up to the counter. Artemis paid for them both, including her fancy new shredder and some Nenonandan food (at least she knew how the currency worked). It wasn't til back in the truck when Pandora realized, "Oh crap, I forgot wrapping paper!"

"Don't worry, I got some at home. You can use it."

Later at home, Pandora carefully wrapped the gift, ensuring no way to see its contents (it was even a special material that blocked X-ray vision, a necessary feature ever since young boys figured out how to cheat). Though the product itself came in its own box, Pandora wanted a special one all her own. She lay the entire package inside an even larger cardboard box, then initiated the wrapping procedure. Once packed and taped, she topped it with the finishing touch: a custom, heartfelt birthday card, then stored it in the closet. Alright, now we just wait til next Sunday!

Chapter 8.1

Triple Threat

Ugh, another long day of work ahead. Pandora's job can sometimes be grueling, but she enjoyed doing it, taking pride in the work only she could do, the purpose she was made for. God designed everyone to fulfill particular functions in society, and this was hers. But only because she needed the money. If only she didn't blow it all at the casino, she probably wouldn't need to work at all. Yet her irresponsible spending habits had finally caught up to her. She arrived at the factory by ramming her vehicle into a long line of cars, this time going to the client division on floor F, where a workstation had been prepared for her.

This floor was nothing at all like the other one. It was just a long, open room, like a hallway for giants. And up above were a variety of doors being transported throughout the facility along a network of railways, heading from the storage area to the main extraction floor. There were special receptacles lined along the floor, which parted to reveal pistons reaching up to grab the door, then returning to lock in place. Once set, an employee would open the door and walk through, closing it behind. Then after several minutes, would come back out with a bucket of white fluid, and the door was sent back up to the storage area.

Pandora settled into her workstation, where she found a list of clients for the day. The first was named Connor, followed by 8 more random people, and ending with a triple request from some people named Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. Beside each client's name was an appointed visitation time, door number, and list of preferences. Let's see here, Connor has requested “cement sex.” What's that? Pandora took out River's cheat sheet, but there was no such thing listed. Crap, guess we'll just have to improvise. It was now 9:07 AM, and the appointed client time was 9:10. Pandora pressed the call button, and gazed above as door # 5,963,527,620,331 made its way to the extraction floor. Once locked in place, Pandora stripped naked, turned the knob, and slowly opened it.

Inside was a teenage boy, about 14 years old, laying on his bed playing Construction Simulator 9 on a handheld console. Upon seeing her, he set it down and stood up. “Oh good, about time they sent someone.”

“Yes darling, it's me, your milker for the day. You wanted cement sex?”

“Oh yeah, cement is the best.”

“Thing is, I've never actually done it before. Mind teaching a newbie?”

“Huh? But you're supposed to be the expert!”

“I'm sorry I'm new, but I promise I learn fast. Just tell me what it is, and I promise I'll be able to to do it.”

“Oh whoops, didn't realize you were a demure novice type. You had me fooled there for a second. In that case: Sorry, I was just teasing. Truth is nobody knows about cement sex, because I invented it.”

“Oh, okay....”

“Here, I'll teach you like the rest. Just lie down with your arms and legs spread out, like a 5 spoke wheel.”

Pandora obeyed, laying on the stranger's bed. What's he gonna do?

“You'll need to stay completely still until it hardens, only takes 5 seconds.” He enlarged his penis to the size of a mixer truck, and out gushed a flow of semen – no, cement – all over Pandora's body, which seeped into and hardened around her until her body had become solid concrete. She could not move anything but her mouth, and one could hardly tell she was a real girl if it weren't for her perfectly sculpted face, breasts, and pussy. The boy's new statue would now be put to good use as he straddled on top. With the firm foundation laid, he had a more concrete ground to rest his hands on while mixing her up. He turned his prick into a jumbo drill, and began drilling through the hard edges of her fault line.

“So, I take it you like construction?”

“Yup, been doing it ever since the Old World. Glad I did, else I'd probably never have thought of this.” Although Connor had come to terms with it, he still retained memories of his old horrible job. Back then every day was an absolute slog, frequently including backbreaking labor that left him exhausted. He never had time for his family, and even at home, could do nothing but rest and recover his aching muscles. Also it was dangerous working so close to cars on the highway all the time, so he made sure to pay life insurance out of fear of being hit. He did have several close calls, but ultimately never died, being caught up while alive at Christ's return; his only regret was continuing to pointlessly pay for a life insurance he didn't need. But now, New Earth construction was different. His title changed from Construction Worker to Sement Pourer, a noble profession in which the ejaculated cement magically arranged itself to construct the structure. Though he could still resort to standard wishing, he found it way too easy and boring. The sement way maintained a slow enough construction rate to allow some creativity in the design process, and was how the roads on Mars ended up being built. Long had humanity dreamed of such a magical construction method.

After several minutes of endorphin-releasing labor, he shot his cement inside her, calcifying them both into one unified asphalt. The bonding process was so thorough they became stuck together. With the product set in stone, he yanked the entire mortar brick out, crumbling her entire pelvis to extract the female organs within. “Ha! You let your guard down. At long last, I caught a noob milker's organs! My friends and I are gonna have a blast using it!” The boy ran out the room, presumably to test it out himself.

Pandora broke free of her concrete shell. Crap, her entire pelvis is gone! How's she gonna do her job without a bangin' milk extractor? Oh right, we'll just grow another one. With her newly regenerated tool, she moved on to the next client. But since thieving Connor ran off with the milk she needed, making up for it would require some major extra work. Luckily none of the other clients were as devious; they just wanted comparatively normal sex types, so Pandora could successfully use them for milk production (though one of them had the strange request of using a white sock as a condom, an exceptional case known as an Ezekiel 23:19 NIV).

Then came her final clients of the day. Pandora entered the Greek sanctuary, and there they were: the 3 famous philosophers, brought back to life to bless the world with their insight once more. Oh my, a chance to do it with the big 3? How could she refuse!? Socrates invited her in.

"Hello young lass. Would you care to learn some philosophy?"

"Oh yeah, I can't wait." She closed the door, then realized the conundrum of taking in 3 at once. "Sooooo, how are we gonna do this?"

"We'll do a triple interior connection with glans anchor point."

"Okay, gotcha." Pandora shifted around her internal tubes to make a 3 way joint tunnel, each with entrances at her mouth, pussy, and anus, connecting at the anchored intersection near the stomach area. Though she read about this type, it would be her first time actually trying it. All 3 bearded men penetrated inside her, reaching as deep as their philosophy. Speaking of which.....

"So Socrates, what's the deal with philosophy? Why do you think it's important for people to know it?" She asked telepathically since her mouth was stuffed.

"Oh young lass, why ask such questions? I inquire as to the need to study philosophy at all when a life such as yours already contains such copious joy. If learning philosophy provides no benefit, but only detriment, then what good is it? It would not be good, but rather bad. Therefore unless one's soul is in dire need, it would be best to avoid it altogether."

Pandora swallowed those wise words along with his Socratic snake. Of course, even the dismissal of philosophy is itself a philosophy, so that meant nothing. Or perhaps.... did it? What is philosophy anyway? Perhaps we still don't even have a proper definition for it. Pandora wondered if he truly was as wise as history made him out to be.

"Yo Plato, did Socrates really understand all the deepest and profound secrets of the universe?"

"Indeed he did. They oozed out of his mouth with every word. Socrates secretes secrets as naturally as his sperm."

"Hmm, if you say so. By the way I got another question: In your writings you warned about the power of art, and the need for proper censorship to ensure that only the right *kinds* of stories and art be published to provide the most benefit to people's souls and society. Could you expound? Exactly what kinds of art should be censored?"

"Hmm, I suppose it would be best to censor that art which is only destructive, and also that which provides false hope. There are noble lies, and

there are despicable lies. I would much sooner forgive a man for lying that he is bankrupt before revealing he is wealthy, than a man who lies that he is rich but is found to have nothing. False despair inspires happiness when proven wrong. But false hopes cause irreparable destruction once the truth is revealed, thus, I would advocate against art that pretends to be both true and hopeful, that is then revealed to be a lie that causes despair."

She internalized that too through her Platonic pussy. Then on the inside, she felt it extend up to the anchor point, connecting with Socrates. "What about you, Aristotle? Got any wisdom?"

"Afraid not. My philosophy was focused on the concept of Eudaimonia, my blanket term for 'a life well-lived.' But this was really just pushing the topic back without answering what 'a life well-lived' actually is. It can be lots of things, all of them equally valid. Even I still have no singular definition or example to give. By opposition, I am also unable to provide example for the true form of the evil. A vague conception of goodness is the best we can hope for."

"Oh, shut up Aristotle, none of that actually matters. Just keep ****ing my Aristotelian a*** with your massive c***." He obeyed, now being the final member to reach the anchor point. With all 3 glans merged into one, firmly locked in place at the junction, the anchor was set. The skin of each member glided within, yet without removing the tip, stretching each one like a slinky of flesh. Pandora could feel the seesawing motion of long flesh tubes from mouth, to butt, to p****, and back to mouth, all competing for control over the anchor.

"Wait, why did you censor that?" Plato asked.

"Because offensive art is supposed to be censored, right?"

"You know, I used to think so, but now I think offensive art *especially* shouldn't be censored. How else could it provide the proper shock value? What is the purpose of art if *not* to shock? The more extreme, the more it makes the person feel alive, therefore whatever can evoke the strongest emotion, no matter what that emotion is, is what the artist should strive for."

"What about art that explicitly contains other art and artists within it?"

"Oh no, that's for sure, without a doubt, unquestionably evil copyright infringement, and should be censored. And the infringer should be sued. Unless the original creator is dead, then it's perfectly fine. Living people are worthless scum not worth mentioning. Dead people are far more worthy."

Socrates had an issue with that sentiment. "But what about those who were formerly dead, now brought back to life, such as us? Do our famous philosophy works now leave the public domain to be under our discretion?"

"According to my metaphysics, yes. When a person revives, they once again receive the ontology of a live person, including all ownership rights to their work. That means we can pretty much sue the whole universe."

"I think you may be biased towards that view because it benefits you personally. Come now, is that really the best way to maintain a proper functioning society? Is that truly serving justice?"

"Yes. Honestly, I don't understand why you'd question something so obviously true."

"Because I question everything, even you. I just don't see how it fits the

category of 'evil,' especially since we do not possess the knowledge of either good or evil. Wait, why are we talking about this?"

Aristotle interrupted. "Perhaps it's wrong because it personally upsets the infringed party, and their feeling of offense makes it wrong."

"So then, if they did *not* feel offended, but rather grateful, it would not be wrong? In that case, the moral quality depends on others reactions, not the author's intent. An arbitrary standard since emotions are fickle." Socrates said.

"That's exactly what I'm saying. All they have to do is not be a baby about it, and the problem is solved. A strong will is immune to morality."

"Good thing we all have strong wills in this world."

"Indeed." They all came inside Pandora's junction at once, filling her with philosophical insight. Truly she would never be the same.

"Sooooo, which one of your philosophies was the right one, exactly?"

Aristotle responded for all 3 of them. "Oh, none of them. We were all way off. Epicurus got closer to the ultimate truth than all of us combined."

Plato sighed. "Regretfully, he is right. Out of all philosophies, only epicureanism has stood the test of time. It remains the only relevant one."

Hmmm, Epicurus? He sounds like a hot guy. Let's see if we can't arrange that for next time.

Pandora continued having sex with them for the next 4 hours, extracting bucket after bucket of philosophy juice. They even swapped roles and transformed into their female forms: Socria, Platie, and Aris, then Pan f***ed them all good, rebutting with some philosophy of his own.

"So Platie, still think the body is an evil thing to be escaped from?"

"Not anymore! Turns out my problem was being stuck in that *same* body all the time. Little did I know the solution was simply to live in a realm where I could change forms!" She said while waves of pleasure radiated in her Platonic pussy.

Once the buzzer signaled the workday was over, Pandora said goodbye and went to dump all their fluid into the processor, then made sure to book next Monday for Epicurus. Phew, what a philosophical day. The exhausted Pandora clocked out and went home. But rather than reforming her throat to its standard state, left it as vaginal flesh for the foreseeable future, because it just felt better. Socrates had taught her something useful after all.

Home

"Hey Apollo, I'm back from work. Wanna play?"

He remained laser focused, quickly clicking around from synth to synth. "Not now. I'm working on a remix."

"Oh really? Of what?"

"A remix of 'Roar' from the Monsters University OST. Did you know it was an inferior copycat ripoff of Signal by OVERWERK?"

"Oh, so a bootleg?"

"Yup."

"Funny thing, in the Old World, bootlegs were considered copyright

infringement and couldn't be officially published, so the artist was screwed over even though they made something new."

"Oh they were? That sucks. Good thing I didn't live back then."

"Can I listen?"

"Sure." Apollo played the 2 songs, then his 3rd version.

"Wow, the original *is* way better. Can't wait to hear your version!"

Apollo smiled. "Yeah, I can't either. That's why I'm working on it."

Pandora left him to his production. Now what? Guess we'll head to our room and do gaming homework. Pandora spent the rest of the day farming. Though at one point, her little darling came to check up on her.

"Oh, hey Morpheus, what's up?"

"Big sis, I wanna pway again! Can you take youw pants off?"

"Umm, oh, about that Morphy. I was thinking we wait until after your birthday for it."

"What? Why?"

"Because, I have a special present for you. Just trust me, it'll be better if we wait."

"Hmph, owkay." He stormed off, disappointed. Though of course, that wasn't the only reason; she needed to come up with a good date night for him, something truly special. Combined with knowing he'll be aging up to 7 in few days time, he'll be able to handle something a bit harder, unlike his current tiny..... Huh? Wait a minute! He literally just asked her to play! How was he being so direct about it? Do kids these days really want it that badly? Hold on, we're gonna check something. Pandora pulled out her phone and searched "how to raise a glorified child." The first result was a short article on glorified child development:

Children of all ages can handle sex of any kind. However, different age groups require different minimum amounts of care for optimal emotional state. From ages 3-7, it is recommended to stimulate the child's genitals at least 2 times a week. From ages 8-10, this increases to 3-4, and ages 11 and up should have it every single day. Failure to attend the child's needs will cause their happiness level to diminish each day until attention is given, resulting in sadness, crying, and temper tantrums.

Oh? So sexual stimulation *is* important for young children to develop properly. That's why Morpheus was such a crybaby before, it's because no onee-san had chosen him yet! That's why mom gave her the role! It was like in the Old World when she was 10 years old and craving stimulation, but society said she was too young for things like sex toys and relationships, leaving her sexually frustrated. It was agony living according to stupid made-up societal expectations that ignored basic biology and personal needs, despite past cultures having no such restrictions. She was NOT gonna let Morpheus suffer the same fate; she'll make sure to raise him the right way, a happy and healthy boy!

Tuesday

Another day of nothing. Pandora wondered how Apollo's progress was going.

Again he was working on the computer, but on something different than music.

"Hey Apollo, what'cha up to now?"

"Working on a movie."

"Really? An entire movie by yourself?"

"Yup."

"Umm, don't you need, like, actors?"

"Well yeah. That's why I'm conjuring them with my mind."

"Ohhhh. So you can make movies with your mind now?"

"Sure can. This will be my 142nd one."

"Wow, that's a lot."

He shrugged. "Maybe. But then again it's not really that hard."

Though Pandora found this hard to comprehend, it was in fact the truth. Movies could now be made entirely by thoughts, creating scenes on screen exactly according to the vision in the creator's mind. Every character looked, said, and sounded exactly how the author envisioned, no need for real actors to give a performance. The same went for visual effects: no need for large corporations to put in the long hours of CGI work to make a product. And with his musical capabilities, Apollo also composed the soundtrack and effects for each one. He was a one-man production crew with all tools at his disposal: the superior, all-encompassing tool of imaginative transubstantiation.

"Huh, well that's pretty impressive. I'll leave you to it." Pandora went back to her room, and found an unexpected Artemis sitting on her bed, watching something on her phone. "Oh, Artemis, what are you doing here?"

She beckoned her to sit. "I got something to show you. Come watch." Once Pandora was next to her, she started playing the video. At first it was a bit difficult to make out what was happening. She could see a tiny toddler girl, about 3 years old, with a big fleshy thing going in and out of her. But around the scene appeared to be a giant storm of sorts, like a lightning tornado, and debris crumbling all around. And the little girl was screaming loudly and yelling various complaints, though her words couldn't be made out over the sounds of the wind. An awful, hissing storm of destruction which drowned all else.

"Woah, what the Hel is that?"

"That's big bro Ares. Isn't he amazing?"

"I don't know. Is it..... is that you?"

"Yup, that was me at 3 years old. So romantic."

"I guess if you say so."

Artemis closed the video and stood up to leave.

"Oh, was that it?"

"Yeah. I'm gonna go masturbate now. My new toy's been really fun. Don't forget about our plan for Thursday."

After Artemis left, Pandora thought it best to continue her farming homework, since tomorrow was the deadline. After a few minutes of quiet, peaceful harvesting, suddenly Gaia and her desk randomly popped into existence next to her. "Woah, Jesus!"

"Hey! You're doing the farming homework, right?"

"Yup."

“Tonight's the last night we'll have. Mind working on it together?”

“Sure, just play next to me.”

“Alright!” Gaia placed her setup near the corner, a few feet to her right. “Also, Mom's still working on her farm. She doesn't want to be interrupted.”

“That's fine, we'll just play together.” And so they did, the next several hours filled with virtual farming duties, which Gaia seemed to greatly enjoy.

“Look Pandora, I'm churning wheat!”

“Wow, so exciting. I'm fertilizing.”

“Niiiiice.”

“Hey, out of curiosity, have you heard of a game called Farmville?”

“Don't talk to me about that inferior cheap knockoff, this is way better.”

“But it's fun in a different way. More gamey and microtransactiony.”

Upon hearing those blasphemous words, Gaia realized the 2 of them could no longer be friends, and schemed an excuse to leave. “Oh my, would you look at the time. I gotta go water the money trees now. Later!”

After a few more hours, Pandora's farming homework was finished and ready to turn in. Tomorrow would be a brand new game.

Chapter 9.1

Worldcraft

Pandora came down for breakfast, 5 minutes til time to leave. Gaia was there, but mom was nowhere to be found. Where is she? Pandora checked her room, and there she was, peacefully asleep. Oh no, she needs to get up and ready fast!

"Mom! Wake up, it's time for school!"

The bed-headed progenitor sat up, wiping her eyes. "Huh? What?"

"It's almost time for school, we need to leave now!"

"Ughhhh. But I don't wanna go to school, it's too hard! Plus it's all stupid and unnecessary. We don't *really* need to play games, do we?"

"Mom, are you really that ignorant? If you don't get a video game education, you'll never be able to afford happiness. You'll never get an addiction, or the ability to concentrate on a single task for 12 hours straight. You'll remain a depressed, bored, scatterbrained mess the rest of your life!"

Truly wise words, Pandora. After all, if one doesn't know about all the best video games, how would they be able to play them? That's why education is important. The more knowledge you possess, the more fun you can have!

Mom sat up straight. "You're right sweetie, it's time I stop being lazy and start living!" After an instant transformation, they were ready to go.

The grading process took a few minutes, but by the end the teacher was satisfied. "Good job on your farming homework, class. You all get an A+! That about wraps up the Farming Simulator curriculum, so next, I'll introduce you to your next instructor. Say hello to professor Joseph Smith!"

A man in a fancy suit and top hat entered the room while the farming instructor left. "Good morning class, I am Joseph Smith. Today, I'll be teaching you how to design your own planets. Who here has heard of WorldCraft?"

All students except Pandora and Mom raised their hands. Like mother like daughter; gaming ignorance must run in the family.

"Excellent. Everyone, please open up the game on your computers. I shall teach you the planetary design process."

Pandora went to open the game, and was met with a brief description: "WorldCraft is a fun tool for creating custom, personalized planets. No longer

must worlds be randomly arranged upon conjuring. Through WorldCraft, one can have full control over the planet designing process. Don't settle for less, design your dream planet today!"

"Alright, here's how it goes. First you start with the initial material: any solid, liquid, or gas. Though I'm not sure why anyone would want a purely gas planet, the option is there nonetheless. Anyway, for demonstration we'll start with a standard solid rock, then add a secondary water material for the ocean. Next is step 2: the macro adjustment phase. Here is where you decide the relative heights and shapes of the major continents, as well as their general climate and terrain types. Once the large scale design is done, next is step 3: Country design. First we define the boundaries of the Country within the continent. Don't worry about naming it yet, you can do that later. We wanna map out the major terrain such as lakes, rivers, mountains, crystal deserts, etc., as well as any major cities or landmarks. Next is step 4: macro city design. Select any city and zoom in, then begin the process of placing individual buildings, roads, intersections, parks, bridges, you name it. Construct the city's layout however you see fit. Normally after this would be micro city design, but that tends to be the most complex and minute one, so we won't have time to cover it all. Basically it's designing the exact shape, material, size, and type for each individual building, as well as landmarks and flora placement."

Pandora tried following along, experimenting with the software, but was completely overwhelmed by the vast amount of design tools available.

"And of course, remember to include the all-important worship temple. Once you feel your planet is complete, you can hit the transubstantiation button, and God will make it real. Then you can walk around and check it out for real. Y'all better get to work, because in 2 weeks is the beginner planetary design competition. If you wanna compete, you'll need a planet worthy of showing!"

He sat down, leaving the students to continue experimenting. Huh, now that Pandora was getting the hang of it, things started to feel kinda familiar. It was a bit like Sims 4 – a game Pandora had all too many thousands of hours sunk into – as well as 2 other games she had played a bit of before: Universe Sandbox 2, and Cities: Skylines. She also found a way to make things drastically easier, as the software was compatible with video game mind control. Pandora could just envision what she wanted to place, and boom, it appeared on screen, kind of like Apollo creating his movie. She worked for many hours crafting the continents, oceans, terrain, and cities; good enough for an amateur. Pandora had never designed a planet before, so this was an otherworldly experience. Things were going relatively smoothly until suddenly a loud argument broke out across the room.

"Wow Jimmy, your planet sucks. I bet I can make a way better one."

"No, yours sucks! Way too much water. Where are people supposed to live?"

"At least mine doesn't look like a giant turd ball!"

"At least mine has turd to walk on!"

The professor came over. "Hey hey, both of you cut it out! As a certified planetary architect, I can tell you that both of yours suck. Perhaps we

should find a career more suited for you both."

"Pfft, you're one to talk. Yo Joseph, how'd your old job as a prophet work out?"

"Oh, not so well. I invented up a fake new theology in much the same way I made up my first planet. I'm afraid I was horribly off about literally everything, so now I'm just enjoying my days as a humble gaming professor."

"Also, what was up with all those wives? You know polygamy was wrong, right?"

"Indeed, it *was*, and I sorely regretted it. But not anymore. Now I have a giant family of siblings that I have polygamous incest with all the time, and we couldn't be happier!"

Pandora tried shutting out the sounds, continuing to design her planet. At a certain point, Mom came over to check it out.

"Woah, Pandora, your planet's looking pretty awesome!"

"Thanks!"

"I don't think I like this game, it's too much creativity for me."

"That's fine Mom, not everyone has to like the same types of games."

"By the way, I don't know if I told you this before but, this Sunday we're gonna be having a new baby."

"Yes, Artemis already told me about it." Pandora placed a highway.

"She did!? Phew, that's a relief. I'm guessing she told you about our tradition too, right?"

"Everyone's birthday done all at once?"

"Oh, well I guess there's that too, but I was referring to the birth itself. Did she tell you anything?"

Pandora placed another city block. "I don't think so."

"When the baby comes, sometimes someone else takes over for me. You know, puts their mind into my body. Last year it was Hephaestus's turn. Would you wanna try it this year?"

Those words took a bit to comprehend. What!? Pandora can give birth to her own new sibling!? "Ummm, yeah! I could do it!"

"For real?"

"Yeah! I mean, I've never given birth before, but I wanna know what it feels like!"

"Haha, okay then sweetie, I'll let you do it. Poor Aphrodite will just have to wait til next year."

"Am I stealing her place?"

"You certainly are."

Later at home, Pandora checked up on Apollo's project. He was still heavily engrossed in creating his movie. She too now had a project to work on, and spent the rest of the day advancing the design of her planet.

Chapter 10.1

Icebound

"Bound within this vessel of ice, the knowledge of warmth loses all meaning."

Pandora woke up ready to continue her planetary design project, and for concentration music played Taishi – The Blue Sanctuary and Neil Kopicki – The Promise album. About 2 hours in, her door burst open: Artemis.

"Alright little sis, it's time to head to my boyfriend's. You're coming."

"Uhhhh, just me? What about Apollo?"

"He's obsessed with some movie or whatever, it'll be just us this time."

"Okay, I'll get dressed."

"Don't bother, it won't matter when we get there."

"Why not?"

"Cause they would just shatter off." Artemis led Pandora through another part of the house she'd never been, to the farthest backdoor: the exit to yet another planet. Beyond it lay a vast landscape of ice. As she stepped through, Pandora noticed a drastic change in her form. The material of her body phased seamlessly at the boundary into a bluish-white hard solid. What was once standard flesh and bone had transformed into solid ice, every limb an animated frozen appendage. With each step her rigid joints cracked and snapped, yet remained intact, as her empowered spirit held it loosely together such that in the moment it crumpled, it also reattached in a slightly different position. Each ice-type cell in her body was in a constant flux of breaking and melting back together – a phenomena known as solid surface tension – allowing free movement of her frosty filaments and liquid ligaments. Pandora thought 60% water was a lot for her flesh form, but this one was 99.9% (the remaining 0.1% being pure nerve endings).

"Woah, what just happened?" Her icy vocal chords refracted.

"It's the planetary limitation, everyone has to be ice body."

"And who decided that?"

"You'll see soon."

Still stretching her new frozen form, Pandora noticed the surroundings. Before them was an enormous blue city, a palace made of ice spanning dozens of square miles, composed of many individual dwellings layered in terraces carved through icy hills. A grand, anti-gravity looping ice skating rink lay in the

center, with other ice-bodied people slipping and sliding up the walls and upside down. “Oooh, ice skating! Can we do it?”

“Not right now. I don't wanna be late.”

In the distance was a large, raised cylindrical temple with stairways of ice spiraling up to the main sanctuary. Pillars of ice supported the quad-arched frozen ceiling, where several icy chandeliers hung in adorned display. All the worshipers were pouring into the glistening ice palace, the light of the 2 blue suns refracting throughout, all leading to the primary worship place where devout followers expressed their devotion to the icy world's deity. In addition to the suns, a network of over 100 interspersed planets orbited around, connected by space elevators. The atmosphere was primarily pure hydrogen, and the average temperature was -374° F, which is why ice bodies were recommended even in years without a limitation. Artemis showed her the way, demonstrating the proper way to lay prostrate before the god.

“Sooooo, what is this place? What are we doing here?”

“Welcome to the Temple of Orion. Aka, the temple of my 5th boyfriend. We're here to worship him.”

“Your boyfriend's a god?”

“Yup. The god of this planet. Sometimes I come just to see what crazy new ritual he's come up with.”

Speaking of rituals, it was time for the ceremony. The frozen followers assumed their positions, all lying prostrate before the image of their planet's frosty founder, which their own bodies resembled. A priestly-type individual walked up to the pulpit, and began preaching.

“Oh mighty god, frozen be thy name. We coalesce here today to bond our molecules to yours, joining in your abundant icescape of love. We pray that all we do shall be cold in your name. Amen.”

After the prayer, 4 more priest-types stood up, their bodies adorned in fancy fluid fabric. Unlike the rest, their garments were made of *snow.* This unique attire distinguished them as holier than the rest, even more so than the icicle-spiked glassy ice sheets worn by the rest of the congregation. These well-dressed individuals were anointed to perform the preliminary ritual. They passed out a bunch of snow cones resembling the body and H2O of their world's god, which the attendees consumed. Once that was over, a conductor came up to lead the worship song. The voices of the worshipers resonated the icy temple with each note:

“Bound within this vessel of ice, O lord you are nice. Our great redeemer, shine like a freezer. Freeze us all together, so we may be better. Shatter all our fears, make us flow out tears.”

Upon hearing that beautiful song, Pandora's solid iceballs cracked open, and started crying out a flow of water which trickled down and froze into her cheeks, making a line of ice pimples. Fixing them would require a specialized ice shaving razor.

Once the singing was over, the 4 priests came up again. Now was time for the most sacred part of the service: the ice carving. They took a giant block of ice and carved out a humanoid statue, the idol through which the deity could

become manifest. Its lifeless form suddenly opened its eyes, as the god took control by breathing its own essence into it. It sat up, looking around, then stepped down from its altar bed, where its strange genitals could be more easily displayed. Below his crotch hung a plethora of ice cubes, dangled by strings which clicked, clacked, and swayed with each step like a bundle of mirror dice. Centered in the pulpit, the deity began to speak.

"These are my holy ice cubes, I command you all to suck on them. Let it melt in your mouth til they become water, then swallow it whole." The cubes flew out in an arc directly in front of each person's face – a bit like Zoey's milk at the talent show – and Pandora took the whole thing in her mouth, sucking on it til it melted, then swallowed the clear, flavorless liquid. Now hydrated, she could feel her interior's strange plumbing system as the liquid transported throughout her water stream, providing nutrients to the body. A tiny chisel on her arm healed as the water refroze in place, filling the crack.

Once the ritual was over, the castrated giant ice homonculus shrunk down to a normal human. And though it's structure and visage were solid ice, it still resembled the face of someone Pandora once knew long ago. Was it? No, it can't be. But then something clicked from Artemis's words earlier.

"Wait, did you say this was the temple of *Orion*?"

"Yeah."

"I know him! We went to school together!"

Artemis seemed shocked by this information. "Huh? You *know* Orion?"

"Yeah! Back in year 1, he said he was trying to terraform an ice planet. I'm guessing he managed to do it."

"Damn right he did. This was the first official ice planet ever settled on, that's why it's such a big deal. I still can't believe I scored him."

"Why do people worship him?"

"Same as every other planet, people like to worship the founder for fun. Remember that Temple of Musk?"

"Yeah."

"Well each founder makes up their own silly rituals and customs, it's all good fun."

Once the worship service was over, the audience members stood up and began conversing, filling the temple with the chattering of cracking vocalcicles. The sisters approached the deity, who appeared to be pouring water into ice trays from the holy chandelier faucet. "Hey Orion, I'm back."

He turned around. "Oh, Artemis! Long time no see! Were you in the audience?"

"Yeah, me and my sister sucked your cubes. That was way better than the last one, actually made me hydrated."

"I realized I hate it when people leave melted, so I changed it up. I see you're as curvy as ever."

She shook her hard hips. "Yeah, and it's all for you. How about we get outta this joint, I want my sister to see your place."

"Sure, just let me finish these ice cubes for next ritual."

Once the cubes were frozen, he escorted them down the spiral stairs.

But while descending, Pandora's low friction feet slipped out, causing her to plummet to the ground and shatter into a spectacular ice explosion. She momentarily lost consciousness, but over the next 20 seconds her disconnected fragments came back to reconstitute her form, and she breathed again.

"Ha, looks like someone didn't put on their safety spikes."

Pandora grew some on her feet to avoid another trip. Now on level ground, Orion led them to yet another spiral staircase, this one carved out inside the tundra to take them under iceground. Apparently Orion lived in a hole. They descended down into a large cavern where the path ceased being flat, instead twisting and looping every which way. It was like New Jerusalem where the ground's gravity shifted as they followed the spiraling crystalline walkways, so they never fell off. And though Pandora usually found walking a chore, feeling the bizarre new sensations of this body type helped keep things interesting, as she tried out various strides and movements to feel particular crunching sensations throughout her legs and feet. Along the way, other ice-bodied pedestrians passed by, displaying their various forms and fashion. There were humanoid ice homunculi, large frost beasts, and snowmen, some with graceful curves of finely chiseled ice, some with sharpened icicles pointing out, and others loosely-formed bodies of snow which dripped and regrew with each footstep. As Orion led them to his headquarters, Pandora still couldn't believe it was the same person she met so many years ago.

"Soooooo, Orion. Do you remember me?"

He studied her icy face. "Should I?"

"Yes! We went to school together back in 1 A.R.!"

"Hmm, I'm unsure. I find it difficult to remember most things from before 60 years ago. My memories tend to fade over time."

"Well, back then you told me you were making an ice planet. I'm guessing you have a name for it?"

"Yes, but I'm still not happy with it. It's..... Igoonala."

"Igoonala? What kind of nonsense name is that?"

"Hey, naming planets is hard! I tried tons of other iterations. It started as Igoo, then Igoola, Ignoo, Ignola, Iglona, Igloona, and now Igoonala. I really wanted it named Igloo something, but they all sounded wrong."

"How about Iglios? Or Iglos?"

He shook his frozen cranium. "I promise, I've gone though all of them. None of them sound right, so Igoonala it is."

Artemis interrupted. "Hey sis, earlier I noticed you were playing WorldCraft. Do *you* have a name picked out for your planet?"

"Ehhhh, not yet. I haven't really thought about it."

"Ha, so you got no right judging!"

"Ahhh, good old WorldCraft," Orion breathed, "Really wish that was a thing back when I made this planet, it would've made it easier."

The group continued descending into the planet, until it opened up into an enormous ice cavern spanning all the way around the interior, such that Pandora could see the entire planet's inner icy circumference at once. Way up above in the center was a giant radiating "ice sun" which blew out waves of

freezing cold, pulsating and flowing like a lake of water.

"Okay, I know I ask lots of questions but, WHAT IS THAT THING!?"

"The core? It's the star which keeps this planet cool."

"Uh, don't stars *make* heat?"

"It's reversed entropy. It actually is burning heat, but going backwards in time, which makes it absorb heat instead. We call it cold fusion."

"But didn't our physics teacher say nothing can go back in time?"

"Oh no, *we* can't. No conscious agent is allowed to time travel. However objects can, so we use it to keep the planet permanently frozen."

Orion continued leading them through the Igoonalan interior until they reached a giant ice castle, which seemingly gave Artemis a hint of nostalgia.

"Oh man, this takes me back."

"Remember our first time?"

"Hel yeah I do! I literally melted you into a puddle and drank you."

"That's right, and then you peed me out."

"You'll always be my little tinkle boy."

Orion led them inside. But the entrance was unusual, for instead of a knob, there was a flamethrower which melted the door down. Once they had entered, Orion pressed a reverse entropy button to make it refreeze. This planet's inhabitants were quite chivalrous, so it was common for icemen to melt the door open for icewomen.

Upon entrance, Orion's harem perked up. "The lord has returned!"

"Not today, girls. Girlfriend #245 is visiting, so I'm gonna spend time with her."

"Awww."

The god led them to his chambers: an open air room with ice sheets, a frosted glass laptop, a crystal couch, and various other ice-based room décor, much of it sparkling pure bluish white as it refracted the cold fusion sun. There was an ice console all frozen up to the Samsung frosty-screen TV, which appeared to be a paused video game menu. Orion's a gamer *and* a god? And her sister's boyfriend? How is that possible?

"Alright ladies, what are we gonna do?"

Artemis grabbed Pandora's shoulder. "This. You're gonna do my sister."

He appraised her icy curvature. "Hmmmm, very well. I suppose I owe it for not remembering you."

"Um, how does it work with this body though?"

"He'll teach you. Orion, show her."

"There's lots of things you can do with this type. Have you ever had an interior freeze rub?"

"Nope."

"Alright, so here's what to do." Orion filled her in on the specifics, then they got on the bed to begin the fun. "Artemis, wanna join?"

"Nah, you 2 do it, I'll just use this thing." She pulled our her shiny new metallic device. "I wanna have that NTR experience!"

"Ah, a new toy?"

"Yeah, it's a dual shredder and burner. It says it's for flesh bodies, but I

think I can use it for this too."

"Alright, well here we go."

The time for interior freeze rub had begun. Orion held his hand above Pandora's mouth and melted it into water. She drank his liquid limb, which then regrew inside her core. Pandora shifted her entire icegina and womb system up closer to the center, such that his hand was now inside it, then sealed off the usual entrance.

"Hey sis, how about putting a limitation on."

"For what?"

"Make yourself 100% sensitivity and lock your body in place, so you can't change til it's over."

"Um, sure." Pandora made a silent prayer, except making it 70% instead. Then inside her abdomen, she could feel the hand start moving, stimulating her interior igloo. Since her body was partly translucent, Pandora could make out the shape moving around inside. And with the solid exterior, nothing could penetrate in to get it out. She was completely helpless as to the interior sensations of her body, the hard hand scratching her inner frozenness. It was like a squirming parasite trapped inside, except the exact opposite, as the host was pleasured instead of tormented, her central crystalline crevice emanating waves of frigid ecstasy from the core of her being.

Meanwhile Artemis watched on in cold envy. While Pandora was committing NTR-type freeze rub with her cool boyfriend, she began using her new toy on herself, using the shredder to carve a gigantic slit up to her belly hole. Now she could shortcut the normally obstructive outer wall, allowing fingering up and down the length to the deep spot normally not reachable by fingers. She also played with the melter function, using the water from her own abdomen as lube. She could feel the slippery sensation sending waves of cold goodness to her freeze-brain, the experience even further enhanced by the jealousy of having her boyfriend stolen.

"Yes! Yes! Do that NTR to me, ohhhh, it feels so good! Rrghhhhh!"

After several minutes of freeze rubbing, ice girl transformed into Pan, and Orion became Oriana so they could have ice sex the opposite way. Pan was NOT gonna make the same mistake with Mom and miss out on experiencing both versions. Oriana lay down, her grotto spread wide open. Pan assumed the position and began thrusting. His hard popsicle chiseled through her crevice, the melting water lubing it up for even more slippery grinding, all while his snowballs pounded her glacier until he shot his frozen yogurt into her ice cream cone. Oriana's glacier snapped under the pressure, her cracked crevice squirting a stream of cold water which chilled her to the core.

Once Artemis had enough NTR modifier, she joined the fun for a final freezing freezesome. She and Orion turned into a combined water stream and entered Pandora's body. She could feel them all inside, a river of lovemaking which flowed through her water vessels. All throughout her body was the rhythm of water, a frozen flurry of pleasure which sloshed to and fro. The stimulation chilled her corpus more and more, increasing in intensity. Just a little more..... almost there..... aaaaaand, climax! The water stream changed paths

within to flow out the main exit, gushing forth in a torrent of frigid pleasure to form a puddle on the ground. At long last, she had lost her ice body water stream flow type virginity.

Once they refroze back up into ice humans, Artemis revealed her satisfaction. “Phew, that was intense. Your insides felt really good, sis.”

“Yeah, been a while since I've felt that chill.” Orion commended.

“Don't know about you guys, but I'm beat. I could go for something a bit more relaxing. Anyone up to watch some sports?”

“Sure, I could go watch some fireball.”

“Oh yeah! Come on little sis, we're gonna do something else fun.”

Pandora followed as they teleported to a local home team fireball game. Pandora could hear the jaunts and taunts of the crowd. “Do it! Melt their faces!”

“What's this? A sport?”

“Yup, it's fireball. Just watch.”

Pandora observed as the icy players engaged in their unique cultural activity. Fireball was like football, except the ball melted whoever was holding it, limiting the amount of possession time. A maximum of 5 seconds each, then the person would take 5 more seconds to recover from their melted state to get moving again. And littered around the playing field were various falling fireballs which served as hazards, sometimes causing unexpected plays. Each side had 5 ice pillars as their goals. The first team to melt all the others won, else the side with more left standing after 2 hours won by time limit. Fireball was a sport not possible in the Old World, as pain and tissue damage were major obstacles hindering the possibility of such fire-based fun.

“How long has this been a thing?”

“About 96 years. Once people started colonizing, they came up with all kinds of new sports.”

Oh? A fun sport to play? This could be a good hobby for her little darling! Pandora watched on, imagining him winning the kids league.

Though fireball was the most popular, there were other fire-based games too, such as Flamesiege: a video-game turned real life sport composed of 2-4 teams, each operating from a different colored ice fortress. Each side had various weapons and tools to expand their territory, claiming space to encroach upon the enemy's fortress. One major mechanic was supply stations which generate weapons, ammo, and even respawn points; melting the enemy's stations limited their resources. It was like an ice and fire-based version of Dota 2; resource management and tactical positioning were key to melting either the enemy's fortress or teammates first. The last team left unmelted won.

For a more leisurely activity, some engaged in fire bowling. Runways came in various shapes such as curve-banked, anti-gravity looping, and standard straight. The objective was to make the 14 lb flame-spouting ball melt through all 10 ice pins. With certain advanced spins and angles, one could melt the runway in particular ways to achieve impressive effects.

Then of course, there was Icebound: The Video Game. This one was most ambitious of all. It was a gigantic open ice world where all characters and NPC's were humanoid bodies of pure ice, that took well over 10,000 hours of

playtime for the average gamer to finish. The world was under threat of their frozen sun reversing its entropy, melting the entire planet and everyone on it. The protagonist, Icle, must embark on a journey throughout several kingdoms to uncover the mystery, rally diverse governments, defeat the evil WorldBurn Corporation, and stop the reversal before it's too late. The gameplay was similar to most other FPS's, only everything was ice and fire-based mechanics and featured graphics impossible to run on any Old World hardware, as all ice and water physics were rendered down to the millimeter. Absolutely everything in the game was meltable, and retained its physics permanently. One could melt any NPC, or an entire ice village or castle, leaving nothing but a puddle where civilization once stood, and this would affect the final outcome for one of 142 potential endings. The player's mechanics adapted according to the amount of fire damage, limiting certain movements and abilities until the melted limbs regrew. Icle's main weapons were various types of flamethrowers with a range of uses: a standard but powerful short-range flamethrower, a long range zoomable blazebow, a white-hot precision sniper, a burning chainsaw, explosive firebombs, and the lava launcher. Additionally he possessed various powers, including ice-shift, resonate, time rewind, and spatial freeze. These powers and weapons intertwined with the environments to create a wide range of puzzles, mechanics, and interesting combat scenarios. Additionally there were a total of 94 potential romance options, including such characters as Freeza, Icina, Icenberg, Melty, and Snowphia. The game was a major Igoonalan classic famous throughout the galaxy, and even had VR, hologram, and reality-based variants to accompany a range of preferred play styles.

For such a long game, gamers tended to enter the Flow Mode mind state to help retain concentration for the many hours required to experience the grand epic, as was the case for most other ultra long-form games from other cultures and planets. With such an eternal existence, it was now possible to create games that took longer to beat than entire Old World lifespans. Though this was still just the 1st millennium of eternity, and these large-scale games would only continue increasing in length over the next novemdecillions of years and beyond. And since real life death was no longer a thing, the only way to experience the feeling of vicarious grief over a character loss was through the medium of a well-crafted story. Thus, there will forever be a need for talented game designers and storytellers to fill these desires.

Pandora and Artemis made their goodbyes with the cool god, and returned home. Now back in her room, Pandora booted up WorldCraft to continue her planet designing homework. With the incredible inspiration she saw today, it was time to craft an even more awesome city than the one she already built, this one made entirely of ice. Pandora decided: she shall have an amalgamation planet of various terrains and biomes juxtaposed awesomely. And once her planet was completed, her real plan could finally be put into action. “Just a bit more darling, and we'll finally have a world to ourselves.”

Friday

Pandora woke up sopping wet. She had tried sleeping as an ice body; big mistake, for she partially melted during the night, soaking the entire bed. Apparently it was now possible for women to have wet dreams. After drying it out, she left for Artemis's room. There was a nagging question she still needed answered. She walked in to find her in naked standard flesh form, playing with another crazy toy.

"Oh hey sis. You're just in time for the grand finale." The fluid gushed out of several different holes she poked in her abdomen and back.

"Hey Artemis, there's something I've been curious about."

"I'll bet."

"It's your male form. I noticed you didn't use it yesterday, or really at all since we've met. I kinda wanna see it."

"Sure." Immediately Artemis transformed into her male form. He looked like a young, blonde-haired Japanese boy, with a fit build, lean arms, and sharp, brown eyes.

"Oh! You look....."

"Hot?"

"I was gonna say Japanese."

"Yeah, it's that too. Dad designed it." His mildly deep voice vibrated.

Pandora came to sit next to him. "So, what's its name?"

"Artie."

"Oh, well that's easy to keep track."

"Yeah, I figured I'd use it since I was lucky to have a gender neutral name. Most of the others aren't so fortunate."

"How old was your first time doing it?"

"I had just turned 5. I'll never forget the day, it was like a whole new world opened up."

"So you like being male?"

"Love it. I think cocks are the greatest thing God ever made. I mean it's just a squishy tube of pleasure, how much more genius can you get?" He squeezed it and flopped it around.

"If you like it so much, then why not just stay male all the time?"

"It's an appearance thing. I only say the penis is better, not the looks."

"Couldn't you just be a futa?"

"I did have a phase a while ago, but nah, something about the pelvis shape ruins the mounting. It's better to be fully one or the other."

"But you spend most of the time as female anyway."

"Right, I like to keep it the default, that way when I change it feels more exotic. I pump my dick several times a week, you just haven't seen it yet."

"Well I'm seeing it now. Can I touch?"

"Sure, bon appetit." He let it dangle, and Pandora gripped it, sliding the skin around. Artie just lay back on his hands, enjoying his sister's rough jerking. While engaged in the sibling-type hand job, Pandora noticed something else in the room: a shelf containing a row of 7 sealed buckets. They were labeled:

1. Actors

2. Musicians
3. Authors
4. Scientists
5. Politicians
6. Entrepreneurs
7. Planet Founders

"Hey, what are those bucket things?"

"Oh, my collection? Those are where I store the liquid."

"What liquid?"

"You know. Famous people liquid. Once they shoot it in me, I use a portal to drip it right in. Gotta keep the trophy, you know?"

Ohhh, so that's what happened back with Elon. Now the bucket list #7 thing made more sense.

"By the way, the other day Mom said you never had rock sex before. Wanna do it?"

"Uh, sure!"

Pandora turned into the stony lava form, then lay on the bed while Artie rocked her world. The grinding she felt inside really was magmatic, combined with the lava lubricant putting her in extreme heat. By the end, she had been filled with a hot and sticky liquid which hardened to form new insides; she felt an expansion in the shape as the new nerve endings automatically connected.

"Well that was something. Uh..... how'd you like your first lavapie?"

"It felt..... grindy."

"Was there something else you wanted?"

"..... No."

"Then get out of here!" He picked her up and threw her out the door, slamming it shut.

Jeez, what's his problem? Was he embarrassed? Probably just post eruption clarity. Now then, what other sibling to play with? Darling was still at school for 3 hours. No matter, this house has other brothers, so Pandora went to go check on Apollo. She entered the room, and he was..... sleeping soundly. And snoring. But even better, there was a timer above his head reading 2 hours! As she learned from Alice, that meant she'll have 2 hours to do whatever without him waking up, perfect for sleeping modifier-type incest. Pandora yanked off his sheets and pants, and voraciously sucked his flesh-type brother cock, the skin coalescing and gliding against her moist mouth. If she was gonna please darling, she needed some more practice first. Let's see, what other techniques are there? She turned into ice to see how it felt when extra slippery, and though it reduced friction, also froze his nuts off; her -398.6° F body made the whole package brittle and snap apart from the base. Oh crap, she didn't mean to do that! Uhhh, here, let's just take the whole thing. He'll grow a new one when he wakes up.

Pandora took his severed package back to her room, and continued playing with it like a disconnected dildo. Oh yeah, look at how it all stays connected in the skin, and even hard. This was pretty neat. Pandora kept using him til her sexual appetite was cured, but then she had another idea. Hmm, what

if we..... Pandora flipped it around, then put it up on her pelvis, wishing to connect it. And it worked! Somehow the appendage integrated into her flesh perfectly, attaching its nerves and muscles to her. Now she could masturbate with her brother's thing! This might come in handy for darling date night.

Speaking of darling, how's his present doing? She checked up on it: yup, still there. Only 2 more days and she'll bestow her first big sister gift ever. Ooohh, how exciting! She went back to designing her planet. After a couple more hours, the little boy came to her room.

"Big sis, I'm back!"

"Hi Morphy! Here, come check this out: I'm designing a planet." She zoomed around showing him the expansive work in progress.

"It wooks weawwy big and wocky."

"Yeah, I thought I'd make it a standard habitable world, nothing too crazy. When it's done, I'll take you there for real!"

"Oh, owkay!" Big sis planet, yay!

"How about we play more chess? We didn't finish last time."

"Yeah!"

Pandora set up the board so they each sat across from each other. "Remember to sit criss-cross applesauce Morphy." He obeyed. Though of course, the real reason was so she could get a good look between his spread legs. Despite being covered, her imagination still made her wet, as she remembered what it felt like the time she was him. And in only 2 days time, his special present would open up a whole new world.

After 5 hours of playing, Morpheus angrily turned the board over, stumped as to how he lost all 10 games. "You'we cheating!"

"No I didn't! Queenside castling is a legit move, I swear!"

He stomped out of the room, heading back to his bed to recover. Were little kids always this whiny when losing games, even in this world? Perhaps it's a good thing he'll be aging up soon. Pandora resumed working on her planet, this time making a beautiful beach on the outskirts of her city. It was about midnight when Mom came in to give a stern reminder.

"Pandora. Just to make sure, you know what day tomorrow is, right?"

"Uhhhhhh....."

"It's church day. Be up on time."

"Again?"

"Yes Pandora, again. Being born again is important, and going to church is the only way to do it."

"Fiiiine." Thinking she'd won this round, Mom left the room. But inside Pandora's mind was developing a certain scheme. Rather than sitting bored to death for 2 hours, she can have fun instead! It had been all day, so hopefully Apollo was awake now. If even his inanimate member could bestow such pleasure, how much better would it be when live? And surrounded by strangers? She barged into Apollo's room again, without knocking. He turned away from the computer.

"Oh hey."

"Hey Apollo. Has your..... uh..... has your dick grown back yet?"

“Yeah, it's back. I was kinda shocked when I woke up without it. I'm guessing you took it?”

“I did, but that's besides the point. I got another favor to ask.”

“Sure, I'm free now.”

“Actually it's about tomorrow. For church.”

“Church? Oh no, I'm NOT going to that, so don't bother.”

“That's not what I meant! I meant Mom is making *me* go. I don't wanna be bored during service, so I was thinking you could help keep me entertained.”

Apollo listened closely as she explained. She took off her panties, then pulled out a port-a-portal, attaching one half to her female area while tossing the other onto his bed. “I want you to do this while I'm sitting in church.”

“Yeah I can do that. Is there anything specific you want?”

“Any way is fine, I can handle it. Also, I'll just leave my panties here; wouldn't want them getting soaked during the service. You can smell them while doing me.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah. I'd rather drip all over the pew, give it a good cleaning. Be as rough as you want with me.”

“Alright, I'll be sure to keep you entertained.”

Pandora took one last look at the bed, seeing her raw pussy laying there like a fleshlight, imagining what he'd be doing with it tomorrow. Just the thought made her feel a tingle in the area. She closed the door and headed back to her room, only to find a pleasant surprise. Darling was there! He had come back, and was laying on the bed.

“Oh! Morphy, isn't it time for bed?”

“Yeah, but I wanna sweep hewe tonight.”

“That's fine with me. Come here, let's cuddle.” She climbed in bed with him, and held him tight to her chest, making sure to spoil him with her 2 giant sister mounds. Sleeping like this would've been fine, but she had an even better idea. “Say Morphy, have you ever made yourself an ice-type body before?”

“Nope.”

“Here, let me show you.” Pandora transformed them both into ice, along with the bed to avoid last night's mistake.

And so the 2 became clear crystalline carcasses, laying atop the frozen altar of ice. These 2 siblings, bound in icy embrace, drifted together into the dark blizzard of unconsciousness. Oh big sis..... you're so cold.

Chapter 11.1

Born Again

Both brother and sister woke up an hour early. Hmm, what to do.

"Big sis, I wanna pway with bionicow!"

"Oh you do? How about we play together, just until church?"

"Owkay!" She joined him for some birthday boy bionicle fun for the next hour, which he seemed to greatly enjoy. Playing all day would be the best thing ever. But then came time for the weekly motherly interruption.

"Oh, there you are! I figured you'd be here."

"Yeah, we'we pwaying bionicow!"

"Are you? Well you'll have to find a stopping point soon. It's time for church you 2, so get dressed and ready."

Those words seemed to visibly upset darling. "But I don't wanna go to chuwch, I wanna pway with big sis!"

"Well there's plenty of praying at church, Morphy, so you 2 can do it there." Mom left the 2 to get ready.

Morpheus was still upset. "Big sis, I don't wanna go, I wanna keep pwaying."

"I know Morphy, but here's the thing: I'M going to church too. We'll go and sit together, okay?"

"But I don't wike sitting thewe doing nothing, it's boowing. We can't pway whiwe sitting."

On that, Pandora could agree. She didn't want to sit there bored all day either. Is that not why she had set things up with Apollo last night? Oh crap! Suddenly a realization of the unfair situation struck her: She'll be sitting there in church feeling good, pleasantly entertained with a brother inside her, meanwhile Morpheus will be stuck sitting there bored out of his mind. If only there was something similar she could do for him..... oh wait!

"Morpheus, I got an idea. A really, really sick idea. But I think you'll love it."

"What is it?"

Pandora dropped her panties to the ground, and spread her baby canal open. "Climb in here Morphy. I'll take you to church like this. That way you can play around inside me all you want, and you won't have to deal with hearing the boring preaching. It's a win-win!"

"Owkay! But how do I get smaww?"

"Just pray to God to turn tiny, enough to fit inside my uterus."

"Owkay. Gawd, pwease wet me fit inside big sis." Just like that, he

shrunk down to the size of a tiny fetus.

"Good boy, now climb aboard the big sis express." She opened her door, and he climbed inside, crawling to the innermost depths. She spread her cervix til he became secured in the main compartment, then closed it. She even included a little seat belt of flesh. Alright, now she's carrying her darling around like a real baby! Does this finally count as true incest? After all his wiener was technically inside her. If it is, does that mean all mothers have incest with their sons while birthing? Ah whatever, it's time for church anyway; not the best time to think about that. The big sis baby carrier express got dressed in her church dress, then left for the kitchen. But while on her way down, made another sudden horrific realization. Oh crap, she needs to tell Apollo! Abort mission, we've already got all the internal brother action we need! She ran to his room to tell him, only to find an empty dwelling. He's not here? Maybe she could take her pussy portal back herself. But everywhere she searched turned up empty; wherever he was, he must've taken it.

"Ehh, maybe it's not a big deal." Upon further thought, Pandora realized she could probably handle it even if he did **** her during service. It'll give her the chance to experience public discreet double brother womb portal type sex, so at least it's something new. She head down for breakfast.

It wasn't til after eating when Mom came rushing in, panicked. "Hey Pandora, have you seen Morpheus? I've looked everywhere but can't find him."

"Yeah Mom, that's because he's right in here." She patted her belly, and felt him squirm around inside.

"Oh, you put him inside your womb?"

"Yup."

"I guess that'll work. I mean, it's not like the baby inside *here* needs to hear the lesson either." Mom patted the womb of her own. And she was right: understanding theology was an activity only necessary for the born.

The pregnant mother and daughter climbed into the spaceship with the rest of the family, and dad thrusted off. Except this time they were seemingly going the opposite direction from last week.

"Wait.... Dad? Where are we going? This isn't the way to church."

"We're going to a different one. This one is evangelical-type."

"But..... isn't it wrong to not go to church? We're supposed to attend the exact same one every week."

"No honey, any church is fine."

Gaia butted in. "Oh a*ny*? Does that include none? Because for any one church we could go to, there's thousands more that we're *not* going to. Why is it okay to not go to all those ones, but it's not okay to not go to this one?"

"I don't know, that's just the way it is, logic be tossed out of this spaceship."

Once they arrived, Pandora voluntarily sat near the front row; hopefully this time she can get a taste of that juicy nail hole portion. Or so she thought, then remembered Jesus wouldn't be here today. Doh! Sitting on this pew, surrounded by unsuspecting strangers, the brotherly fetus kicked and squirmed inside her. What on Earth was he doing in there? Whatever it was, hopefully he'd

keep going, because this felt niiice. Pandora sat in euphoric bliss while receiving the internal brotherly massage, the circumference of her uterus shifting with each movement. This would've been fulfilling enough on its own, but then her spirit became extra filled by the preacher's teaching.

"Now my brethren, why is it that we have gathered here today? Is it not because we are all born again, sharing in the union of our Lord Jesus Christ? Truly our fellowship is precious in the Lord's sight, for he has given life to each and every one of us through his life-giving Holy Spirit."

As the preacher droned on, the anticipation of her 2nd brother made her even more wet. At any moment, the feeling of penetration could start. When is he gonna do it? Though she was wearing a dress, she made sure to wear absolutely nothing underneath, her bare pussy exposed to whoever could see from below. This was so when he opened the local portal to her, there would be nothing in the way, allowing free access. Pandora sat with legs spread slightly wider than usual to make room. Even with nothing at all, the unexpected timing made her drip. Any minute now..... 10 minutes in..... 15..... 20..... 23.5..... Oh! She felt something down there. Something not Morpheus. *That* she had grown accustomed to, but now at last something had entered the lower area, moving in and out. Good! Now this boring lesson will be much more enjoyable. Again Artemis's wisdom proved itself as she reaped the joy of taking in both at once.

Pandora sat and relaxed, reveling in the success of her devious plan, taking it all in whilst everyone around remained completely oblivious. She could have 10 orgasms and they'd be none the wiser. This time she was prepared, and would control herself. She would neither moan nor squirm, lest her plot be found out. No no, this was her time to finally enjoy church. The words of the pastor tantalized her with every syllable, not because the knowledge was pleasant, but the ignorance. He was just as clueless of the Bible as he was her pleasure, the brotherly love inside more effective than any divine manifestation which could have appeared. Cure the blind? Heal the sick? Restore the handicapped? How about pleasing a woman; that is a far greater miracle.

"The Holy Spirit is like a spring of water which wells up from within, breathing life and energy into God's beloved children. Can you believe that Christians in the Old World actually thought they were born again because of a particular mental belief they acquired, or a certain disposition they achieved?"

The audience laughed hysterically, understanding the error in belief.

"Of course, today we know that *we* are the ones who were born again, for we actually have life. People only *thought* they were living before, and so couldn't comprehend that their 2nd birth – that is, the beginning of their *real* life – would not be until the Lord returned. Though I must admit, it's a tragedy that I myself was one of them, but once I flew around, teleported around to different planets, became reunited with my dead friends and family, and enjoyed various new types of sex I never imagined, I realized that my existence before was nothing but a tragic travesty, a shadow of the real life we now have. My first birth was that of a pathetic natural body, but praise the Lord that today we've entered the kingdom and been born again with spiritual bodies. Hallelujah!"

Pandora continued enjoying her public discreet double brother womb

portal type sex, and for a while, all seemed to go pretty normal. But then she felt something strange, a shift in texture. Big bro had modified it into glans rings; a familiar sensation from her time at work. Basically, instead of a singular glans tissue at the tip, there were 3 extra rings of it along the shaft, which provided increased sensitivity for the male and rougher texture for the female. Hmm, what if she tried..... Pandora made a silent prayer (as females are supposed to be silent in the church), and her insides transformed to be several glans rings of her own on the inside, stacked from the entrance to the depths. Why stay limited to the male form? Tissue types can be mixed and matched at will. As his rubbed hers, it expanded the insides while forcing through the rings, bulging her cylinder in and out with rhythmic contractions. Oh crap, this feels.... this feels too good! Pandora's muscles were starting to lose control. The gate of her cervix opened, loosing the pathway for 2 brothers to meet where they shouldn't. Disturbed by this, the inner one began fumbling its way out.

"It is ABSOLUTELY IMPERATIVE that a person be born again, to purge oneself of all sin, including sexual sins such as incest. All who are not born again shall not be saved. Even though we're already saved, we must be born again and again. 20 times is not enough. We need 30, 40, 100, 1000, over and over forever! The inner man must be constantly renewed; always be transformed by the renewing of your mind, because no matter how new it is, it's never new enough! No matter what state you're in, it's never good enough! Perfection is totally an obtainable state to achieve if you just. Get. Born. Again!"

The preacher's message penetrated to her womb; indeed she felt the Holy Spirit welling up inside, and couldn't contain her water any longer. Her entire abdomen was welling up with the fits of a child, the birth pangs of a new life in Jesus Christ, a miracle which the whole congregation deserved to witness: the miracle of life.

"Now then, if anyone would like to become born again again, please come up to the front, or forever hold your Holy Spirit water."

She heeded the invitation and ran to the pulpit, the local-type portal falling off on the way, dropping Apollo's holy glans-ringed phallus in the middle of the aisle. She lay down and spread legs wide for the assembly to see. Without any panties, her open bottom dress made it easier to provide a demonstration.

"AHHHHH, I'M GIVING BIRTH! AHHHHHH!" The child exited her body, along with her wickedness, as being born again purged all sins from the body. Now birthed, Morpheus stood up and began walking around, enjoying his newfound life in Christ. Meanwhile the audience clapped and cheered with standing ovation.

"Beautiful! Absolutely beautiful! Look here everyone, this little boy has taken heed to the lesson. We should all look to him for example, so that we too may be born again the proper way!"

Once services ended they returned home, and preparations for the next day went underway. The entire family, all birthed on the same day, yet to celebrate the special occasion. But most special of all was her sweet darling. This newly birthed boy's birthday would see yet another birth, all wrapped up in a neat little gift box.

Chapter 7.4

Birth Day

“Come on sis, get up! It's birthday time!” Artemis slammed the door, leaving her to prepare. Box girl grabbed the special present for her dear darling, and head downstairs to the kitchen. Inside were several party tables, each dedicated to a single sibling. Pandora added hers to the pile labeled “Morpheus.” Ooooh, how exciting! She can't wait to see the look on his face when he opens it.

Pandora could smell a delicious fragrance from the kitchen. Upon arrival, she found a humanoid cake sawing its arm off into a circular container, multiple times to create layers. Now molded into a cylinder, it squeezed out a bunch of icing from its right pudding-breast, making sure to decorate the cake fit for a grand birthday celebration. Once finished, it saw Pandora and transformed back into a more familiar form.

“Oh, Aphrodite it's you!”

“Yup, just getting the cake ready. I already made the cupcakes and ice cream.” Pandora now saw dozens of containers laid in rows upon the table. “Anyway, I need to go get ready to give the birth. Try some cake! I made it regenerating, so it shouldn't run out.” Aphrodite left the kitchen.

Aww, poor ignorant Aphrodite. Oh well. Pandora ravenously consumed several pieces of cake; it stimulated her still vagina-flesh throat on the way down, both feeling euphoric and tasting of chocolate deliciousness. She was on her 5th slice when her favorite sibling came tumbling downstairs.

“There's the birthday boy! Morpheus look, it's your cake! You like it?”

He grabbed a chunk with his bare hand and shoved it down the birthday cake hole. “Mmmm, it's yummy!” The 2 continued indulging til present time. No longer was there a celebration for blowing out birthday candles, since they realized that over time would require hundreds, then thousands, and eventually trillions of candles for the appropriate age; better to cut that tradition out early.

Once present time arrived, over a dozen more siblings Pandora had never met came to the room, bantering with each other. Mom and Dad also came, along with Artemis, Gaia, Epaphus, Apollo, and Aphrodite. At last, the whole family was gathered together!

“Alright everyone, you know the drill. Alphabetical order. Aphrodite, you're up first!”

She assumed the present position, opening gift after gift. The presents included some movies, some cooking equipment, 4 video games, and several boxes of junk food. “Thanks everyone, I'll be sure to play all these!”

Apollo opened his presents, which were primarily some fancy new mechanical instruments. Meanwhile Artemis looked disgusted by the giant pile of books she had received. “Hey! You know I hate reading!”

“Artie, your sex drive is out of control. Reading will be good for you.”

After her was Athena, then Boreas, Castor, Demeter, Epaphus, and Gaia. But after Gaia came a purple energy-lined cybernetic-outfitted sibling, like a cyborg. His hair was short and spiky black, his visage quite serious, masculine and rough, and his left eye covered by a clearish-purple visor with information displaying across his vision.

“Alright Hephaestus, let's see if anyone understands you this year.”

He used the laser beam slicer function of his right hand to shred the box to pieces, being careful to not blow it up like last year. After a successful dissection, the 4 quadrants fell open gracefully, unveiling a specialized red energy-lined cyborg hand with symmetrical digits and thumbs (to be compatible with either arm). But more than a mere arm, it doubled as a suite of advanced weapons such as a bomb launcher, laser shooter, retractable finger knives, and a powerful concentrated energy thruster. “Hmm, I suppose this could be useful. Navigating Autonoma has become increasingly dangerous since the farm-walkers went berserk. Thanks Castor, I shall put it to good use.” He swapped out his purple arm for the red one, testing out its new functionalities.

After the weird Hephaestus came Hermes, then Kratos, and finally..... Morpheus! Alright, it's time for the best birthday boy of all! Everyone gathered around as he opened present after present. Pandora sat and watched, eagerly awaiting him to get to hers. The family had no idea what manner of gift her darling was about to open.

The first present he opened was a new lego transformer set. The 2nd was a collection of remote control cars and trucks, and a 3rd some battery-powered trains and freight cars. Pfft, look at these fools, buying all these boy toys when he was soon to cease being one. After opening a shaving kit, socks, and a pack of underwear, then came the gift which made Pandora's anxiety rise. Finally, he reached it! The box with the card on top labeled:

To: Morpheus
From: Big Sis Pandora

“Who's it from, Morpheus?” Mom inquired.

He looked up, smiling. “Pandowa!”

“Oooh, looks like your big sister's got you an equally big present. Go ahead and open it!”

First he opened the card, which contained ¥1 million in it. It had a goofy outline image of a young child holding the world in his hand, as well as a special message:

Afterward he tore through the paper, eager to see the gift from his favorite person in the universe. Once the outer shell was removed, he opened Pandora's box, unleashing a blessing that would change his world forever.

Mom gasped. “Oh, Pandora you didn't!”

“I sure did.”

The boy stared at the package in awe, examining the fine curves of the pelvis, and the neatly arranged structure of the tubes and organs. A pristine starter pack, just for him, and nobody else. The greatest gift a boy could ask for.

“Do you like it?”

He pulled it out of the packaging, squishing the malleable flesh of foreign organs, watching the dangling ovaries as they shook about, and sticking his fingers up the placeholder flesh. “It feews gooey!”

“Come on Morphy, try it on!”

“Yeah, I bet you'll love it!” The whole family urged him, eager to witness the loss of transformation virginity #1.

He stripped until naked, revealing the normal boy genitals primed for a makeover, then picked up the replacement. “Owkay, I'm twying it on now.” He put it over his wiener and balls, expecting it to just work, but nothing happened.

“Huh? Why isn't it working?” Mom asked.

“It should just melt right on. Is it defective?” suggested Hephaestus.

“It's cause it's medium. He needs to be at least 7.” Pandora informed.

“Oh! Looks like we're doing a triple birthday then!”

That was big sis's intent. “How about it Morpheus? Think you can handle being a 7 year old?”

He nodded. Whatever it takes to make big sis happy.

“Alright, but this time you gotta pray for it on your own, okay?”

“Yeah Morpheus, you can do it!” Dad supported.

“Do it for the pussy!” Artemis shouted.

Encouraged by the cheers of his family, the young boy made his prayer. “Gawd, pwease make me 7.” And just like that, he metamorphosized from a tiny 5 year old into a (still small, but slightly bigger) 7 year old, expanding in both size and maturity.

“Wow Morphy, you look great! Try putting it on now.”

Again he put it on his pelvis, and this time it worked! Like Hephaestus's arm, the new organs instantly gripped to his flesh, and began weaving seamlessly into his skin while removing the boy parts. After disintegrating, the female parts locked in place, automatically connecting to the nervous system and stitching the skin back around seamlessly, all while making other minor adjustments to the rest of the body's torso and limb shape. By the end, the process had successfully transitioned him into a full fledged female. His face – no, *her* face – radiated with feminine charm as it took on the appearance of its default female form. She seemed amazed at her new body, putting her fingers down in the crevice which wasn't there before. Mom started tearing up with joy, as it was always a special event for a child to experience their first sex change.

“So? Do you like it?” Pandora proudly inquired.

She kept touching. “It feels weird.”

“Yeah, I can imagine. But congratulations Morphy, you're a girl now! Do you have a girl name picked out yet?”

She thought for a moment. “How about..... Morphia?”

“Ooooh, Morphia? That sounds great! With that we can still call you Morphy too, and it'll work.” Morphia looked proud of her own cleverness.

“How about we go back to your room? I'll teach you how to use it!” Pandora was so excited to bestow a brand new pleasure upon her darling, but Mom interrupted.

“Hold on Pandora, remember what else we're doing?”

“Oh yeah, the baby?”

“Right, it's about time to design it. You can play together later, okay?”

“Awww, but I.....” She turned backed to Morphia. “Sorry darling, I can't play right now, but we will later, okay?”

Morphia nodded. “I'll just play by myself!” The little girl head upstairs to enjoy her new present. Pandora smirked in smug, giddy joy knowing the wonderful experience she was about to have, all because of her. Go ahead and enjoy it little Morphy, you only get one first time per memory loop.

“Alright Pandora, follow me.” Mom led her away to another room, this one filled with computer screens displaying what looked like various anatomical models and medical information. One in particular looked like the character creation screen from Sims 4, only with 10 times the amount of options. The title of the software was displayed at the top: Build-a-Baby. Mom took the mouse and started clicking on stuff, opening up a new profile.

“Is this for designing the baby?”

“Yes, every year this is what we use. Since it'll be yours this time, you get to design it.”

“Did you use this to create Artemis?”

“Yup. Here, let me pull up her profile.” Mom opened a different file, and indeed there it was: the original design for Artemis's body. Ohhhh, so THAT'S why her irises were pure red, and her personality was so intense; mother always knew she'd be a demon even before she was born.

“And with this, you can see the different age forms.” She tuned a slider up and down, showing Artemis at various different stages in life up to age 100. Each of these was the default form for each age and sex. “And here's all the same for her male form.” She clicked the checkmark for male, and showed off all the same for Artie's form too.

Mom then explained the 2 forms aspect of the design process. Since a person can only be either male of female at a time, the decision of which to be first was paramount. Each child begins as their initial primary sex; the other is their secondary sex, or, the one they will become second. It's important to choose wisely, as the manner in which each reacts upon their first transformation differs based on the initial state, and various factors such as personality and age of occurrence. Since this was usually one of the most important days in a child's life, parents put great care into crafting the best experience they could. Though

this initial shock does eventually wear off as the child becomes acquainted with regular swapping, growing into standard androgyny.

"Wow, this looks pretty complex."

"Yes, but that's also what makes it fun! You never know how they'll turn out til its done." Mom handed the reins over to the noob baby designer. With freedom to design whoever she wanted, Pandora took the seat and began playing around with the settings. Let's see here, we got sliders for height, physique, skin, proportions, facial structure, cheek bones, eye shape, distance, color (including the new ones), lips shape and texture, nose type and size, hair style, type, and color, ear shape, neck width, level of facial hair, body hair, and genitals size and shape for males, and makeup, breast size and shape, and labia type for females.

That was all for the body. As for the spirit, there were several parameters for default personality such as feisty, demure, ambivalent, moody, creative, silly, prankster, energetic, sarcastic, aggressive, spiritual, philosophical, studious, religious, scientific, gamer, inspirational, nerdy, boring, weird, and random. There were 2 slots, one for primary personality, and another for secondary/ sub-personality. Upon examination, Artemis was primary aggressive with secondary sarcastic, and Apollo was primary creative with secondary studious. And Pandora herself was primary demure with secondary creative. Oooh, but what about darling?

Pandora pulled up Morpheus's profile, eager to see the creation process behind her lover. And sure enough it appeared, except it was his girl form, looking exactly like the darling that ran upstairs. Though her name slot was still blank, as that part was always up to the child to decide on their own. It was similar to coming up with a username to define one's online identity; the first name was chosen by the parents, the 2nd by the individual. But for both forms the personality was the same: primary energetic with secondary feisty. Hmm, what would it look like when darling grows up? Pandora adjusted the slider to see. Woooow, she's gonna be a really beautiful, doll-faced peach pie. And for the male form, he's gonna become a nice, brown-haired, round-faced heartstopper. She viewed the settings for various hair lengths and facial hair patterns, finding all of them equally lovely. One day darling will become a hunk! How awesome!

Alright, that's enough creeping on siblings. Time to design the new one! Pandora played around with the settings, carefully contemplating what form of spawn she would like to have. Which primary sex? Which personality? Which eye color? Pandora worked enthusiastically to craft the best possible looking child she could muster. After about an hour, she was done. The child would be primary female, have sharp, ocean-blue eyes, spiky blue-tinted hair, no widow's peak, a button nose, dull lips, and an outie belly button. Pandora also shaped the contours of her physique, giving her an overall slender, petite, lolita-like build. One day she'll thank her for making her look so awesome.

"Mom, how's this?"

She inspected it. "Wow, she looks really cute. Good job!"

"Soooooo, what next?"

"Next is the final render. It has to render all the DNA to program into

the baby for real, so God can make her the way you want."

Pandora clicked on the render button, then dropped her arms in relaxation while waiting for the final product. While watching the agonizingly slow progress bar, Aphrodite suddenly came into the birth room.

"Hey mom! Is it about time?"

Mom slowly turned around, ready to break the news. "Oh Aphrodite, I'm really sorry about this, but, you're gonna have to wait til next year."

"Huh? Why?"

"Since Pandora here is new to the family.... or, actually since she was the *first* in the family, she's never had her proper turn, so I promised to let her be the one."

Aphrodite's enthusiastic eyes sank, but only a bit. "That's okay, I can wait. She deserves a turn after going through all that."

"Thanks pumpkin, you're always so understanding."

"But, I can still watch though, right?"

"I dunno, Pandora, are you okay with that?"

The sisters met gazes. "Yeah, she can watch all she wants."

"Great! Well it's almost time, so stay down here."

Aphrodite approached to get a better look at Pandora's creation, then squealed and blushed. "Awww, she's so cute! What are you gonna name her?"

A question meant for Pandora. "Oh, you mean me?"

"Yeah! Birther always gets to pick the name."

"Hmm, I haven't really thought about it."

"No need to rush, you can just name it after. Maybe you'll think of one in the process."

"Yeah, I'll start thinking about it."

Suddenly the Build-a-Baby made a beeping sound, indicating the render was complete. With the baby prepared, the time had come. Mom clutched her stomach. "Oh! Girls, I think it's coming."

"Right now?"

"Yes, yes, right now! Pandora, ready to take over?"

"Let's do it!" The mother and daughter exchanged bodies. Instantly Pandora's perspective shifted, her empty womb now filled with the familiar sensation of yesterday, and she could see her own usual form moving about in 3rd person. The kicking and squirming in her stomach was intense, making movement difficult. Momdora offered some advice.

"Here, lay on the bed, I'll go get Morphia!"

Pandora watched as her body ran out the door, feeling the struggles of the fetus within her. Aphrodite helped her levitate onto the bed, back down and legs spread bare. She was doing it! She was going into labor! After a minute, mom returned with several others to witness the occasion, including Hephaestus, Gaia, Artemis, Apollo, and darling. As usual, big sis was the first to remark.

"Ha, lucky you giving birth. Can't wait to stand here for 10 hours."

"Be nice Artie. It's only once a year we get to witness this miracle, let's just enjoy it," Momdora said.

Artemis yawned. "I think I'll just speed up the time for me."

“Surely she won't take that long,” Hephaestus encouraged, as thoughts of his last year's experience vicariously resurfaced. Meanwhile Morphia just stared in wide-eyed, shocked silence.

With the whole family expecting a miracle to come out of her hole, Pandora knew she had to deliver. And just in time, she felt a wet opening sensation inside; was this the water breaking? All she knew was that her entire pelvis began contracting uncontrollably, as the creature within began its foray into the outside world. Her body underwent the entire labor process, feeling the baby inside as it squirmed out through her mom's birth canal, stretching and scraping. It felt soooooo good. Pandora orgasmed multiple times, over and over for the next 4 hours straight. It was like shrunken partner sex combined with maternal incest, but without the need of going in first. Memories of yesterday's born again ceremony flooded her mind as she somatically relived the happy moment, only this time Morphy was an observer rather than a participant. Yes Morphy, watch closely, for this is what it means to be female. Well, at least it's a lot better in this world where it felt intensely orgasmic rather than unbearably painful. The miracle of life truly is one of life's greatest pleasures.

Now that Pandora had finally lost her birthing virginity, the beautiful baby became beheld by all. “It's a girl! Yes! Finally another pussy to initiate!”

“Not for 4 years, Artie.”

“I know, I know, just sayin'.”

“So what are you gonna name it?” Apollo asked.

Pandora held the baby girl in her arms. “I've already decided: Pyrrha.”

“Oooh yes, that's a wonderful name. Good thing we didn't already cover it!”

Pandora motioned to Morphia, inviting her to examine her 2nd gift for the day. “Here Morphy, come look. It's your brand new little sister!”

She came over and inspected the newborn creature, then out of curiosity, proceeded to start fiddling with her vagina.

“Eww, Morphia you little pedophile, stop it!”

She backed off.

“Well that was a spectacle. Time to send it to Baby World!” Artemis blurted.

“Indeed. Pandora, follow me, I'll show where we send them.” Momdora led the way as Pandora the mommy-sister took her child-sister to the glowing blue inter-spatial portal. Through it was a sight unlike any she'd seen: a giant metropolis of dollhouses, forts, and baby toys populated by millions of tiny humans, each crawling around like pedestrians in a busy city.

“Just toss it in, sweetie.” Pandora let go of the child, and it fell into the crowd, becoming a faceless number among the infantile population. “See you in 3 years!” Mom closed the portal, then swapped back to her normal body.

Morphia came and tugged Pandora's hand. “Sis? Are we gonna play now?”

“Absolutely! Come on, let's go to your room.” The 2 headed to Morphia's room. Her brother-turned-sister chivalrously held the door open to her sanctuary: a princess for a princess. With free fun time for the rest of the day,

they lay on the bed for some double sister play, and now 3 years older, Pandora could experience lesbian-type level 2 sister fondling at 17% less pedophile saturation; a statistically significant detriment. Regardless, newly girl-turned boys require special care in learning to operate their new genital set. It was Pandora's job to show her how to operate it properly, and not do anything too extreme. Maybe Artemis would try to pull something like that, but not her. She will treat her sister the right way: with love and tenderness.

"Okay Morphy, since it's your first ever girl part, I'll help show you how to use it. See this? This is the main hole, called the vagina. If you ever wanna feel good with stuff inside you, this is what you gotta use, okay?"

She nodded, laying back with trustful submission. "This is where babies come from, isn't it?"

"It sure is, Morphia. Now that you have one, you'll be able to give birth too! Just remember you need a pregnancy permit first, or nothing will happen."

"Okay."

The siblings continued playing with their brand new toy. Hmmm, when it comes to kids toys, were vaginas considered a boy toy or a girl toy? It's clear that model trucks were meant for boys, and barbies were for girls, but what about genitals? Perhaps each was designed for the other; vaginas are not girl toys, nor are penises boy toys. Though since pure consciousness has no gender, perhaps it's a false dichotomy from its very foundation.

"See this? This is the clit. It's usually the best part, at least for the standard form. How's it feel?" She rubbed it tenderly.

"I think..... I need to go pee." Morphia said with sisterly stimulation.

"No you don't. Trust me, that's just how it feels. But if you need to squirt, just let it all out. It's a-okay." Like the time she drenched the bed as an ice body, she realized the triviality of such minor bed wetting issues.

Morphia readjusted, relaxing with spread legs to receive the passive lesson. Since video game-type schools didn't have a sex ed curriculum, it was important for an experienced tutor to provide the vital homeschooling.

"How is it Morphia? Do you like it?"

"It feels good, and it's fun. Please go harder."

"Is it even more fun than legos?"

The girl was squirming in ecstasy. "Yeah."

Awww, even more fun that legos! Or any other toy she could've gotten him. Pandora truly knew how to pick out the best gifts. Because even she, being evil, knew how to give good gifts to children.

Once she had lost her slit-type starter pack virginity, Morphia lay down staring at the ceiling, exhausted.

"So Morphia, how was it? Did it feel good?"

Feminine words through a heaving chest: "Mmm-hmm."

"Do you wanna stay as a girl from now on, or go back to normal?"

She thought about it, squeezing both hands tightly between her closed thighs. "I wanna stay."

"Haha, okay then." Pandora was still smugly proud.

"I wanna watch another anime."

“Sure! Anything you have in mind?”

“Let's ask God for one.” Morphia prayed to receive an anime appropriate for the situation, and from the ceiling dropped a copy of Onimai. Pandora put it on the TV, and they lay in bed cuddling more while watching. Indeed it was the perfect show to imitate their current situation, with a well-written plot and amazing character development.

“See Morphy? This is a *real* drama. Just look at him, he's so happy!”

“She.”

“Oh, right. She's happy!” They continued watching up to the point where the de-aged male protagonist went back to middle school, only this time as female. “Oh! Morphia, I just realized! Since you're older now, that means you're too old to keep going to VGES. We need to get you enrolled in VGMS. How about we go do that now?”

“Yeah.”

And so big sis helped her new little sister enroll in Video Game Middle School: the institution where kids learn to play more advanced games such as FPS, RPGs, and survival horror. Unlike the short days of elementary school, the days here would be nearly twice as long. Pandora stood behind, massaging her shoulders while she filled out the enrollment documents. “The curriculum's gonna be more intense here Morphy. Are you sure you're up for it?”

“Yeah, I can handle it. I wanna know how to play other genres.”

“That's the spirit!” And so her little darling managed to surpass 3 grades in a single day. She really was gifted!

Now enrolled in higher education, they would have even less time to spend together. Only on weekends will they have full days available. With that in mind, Pandora continued scheming her date for this Saturday, planning the most romantic day out she could possibly imagine. She continued making progress on her planet until bedtime.

Chapter 8.2

Epic Yurianism

Pandora arrived at work by doing a quadruple barrel roll along the sidewalk, crushing a whopping 20 pedestrians. Once inside, she checked her workstation for today's customer list. Was he still available? Yup, there he was: Epicurus, scheduled for 9:30. Pandora pulled out her phone to wait for the appropriate time. While waiting, the manager man came up to her.

"Hello Pandora, quick question: would you like a raise?"

Another one? "Um, sure! What do I have to do?"

"You'll help us test out a new organ type. We just got a new one in, it's a prototype for a 20X self-lubricating webbed clit board, squishy variant. Organ Corp. wants us to run a few field tests. Mind helping?"

Ooooh, an organ tester? Awesome! Pandora could really use the extra money. "Yeah sure, I can do that."

"Alright, we'll bring it right out." The man left. After 3 minutes, he returned with a locked steel package that opened with the correct code. Inside was the prototype, immersed in a special preservation fluid, which Pandora took out and tried on. She held it over her groin, and felt it instinctively grip to her flesh, transforming the usual hole into a flat board lined with clits in a 5X4 array. And indeed they were naturally wet, as the ingrained mucous membrane kept it lubricated: the type of wetness that made it shiny, reflecting light off it.

"They said they're specifically looking to test the stamina, so we'll need you to test it all day long."

"That's fine, I'm curious to try it out. It's my first time with this too."

The man patted her back. "Thanks for taking on extra work Pandora, I'll make sure you get paid 100X the normal amount for this." He left, and the ambitious career woman resumed her job. Okay, let's see here. Epicurus..... Epicurus..... aha! She pressed the button for door #3,956,039,411,875 and watched it come down to lock in place. Phew, okay Pandora, stay calm. It's only the greatest philosopher in all of history, no pressure. She took a deep breath and opened the door.

There he was, the man himself, sitting there pondering deep philosophy. Upon seeing his escort arrive, he came back down to reality.

“Hello Epicurus. Ready for your services?”

He stood up. “Indeed, there's something I've been curious about for a while. I want to try the layered dissociative penetration.”

“Actually uh..... I've kinda been asked to test out this thing today.” She rubbed her board of clits.

“Oh, so we can't?”

“I guess not, sorry.”

Epicurus paused to consider. Over the past 3 years he had only ever experienced layered dissociation as female, and had been waiting months to try it as male. This would be his only chance within the next 2 weeks. “That's fine, I'm okay with any pleasure. Each one is useful in its own way.”

“Great! Let's get started then.”

Epicurus had learned the stoic value of sacrificing one's preferred desires for overall harmony. The appropriate pleasure depended on the context, thus intelligence was required to experience the maximum amount. This is why humans were made intelligent, to use their imagination to explore the vast variety of pleasures in life, and give thanks to the creator who allows it.

“I'll go ahead and transform.” The philosopher made a prayer, and shapeshifted into his feminine form, which was unbelievably beautiful and sexy.

“Wowwww, how'd you manage to look like that?”

“It was God's idea. The better one's philosophy, the more beautiful their alternate form. Measure for measure and all that.”

“What's your secondary name?”

“Epicurie.”

“Well come on Epicurie, let's have some fun!”

She altered her pubic area, and the 2 climbed in bed together, arranging their bodies in the standard scissoring position. With clit board against clit board, their seesawing motion provided yet another stimulation Pandora had never imagined. Often nicknamed “the 3rd sex,” clit boards were the only type of genital designed to be compatible with those of similar type, and included as much variety of its own premise as other more traditional male and female variants. In addition, this particular type featured an inverted heteronormative moral quality: for other types, heterosexual union provided the most benefit, but for clit boards, homosexual union was the ideal, as the others were not naturally compatible. That which is moral is that which is in accordance with intended natural function, so it was frowned upon when a clit board user attempted to copulate with a different type; the very prospect was considered an insult. But through this method, one was able to experience immoral heterosexual-type sex and moral homosexual-type sex, so it helped provide variety in a market oversaturated with the dichotomized hetero types.

The 2 middle-sexed figures scissored each other violently, each array gliding swiftly back and forth across the other, the mucousal lubricant aiding the slippage as every row and column sent a bundled rectangle of pleasure straight to Pandora's brain. It was neither inside nor out, but on the very bare surface of her pubis, tingling with sensations of a feeling she'd known her whole life amplified and spread out across the greater volume.

“So, Epicurie. What was that thing you said about pleasure being the only worthwhile thing in life?”

Epicurie was annoyed by the insult, the same misconception she'd heard repeated countless times. “Ugh, here we go again. It's not that I was stating an individual *should* spend their life in endless pursuit of pleasure. I was merely stating that pain was the ultimate foundation for determining moral wrongness, and pleasure as the ultimate foundation for moral goodness. If not for pain, then what could be called bad? If not for pleasure, then what would be called good? It is objectively better for humanity to experience behaviors which bring pleasure than those which bring pain. A bunch of people starving is objectively bad, and a bunch of children playing a game together is good. And even doing nothing is an expression of the good of relaxation. Pain only provides value insofar as it provides enhancements to other pleasures, and sex just happens to be the highest pleasure of all; hence why the most perfect world would necessarily have copious amounts and variety of it without consequence.”

“But is that all there is to life? Just endless pleasure?”

“The answer to that question is no, that's not *all* there is. There are a variety of activities available, and I cannot claim to favor any one over all the rest. But it most certainly is a major component that will never go away. And since it is permanent, the key to a fulfilling life lies in always being *able* to enjoy it. Although, I suppose that the refusal of pleasure could itself be considered a pleasure: the pleasure of exercising self-control, of maintaining a high opinion of oneself. The pleasure of practicing moral virtue.”

“What if one is unable to enjoy pleasures, even when experiencing them? Then life would not be worth living, for they could never be happy even by experiencing the best things in life. If even the absolute best is not good enough, how could one ever find joy?”

“Aha, now you see the dilemma. If pleasure is not pleasant, then from whence can one be happy? That's how the question is posed. However, there is a fatal error in reasoning. The inability to enjoy pleasure is itself a symptom called apathy, which stems from the disease called nihilism. Therefore if you cure either the disease or the symptoms, the problem is solved, and life can be enjoyed once more. The key is to provide as many cures and treatments as possible, thus we shall need ever-more complex systems for maintaining the ability to enjoy things, such as memory wiping. That's technically the only one you need, but even within it there is a great variety to be found. I find the fragmentation type of particular use.”

After many minutes of boarding, Pandora's pelvis exploded with an array of contractions beneath the surface, an alternative system of pulsating organs deep within. With no space stolen by utility organs, nor the usual empty hole, everything inside had been replaced by several rows of muscles designed purely for forceful orgasmic contractions, all set in motion by the quivering of her outer buttons reaching maximum overload. Epicurie was right: the multiplication of clits only served to multiply the pleasure by exact proportion. With 20 clits arrayed in a board, she received 20 times the pleasure. This heightened orgasm gave her all the wisdom she needed to be happy. In fact she

became so inundated with wisdom she developed the ability to question it.

"Wow Epicurie, that was indeed quite pleasurable. But I have just one more question: What about wisdom? Surely that's more important than pleasure, right?"

Epicurie shook her head. "Wisdom is a wish made only by the foolish. No wise person would ever wish their curse to be inflicted on another, let alone on their self for the 2nd time."

"But what about King Solomon? Are you saying he was a fool?"

"Hmm, that is certainly a question, to which I would ask one of my own: when Solomon asked God for wisdom, was he already wise or not?"

"Ummm..... yes?"

"If he were already wise, he would be asking to receive a gift which he already possessed, rendering the wish a mere placebo. And if he were not wise, then it suggests that wisdom is only a gift desired by the unwise. A truly wise person would never ask for wisdom, for they already know what an utter curse it is to live with, as well as the illusory nature of it."

"Well, curse or not, isn't wisdom an overall good thing to possess?"

Epicurie shrugged. "Is wisdom important for fish?"

"Ummmm....."

"No, fish do not need wisdom to live their existence. The idea of wisdom is purely an illusion of the human mind. When Solomon asked for wisdom, what he was really asking for was *philosophical insight.* Some thought that the ultimate wisdom lay in realizing the meaninglessness of existence. But others of superior philosophical fortitude saw beyond to a philosophy which supported living in spite of that meaninglessness. A way to *ignore* it, to remain completely ignorant of it, just like non-human animals. And that always inevitably leads back to pure, unrestricted hedonism. Pleasure is the only thing that makes life worth living. But one cannot receive pleasure unless they both desire things and have those desires met, thus the wheel of wisdom reaches full circle back to my philosophy. Pleasure *is* the ultimate wisdom to stave off nihilism. That's precisely why King Solomon attained over 700 wives and 300 concubines, to escape from the meaninglessness. The more the better!"

Finally, Epicurie had hit the nail on the head. Solomon was actually a symbolic inhabitant of Heaven long before anyone else; that's why God blessed him with such favor, so that the sheer impressive scope of his polgygamy could be a foreshadow of everyone else's future life. It was only fitting that the wisest man who ever lived should have the largest harem as a testament; the union of many tribes synthesized into one peaceful kingdom. And the trend continued as the famous Israelite king was soon to be first to reach the 1 million mark. Pandora thought Artemis was extreme, but Solomon blew her out of the water. She's gonna have to up her game if she wants that world record!

"Anyway, I've got another idea. Since more clits equals more pleasure, how about we just cover our entire bodies with them?"

"That sounds fun!"

And so they both became clit-skinned monstrosities all over, as Epicurie had seen others do on many occasions. Eventually some people

pondered the question: “Why have just one clit when I can have 10? Or 20? Or 1000? Let's just put clit-type tissue all over the body, that way it feels good everywhere as clothes rub up against it!” This is what Epicurie taught as Pandora grew endless rows down her arms and legs, the very mere movement of limbs just as electrifying as the standard. This was a process commonly called “full-body genitalization,” and had long been a past-time of those in search for the most extreme pleasures available. These types were especially important to get the sensitivity level just right, else one might regret having orgasms every five seconds just from gusts on a windy day. This was also one of the few remaining reasons for the weather-monitoring industry to justify its existence.

Pandora and Epicurie cuddled each other fiercely, the sensitive button-folds of their vessels rubbing one to another in all-encompassing ecstasy, until every centimeter of their flesh trembled with orgasm. Pandora thought Artemis's first sister lesson was intense, but this outer-skin sensation was an altogether incomparable level of sensitivity.

After their epic yuri, Pandora returned to the extraction floor, and went on to continue testing the prototype organs with 16 other clients. After the final one, she clocked out and left for the exit, where the manager man awaited with tensed anticipation. “So? How was it?”

Pandora peeled away the organ pack, handing it back. “It felt unbelievably orgasmic.”

“Glad to hear! I'll let them know it was a success.” Now having tested to work, the organ was rewound through time to restore the virgin status, a pristine new condition for guaranteed customer satisfaction. The manager sealed it, then went to ship it back with verified approval. The ding from Pandora's phone indicated she earned over ¥1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 for the day. At last, she had finally become a sextillionaire!

Pandora exited the door to the parking lot. But on the way out, her main boss Celia came after her, with a very angry expression on her face. “Pandora! What is the meaning of this!?” She shoved a stack of papers in her face.

“What's what?”

“You didn't meet your quota! Even after all day, you didn't produce so much as a single drop of milk!”

“I.... but I was just testing out the new organs!”

“Organs!? Don't you know what company this is? We pay you to produce milk, not fiddle around with clients! If you wanted to be an organ tester, you should've gone to Organ Corp. instead.”

“I don't even know what that is!”

Celia grunted. “Well Pandora, it's unfortunate you don't know how to do your job properly, but there's nothing that can be done. I'm sorry but, my manager said you need to leave.”

“Huh!?”

“We have to let you go. Sorry. You're still entitled to your final paycheck, but I'm afraid you can't come back here anymore.”

Pandora processed the sad news. “Okay, it's fine. I understand.”

“Good to see you're cooperative. I wish you luck with your next job.”

And so Pandora left the grand factory for the last time, dejected. The one and only job she was designed for, her dream career, shattered in a matter of moments. Oh no, what will Mom say? She'll probably make her find another job; no way we can tell her. Pandora returned to the abode of unemployment, finding her farming on the couch (instead of doing the real homework).

"Hey sweetie! How was work? Still fun?"

"Uhhh, yeah! Totally fun!"

"I'm so happy you found something you like! Woodworking used to be such a drag, didn't it?"

"Yup."

Pandora went upstairs to check on darling. Upon opening the door, she found her sitting at the computer playing a game. "Hey! So? How was your first day of middle school?"

She paused the game, then came over to give big sis a hug. "It was so much fun! The other students called me cute, and I showed off my body, and they taught us how to play Call of Duty!"

Upon closer examination, the computer screen did indeed display the 2003 original. "Wow Morphy, that's great!" She hugged her back in sisterly embrace. "Are you doing homework now?"

"Yeah, I have to get through the first 4 missions by tomorrow. We have a test."

"Sounds like you got your work cut out then. I'll leave you to it." Pandora left darling to her devices, heading back to continue work on her own school project. The planet was coming together nicely, only a bit more, then it'll be ready for transubstantiation.

Chapter 12.1

Panties

With no darling til evening, Pandora spent the first 5 Tuesday hours working on her planet, then became bored enough to visit Apollo. He was just laying in bed listening to some pop music on full blast.

"Oh hey, nice of you to come visit."

"What'cha listening to?"

"I found this really cool pop artist named Michael Jackson. He's from the Old World, ever heard of him?"

"Yeah, he was super famous in my time until he died."

"Well he's back now. Come listen."

Pandora lay with Apollo, watching dozens of new music videos released by the talented singer and dancer. Though she noticed that some of the songs had a female performing instead.

"Who's the girl?"

"It's Michelle Jackson, his female form."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I did some research on him. Apparently in the Old World he tried to transition from a black boy into a white girl."

As he said that, Pandora remembered a friend from her school days; Olivia, the black girl who wanted to turn white. Hopefully she's happy now.

"The article I read said God made him a famous pop star to demonstrate to the world the need for the savior, and that he was given that vitiligo condition to force the message to be displayed. After his resurrection, the first thing he did was record 4 new albums using his Caucasian female form and voice to produce the songs he'd always wanted to but couldn't. They were a huge hit."

Apollo continued showing off some of his various live performances. For some concerts he was Michelle the whole time, other times she was Michael. And for some, he frequently swapped back and forth in accordance with the particular song. There was even one song where every single stanza was an intense back and forth duet battle between a man and woman, which he swapped midway through to deliver each line in rapid succession while retaining the same dancing motion. Not many people could pull that off, but Michael was exceptionally talented. It's too bad that in the Old World he died at precisely 50 years old, not reaching the full 70 where he would've remained alive til Christ's

return. But maybe that had to happen so those 2 Biblical numbers could apply to his life. Is there a significance behind those numbers? I dunno, probably.

They continued listening and copulating with the music as Pan and Apollonia. Among the songs, Apollonia played Michael Jackson – Earth Song, and Pan played Erthen – Earthsong. After 2 more hours of that, Pandora realized her hunger and figured she'd go downstairs for some food. This time she tripped the first step and violently tumbled all the way down, feeling the wonderful sensation of the flight beating her around and cracking all her joints. After eons of anticipation, she had finally lost her..... staircase virginity? Anyway, in the living room were Artemis, Mom, and a few other siblings watching a violent movie. Upon seeing her enter, Mom called out.

"Pandora! There you are! We need to talk about something."

Oh great, did she find out about the job? Time to get a scolding.

Mom stood up and walked over, but spoke of something completely different. "Okay, so you know how you turned Morpheus into a girl?"

"Of course I do, it's the best thing ever!" How could Pandora forget her wonderful gift?

"Well, as of now she's still wearing all the same boy clothes she used to wear, and it looks really tacky. Plus since she's older, almost all of it is getting too small."

"Okay? So?"

"So do something about it! She needs girl clothes!"

"Ah, okay gotcha."

Artemis butted in. "I'll come shopping with you."

"Uhhh, okay. Let me go get her." An unexpected 3rd wheel, but nevertheless Pandora went up to her darling's room. Upon opening the door she found her playing with the plethora of new toy trucks and trains, and indeed still dressed in the same old boy clothes as always. What an abomination!

The unfashionable child turned around. "Hey sis, what's up?"

"I uhhh, notice you're still wearing your boy clothes. Why is that?"

"Because I don't have any girl ones?"

"Oh, you don't? Well then, I think it's about time we fix that. Come on, let's go shopping. I'll help you pick some out."

She ceased the blasphemous toy playing and followed her downstairs, where Artemis joined in the truck for the next shopping adventure.

They arrived at the store, the hub from which clothing may be bought. Alright, time to buy darling his first pair of panties! Long had Pandora dreamed of this special occasion. It was a once in a lifetime event. Her brother's first official female undergarments, the time where he becomes a real girl. Pandora squealed with giddiness over how spoiled she'll be able to make him. Those poor people in the Old World never had the chance to bestow such incredible gifts, so she would be sure to cherish every second of this celebratory event.

"Alright Morphia, here's the girl's clothing!"

She gazed around the strange alien wares, feeling like a trespasser for entering this forbidden paradise section. "Soooo, what am I supposed to wear?"

"That's the thing Morphia. You get to pick! Which ones do you like?"

She browsed the shelves, examining panties of all kinds. There were pure white, pink, and blue, some with stripes, some with animals, some with other strange and multicolored patterns. Which ones would darling pick? Pandora was eager to find out her taste. One of the greatest advantages of the female form is the more interesting variety of clothing to pick from, though it's a double-edged sword; with added variety comes increased complexity, which is why girls found it much harder to make fashion decisions (though this complexity could be easily remedied through computer-brain mode). After much deliberation, the little girl's hand reached out to grab a nice blue striped thong. “I like these.” Then she held them over her crotch, imagining them on.

“Blue striped, huh?”

She nodded.

Artemis approved. “Those will fit real tight on you now.”

“Go ahead and get several pairs, you'll need them.” Pandora held the portal cart for darling to toss in all her clothing of choice. “Alright, now time to pick out a bra!” She then led her around to pick out all manner of other appropriate female clothing, including a skirt, dress, knee high socks, blouse, pajamas, and shoes. Oh, and makeup, can't forget that! It'll be fun to teach darling all the tricks for using it.

Eventually Artemis wanted to bring some more fun into the mix. “Alright, now to get some for you too!” She shot a burst of flames from her hand to incinerate all of Pandora's clothes, leaving her naked.

“Hey, I was wearing that!”

“We'll find some new ones. Morphia, what do ya think your big sister should wear? I'm thinking this nice Hawaiian shirt and denim skirt.”

“I wanna see her in that.” Morphia pointed to a frilly gray camisole.

“Yeah, and this.” Artemis grabbed a beanie cap.

“Hold on, what about for this?” Pandora transformed into Pan. “I need clothes for this too.”

“Of course you do, let's go to the men's section.” Along with darling, the older siblings also bought more clothes for each of their respective forms, as Pandora realized she didn't have much to wear as Pan.

“When I'm a guy, I think this tight t-shirt will really accentuate my muscles. What do you think?”

“Oh yeah, that looks nice.”

“And also these jeans, sneakers, and polo.”

Whichever form they took, it was imperative to dress according to their present gender role. After all, “A woman shall not wear anything that pertains to a man, nor shall a man put on a woman's garment.” (Deuteronomy 22:5). Pandora just wanted to make sure to dress right according to Biblical standards. Don't wanna violate God's will now, do we?

Once they gathered their assortment of clothes, they entered the fitting room together. This triple sister shopping spree had now become a fashion orgy, as they tried on various clothes while complimenting each other.

Upon seeing the accentuated form of her darling, Pandora couldn't help but melt at her perfect sight. “Wow Morphia, those panties look really good on

you! Blue-striped is so cute."

"Yeah, they hug your petite, curvy, flat pelvis perfectly. Aren't you glad you're a girl now?" Artemis spoiled further.

"Mmm-hmm!" Morphia rubbed the curved lines of beautiful empty pelvic space, which only days before had been tainted with 3 protruding tumors uglying up the area. O glorious panties, how thy fabric hugs thy pelvis. How thou accentuate the curves of the feminine, so elegantly crafted from the most high creator, manifesting into a beauty which captivates both sight and touch.

"Let me make sure they're the right fit." Pandora rubbed right through her panties, testing that they went inward just enough to form a frontal wedgie. "Yup, just right!" Such a loving sis. Brothers deserve high quality clothing.

While in the middle of trying on other clothes, Artemis had an announcement. "Oh! Hold on you guys, I just remembered something. I'll be right back." She left, still mostly nude.

Pandora remained with darling, both trying on the new clothing of their secondary sex. Like testing out different outfits on a custom game character, now one could experience the same pleasant experimentation with their own vessel. Morphia especially was reveling in her newfound womanhood. In fact, she was more of a girl than regular girls were, a prime demonstration of the psychological phenomena called *overcompensation.* It had been a long established irony that boys made better girls than girls do, and girls made better boys than boys do. Upon much research, psychologists discovered this was because, upon transformation, the host makes exaggerated efforts to conform in accordance with their idealized vision of the opposite, eagerly taking on the roles which, to the opposite seem commonplace, but oh so exotic and tantalizing for the newly-changed individual. This newfound disposition encouraged hyper-gendered behavior to try and fit in, often producing strange and humorous results. Pandora noticed this as her little darling enjoyed her standard femininity way more than herself. Curious about this phenomena, she pulled out her phone for some research. She found a peer-reviewed scientific article titled: "The correlation between overcompensation and time between transition."

Hypothesis: The longer the time spent a particular sex, the greater the joy and overcompensation upon transition.

Experiment: Researchers from Milk and Honey Corp. recently conducted an experiment to measure the amount of happiness felt upon sex swap, measuring various factors such as joy, arousal, identity disassociation, and more. The study included 3 groups: a control group who had freedom to change whenever they wanted, a 2nd group limited to male bodies for 40 years, and a 3rd group limited to female bodies for 40 years. All 3 groups had spent at least 40 continuous years as dual-sex before being locked in for the experiment, allowing the scientists to measure deviance across various factors such as attention span, memory, emotional expression, social activity, and desire to swap back.

Results: Extended lengths of time spent as one sex led the identity to embody

that particular sex's qualities more fully. The longer they spent as a male, the more they embodied masculine qualities compared to the control group who remained relatively balanced in all areas. And those who spent their life female went on to embody feminine traits more fully and dynamically. The control group exhibited more neutral qualities consistent with young children who had yet to develop into their respective sexed adult versions. Upon conclusion of the experiment, swapping ability was restored to all, and further measurements were taken following the next 10 years. Once made dual-sex again, the subjects still retained general personality characteristics even when swapped. Measurements also indicated they remained the opposite sex of their previous for much longer lengths than their control group counterparts. The males reported staying female for over a month straight, while the females reported turning male for the majority of the time, only briefly turning back for about 7 hours a week; not as continuous as the males, but still the majority of time. It is still unknown whether this is a reflection of the quality of the body itself, or merely a measure of the female psyche's trait of indecisiveness. Regardless, both experimental groups demonstrated a much higher amount of time spent as the opposite sex than the dual-sex control group who regularly switched about twice a week, rarely going more than 4 days without a swap. Additionally, happiness was measured among all 3 groups upon transition. The control group seemed to reap no joy at all from switching, regarding it as a typical, everyday event. But both experimental groups reported significantly higher levels of joy, energy, and feelings of gratitude upon their transitions, as well as drastically increased libido.

Conclusion: There is a statistically significant correlation between time spent locked into one sex and overcompensation. Though it is not linear; there appears to be a maximum cap reached upon peak embodiment of the form, of which further time spent does not necessarily increase happiness. In fact, data suggests that spending too long as one may reduce the happiness, as the compounding despair makes the eventual transition one of overdrawn frustration rather than grateful relief. It appears the natural human disposition is to dislike being itself, so the greater frequency of identity change correlates to greater avoidance of remaining its present wretched self for too long, thus resulting in happiness.

Other Factors: It is still unknown to what extent age plays a role in shaping these behaviors. The researchers reported they are still performing a study involving children, which should finish within the next decade.

See our next story: The science why women use their middle and ring fingers when schlicking off.

Shortly after reading the article, bigger sis returned, a devilish smirk on her face and hands hiding behind her back. “Hey Morphia, would you want one of these?” She pulled out a spiked tesla coil taser dildo, shooting out high

voltage jolts of electricity from a spinning double axis razor ball.

"What is–"

"No! No Artemis, she's not ready for that!"

"I was at her age. It's fine."

"I want it!" Morphia agreed.

"See? Come on, I'll buy it for her." Pandora watched in horror as she put it in the portal cart.

With their clothing all chosen, they resumed shopping, going around the various isles to grab all sorts of delicious foods from various planets and cultures, including Candina. After that, Artemis led them back to the retail genitals isle, where Pandora once again saw the shelf of her beloved's present.

"Hey, Morphy look! This is the type I bought you." She pulled it from the shelf, letting him relive his birthday opening. "I just thought you'd like that one. But if there's any of these other ones you want, I'll buy that too. That way you can have several options."

Morphia closely examined the shelves, discerning which one to pick. "I want....." You want what? Come on Morphia, say it out loud! "I want all of them!"

"Wow, really? *All* of them?"

"Mmm-hmm!"

"Alright then, let's do some organ hoarding!" She held the portal cart out, then went down the entire shelf dumping them all in, leaving a blank aisle. How unfortunate for anyone else that would've wanted one.

While Pandora was buying presents for her darling, Artemis was browsing the opposite side for a dick she liked. There were standard circumcised and uncircumcised, mushroom head, tiny head, and a curve for each direction. For colors there was black, white, brown, red, blue, green, purple, and even rainbow. And for balls, there was a surprising amount of variety. For sizes there were tiny, small, medium, large, and huge, as well as different length of hanging. The number of balls too could be customized anywhere from 0 to 30, arranged in different ways. Some were above the member, some below, some side to side, and even ones whose cords hung outside from the urethra, unskinned. Artemis seemed particularly in favor of the "quad balls base" one, which looked like a clover leaf of balls tightly held in around the base in a 4 leaf clover shape. None of it dangled, each was fixed in a separate pouch with little freedom to move. "Alright, I'm getting this."

"Why that one?"

"Because having them mounted at the base is more convenient. Each time you thrust down, it crushes them, and you feel it all around. Much better than the one where they just dangle too far below."

Hmm, that's a neat idea. Pandora bought another one for herself. Though there were tons of others to try, this was enough for now. Gotta go slow so we don't exhaust all the possibilities too quickly.

With their groceries gathered, they embarked for the checkout. Along the way Pandora noticed another strange aisle labeled "holographic projectors." What's with that? Maybe we'll check that out next time.

They arrived home, and Mom came to inspect. “So? How'd it go?”

“See for yourself!” Pandora brought Morphia forward to show off her new, cute girly attire.

“That looks better. Now you should go help arrange her wardrobe.”

“Yup! Come on Morphy!” Pandora was all the more giddy to continue spoiling darling, and with the gigantic grocery hoard they brought, she would need some help organizing. After an hour of helping arrange dozens of non-euclidean shelves with her new collection of retail organs and wardrobe of female clothes, Morphia had an announcement.

“Sis, I need to go pee. Would you like to watch?”

What's this? Darling is *inviting* her to watch!? “Of course! Let's head to the bathroom.” Pandora couldn't wait to return the favor he'd shown her 2 weeks prior. Upon reaching the toilet, Morphia lifted the seat up and pulled her pants down. “No Morphy, you're a girl now, that means you always have to sit down.”

“Ohhh, okay.” Morphia sat on the toilet, spreading her legs.

“Now, start letting it all out.” Pandora watched as her cute young sister started peeing, examining to make sure it flowed out correctly. She'd never tested the standard pack before, so it was important to examine for any defects. However, the entire process lasted only a mere 20 seconds. “Morphy, how about you try peeing for longer? Make it last 5 minutes.”

“Okay.” She prayed, and the same novelty that Pandora herself first experienced was now bestowed upon darling, as she watched the incredible spectacle for 5 minutes straight. The faces Morphia made during it were extremely cute as she felt the pleasant pipeworks flowing within. Once all the liquid was out, it was time for the wiping.

“Okay Morphy, now you gotta wipe it clean, so it doesn't get on your brand new panties. Want me to do it?”

She nodded.

Pandora took some toilet paper and wadded it up, and pressed it inside her little vagina, making sure to dab all the fluid. Morphia was blown away by her big sister's love. “And see? That's it! Good girl Morphy knows how to pee now!” Pandora now realized that siblings were always meant to potty train their younger kin, not the parents. In fact, siblings were meant to care for *everything* about each other, which is why it was paramount to bond as closely as possible.

“Hey sis, what was that one anime we watched a while ago?”

Pandora tried recollecting. “Oh, you mean Deltora Quest?”

“Yeah, let's watch more!” Again Pandora pulled out the DVD, inserted it, then snuggled up in bed to watch together as intimate sisters. They lay and watched for about 5 hours as Lief, Barda, and Jasmine continued the quest, acquiring the 4th and 5th gems. Along the route to gem 5, they reached a certain episode where 2 evil demons put on a disguise, transforming into an innocent young girl to deceive the heroes and lead them to their demise. Morphia had a problem with that:

“Hey, that's not right! Why do the bad villain guys get to change into a girl? Isn't that only for good people?”

“Because Morphy, this show was made in the Old World. Back then

people were much more comfortable with *villains* enjoying the power of shapeshifting than the good guys. They wanted to see struggle, action and drama, not the protagonists being happy. They thought shapeshifting was bad, so their minds weren't ready to accept that amount of pleasure and love."

Indeed Pandora, how fallen humanity once was. And not only that, the villains didn't even use their shapeshifting for fun; it was always to screw with the protagonist! That's nothing at all what real people would do with that ability! Guess they were all just stupid. Anyway, eventually they finally acquired the 5th gem, and Pandora put an end to the session.

"Awww, but it's just getting good!"

"It's getting late Morphy, we should go to bed. We'll watch more later."

"Hold on, what about your new thing? You still haven't tried it on!"

"Oh, the quad balls?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, I'll get it." It was only fair since he'd been forcefully changed too. She pulled out her brand new quad balls base intermediate pack, and unboxed it. Just like darling's starter pack, it was a loose bundle of organs that flopped around, only once integrated would be on the outside rather than inside. She held it up to her crotch, and immediately it forcefully gripped to her flesh and attached, altering her DNA and organs to turn her into Pan again. There it was: a new arrangement with double the organs. The 2 extra ones above felt really weird, as if his anatomy itself was upside down. Though that's usually just how it feels for everyone when trying a new one; it's all part of the fun! Pan stood with his new organs in full display, Morphia staring at it with fascination.

"Haha, you're big bro now! Can I touch?"

"Go ahead."

Pan just stood there next to the bed while Morphia played around with his new parts, touching and squishing it, and squeezing the new 2 balls on top. This was a completely different oriented location from the usual, similar to her shifted ice interior with Orion, but now on the outside. Nor dangling in a sack, but firmly attached, leaving little wiggle room as little sister messed around to her heart's content. Hmm, since Pan had this new penetrating thing, and Morphia had her new penetrable thing, it would only be appropriate for both to try combining together. This brother and sister were made for each other, and it certainly would feel quite good for both of them. Morphia thought so too, for she lay down on the bed, spread herself open, and said:

"Come on big bro, let's have even more fun! Stick it in me!"

The sight of the desperate sister warmed Pan's heart to feverish levels. But again, the knowledge of their upcoming date forced him to remain cold, for he had plans of a far greater consummation. "About that..... we can't just yet."

"Why not?"

"I'm planning something very special. This Saturday, I promise. We'll have a date all day long."

"Hmph. Fine." Morphia pulled her pants back up, clearly disappointed and feeling rejected, yet having faith in big bro's plan.

Pan started for the exit, giving one final reminder to darling.

“Remember, Saturday morning we'll be going somewhere. I probably won't be back until then.”

“Okay. Goodnight!”

“Goodnight!” Pan turned off the lights and went back to his room. Excellent, all the plans had been made. Now he just needs to make good on that promise.....

After one more hour of making progress on the planet, Pan lay in bed for the night, still with the quadruple pack attached. Though it took some finessing so they wouldn't squeeze against his tight pajamas, he eventually found a comfortable position and fell asleep.

Chapter 9.2

Infringement

Pan woke up, still with the strange crotchy feeling. He felt like changing back to Pandora, but then remembered his words from yesterday. “Wait a minute, Morphia's going to school with an unfamiliar new body, so I should too!” And so he stuck with the form, partly out of respect, party out of challenge. Walking around with strange body parts is something anyone can get used to if they live long enough, so Pan got dressed in the new male attire he bought the day before, feeling the snug fit of the underwear pressing his 4 cushions, then went downstairs for some delicious alien breakfast. Luckily Mom was up this time; she had grown accustomed to the ridiculous school schedule of waking up at 6:00 AM despite having only 3 hours of sleep. After eating, they left for VGHS. Then once at school, Pan had to walk to class and sit down in a chair, the feeling of strange new genitals inside his pants discreetly distracting with its sensation, yet still expected to act normal and focus on schoolwork. Impossible.

After a few minutes waiting, the teacher finally arrived. “Good morning class, I am Luigi. Today we'll be learning about the copyright strike process. It's a time honored tradition popularized by the inhabitants of Nintendo world, and since it's usually easiest to do with Nintendo games, we'll be using Mario 64 as our example.”

The teacher pulled up a copy of Mario 64 on the computer to begin the lesson. However it wasn't the standard game, but an entirely different, modded version. Since making games was now as easy as thinking about it, people had created millions of custom versions with different level designs, graphics, and mechanics such as inverted water breathing. “Alright class, here's how it works. Pick out any alternate fan-made version of the game, and record your playthrough. We'll be uploading them to SpiritTube. Once it's uploaded, let me know and I'll come show you the next steps.”

All the students browsed for modded versions according to their preference. Pan found one called “Mario 64 but all floor is ice.” He chose it cause it reminded him of the time on Igoonala, and though it was quite annoying having to play the entire game like that, managed to complete the first half in under 4 hours. During this time, Pandora realized how different it felt to play video games as a male. Stereotypically considered a male-oriented hobby, her

lifelong identity as female had proved an unnecessary hindrance to enjoying them fully. But now she could freely join in as “one of the boys” without a care, and with the added benefit of a male brain, was now more inclined towards competitive behavior, providing the necessary psychological drive to face daunting challenges without distractions. He could now *enjoy* it more, particularly ones involving journeys to save female love interests.

Once done, he began uploading the video to SpiritTube; luckily data uploading was a billion times faster, so it only took 1 second. He hit publish. However, immediately afterward it was removed, and a message appeared saying “Copyright Strike. Due to a copyright takedown notice that we received, we had to take down your video from SpiritTube. You now have 1 copyright strike. If you get multiple strikes, we'll have to disable your account.”

Drat, now Pan was a criminal! Maybe the professor can help. “Um, teacher? I have a problem.”

The teacher came over and inspected his progress. “Very good, Pan, you've done steps 1 and 2 flawlessly. Now for step 3, you just pray for God to undo the strike, and everything will be finished.”

Pan made the prayer, and it worked! Unlike the Old World YouTube's management, God replied to requests instantly and fairly, always providing perfect justice. At last Pan had become acquainted with the fun pastime of copyright appeal: Step 1: the infringer makes the upload. Step 2: the video gets striked down. Step 3: The request for divine appeal fixes all. This was the standard procedure to re-enact the dramatic Old World phenomena, only made by possible due to the diligent efforts of the professional infringement accusers. But more extreme fans of the sport engaged in something even harder: copyright lawsuits, a hobby whereby the corporation sues the individual for billions of yeshuans, and the defendant prays for billion of yeshuans to be able to pay it. Thus the corporation receives their extraneous money, and the defendant gets to keep their fan content.

Unfortunately this hobby used to be a rather painful and soul-wrenching process in the Old World, where the accused never had the money to pay, and the act of accusation was considered sufficiently evil to warrant a divine death sentence. Many of the old Nintendo people didn't even make it to Heaven at all, purely because their abuse of copyright to shun and punish fan content. If only they knew that striking down other people would cause their own name to be stricken from the book of life, then they probably wouldn't have done that. Oh well, guess they got what they deserved.

Once class was almost over, the teacher finished with a final reminder. “Remember class, next Wednesday is the planetary design competition. Today's the last day to register, so you if want to enter, be sure to do it before leaving!”

Oh yeah, Pan almost forgot! Should he enter? So far the planet was turning out pretty good, so why not? He left to go sign up at the auditorium hall. There were people in chairs with many stacks of papers laid out.

“Hi! Would you like to enter the planetary design competition?”

“Yup, that's what I'm here for.”

“Great! Fill out this paper here, and we'll put you on the list.”

Pan took the paper to another table, and conjured a pen to write with. There were many lines of required information, as well as an outline detailing the competition rules and judging criteria. Apparently there were 8 different categories which judges would use in ranking, each on a scale from 1-10: Name, Skyline, Continent Design, Country Design, Architecture, Climate, Rituals, and Limitations. Woah, now this is daunting. With no clue the type of competition he'll be up against, Pan started to doubt if his planet would be that great after all. And planet name was a category? Oh man, he'll have to come up with a really good one if he wants to win. Nevertheless he filled out the paper, then rode home while brainstorming about it.

Upon getting home, he removed the pack, turning back into Pandora. Ahhh, our nice, normal body. Good thing she didn't place a school day-length limitation like last time, she was NOT doing that ever again. Anyway, time to get this planet ready for transubstantiation! Now she had 2 deadlines: one for date night, the other for competition day. Though it was obvious which one was more important. Since a good name was of utmost importance, she began brainstorming harder than ever before. She refused to make the same mistake as Orion and name it something dumb. No, it needs to be something special, something truly catchy and awesome. How about just straight up Pandora? Nah, that's too easy. Maybe there's another wordplay she could use though.....

“Pandora..... Pan..... Panama..... Panorama..... Panem..... Pandroma..... Panelis..... Panther..... Panthis..... Pantheria..... Pantheon..... Pantheos.....”

HUH? Wait a minute! Let's say that again: “Pantheos..... Pantheos, Pantheos.” Oh yeah, that sounds great! Pandora made up her mind. It shall be called Pantheos: the planet of the gods, and she can invite all her other godlike family members there too!

But of course, the first member to visit must be darling. And so Pandora instigated the final stages before transubstantiation, making finishing touches to the landscape and cities, and finally filling in the name field: Pantheos. Alright, looks like the planet is in a more or less presentable state; now to make it real. Pandora clicked the transubstantiation button, and a prompt appeared. “Are you sure? Once the planet is made, it cannot be undone.” Pandora couldn't be more sure of anything else in her entire life, so she clicked “yes,” and immediately her surroundings vanished as she was teleported away to some other place, in the middle of a ghost town.

Chapter 10.2

Planet

All around Pandora were empty buildings and streets. Was this it? She looked around for any familiar landmarks, and saw a nearby mall surrounded by various restaurants and apartments. It looked exactly like the one she had designed. Yes! It actually worked! This was her very own planet, along with her very own deserted city. Let's go explore it!

Pandora walked around examining everything, making further adjustments with her mind to ensure everything worked. Traffic lights, street lamps, buildings, subway trains, self-driving cars, house plumbing, infinite food stands, and everything else. Yup, seems to be in working order! The shopping mall was lined with kiosks, the grocery store was fully stocked, various restaurants manufactured their respective foods, the theaters automatically played films on repeat, and everywhere she went, it was perfectly fit for civilization. It would be entirely possible for a large population to migrate here and set up a lifestyle; a small family could especially have fun here. Hmmm..... family..... Oh yeah! Time to prepare the date! With telekinetic planetary matter reformation powers at her disposal, she could conjure any location she wanted. But what would her darling want? Pandora wandered around the city, formulating a plan. And what an amazing plan it was, which would soon become manifest. Darling shall have the most incredible date of all time!

And so she spent the entire next 2 days setting things up, reforming the city to be as perfect as possible. Planning every meticulous detail about their day, where it will begin and end, arranging a playlist of romantic music, setting up the room and bed, and everything else. Though the main event itself will have to be conjured in real time, leaving room for spontaneity as well. Oh, and the weather must be clear! No raining on this parade! And the skyline should be romantic too; she took many hours thinking of stuff to place in orbit, creating a beautiful scenery of 3 suns and 20 multicolored moons to gaze upon. Once she had set up all she could, it was time to return home. Back on New Earth, it was already Friday night, and mom seemed surprised at her sudden appearance.

“Pandora, there you are! Where on Earth have you been?”

“I haven't.”

“Well, it's nearly bedtime. We got church tomorrow, so better get rested up. See you in the morning.” Mom left back to bed.

ARGHHH, WHY!? Why do they have to go to stupid church? After she'd spent all this time preparing her date, it's gotta be ruined by something retarded. You know what? No, we're not doing that. She *will* have her date tomorrow, whether mom likes it or not. Tomorrow morning shall be their escape.

Chapter 7.5

Date

The day begun as usual. “Morning time! Get ready for church!”

But Pandora didn't obey, instead staying in her comfy pajamas. Once the coast was clear, she head down to Morphia's room, finding her naked halfway through getting dressed.

“Good morning Morphy! Know what time it is?”

“Church?”

“Nope! Remember what I said? It's time for our date.”

“Ummm, okay. Where are we going?”

“It's a surprise. Also, don't get dressed. Just keep your pajamas on.”

She put them back on.

“Now follow me, I got something to show you.” Pandora conjured a portal to her world, which Morphia excitedly followed her through. And so she whisked her away to the planet of her own making. Pantheos, the world meant only for the 2 of them. Darling looked around at the ghost town, confused where they were. “Welcome to my planet, Morphy!”

“Oh! This is yours?”

“Yup, it's all mine. And what's mine is yours.” They were at the base of some stairs leading up to a fancy monorail ride, which Pandora led the way to the top. There it was: the Dreamcoaster. A fully transparent glass-domed cart with 2 comfy black leather seats, attached to the singular railing which twisted and turned throughout the city.

“Alright Morphy, before we start, there's something I need you to do.”

Darling was looking around, checking out the sights. “Yeah! What?”

“I need you to be a boy again.”

“Huh? Why?”

“I want to see the real you, the real Morpheus. This ride will be just the 2 of us again, as brother and sister, like the first time we met.”

After a bit of hesitation, she agreed. “Okay. But how do I turn back?” She tried fiddling with her abdomen unsuccessfully.

Luckily Pandora knew from her 2 times experience. “Here, let me do it.” Morphia granted access as big sis phased her arm straight through her child tummy to yank the organs out, which automatically turned the rest of the body back normal. There his shining face was, cute as always. But now holding some

organs in her hand, and not quite sure what to do with them, Pandora tossed the pack down on the sidewalk to leave behind. “We'll just leave this here.” Afterward she opened the monorail doors, and invited darling inside.

Morpheus climbed into the cart, then noticed something. “Hey, it's pretty small in here. I don't think you'll fit.”

“That's right Morphy, that's cause there's still one more thing I need to do.” Pandora assumed the position, closing her eyes and hesitating a moment before speaking. “God, please turn me back into a 7 year old.” The prayer was heard, and she began shrinking down in size, not merely in terms of appearance, but in mental age as well. Just as her darling grew 3 years in knowledge, she now lost 18 years, relegating back to her true, childish self: the perfect age where imagination ran wild, untainted by the rigors of adult worries. This imaginative mental state would be necessary for the ride she had in mind. Now at half her stature, she was the appropriate height for the attraction, and climbed in with darling. Her higher-pitched voice squeaked. “So? What do you think?”

Morpheus stared in awe at his new childlike sister, a black-haired little girl no taller than himself, someone his own age to finally play with as equals. “Your boobs are gone.”

“Wanna feel?”

Morpheus reached out to grab what wasn't there, but Pandora still felt his love all the same. “We can do this more later. First let's get this cart going.” Pandora closed the door to the bubble, sealing them inside. The green-lit GO button was waiting to be pressed, but she held her hand above in suspenseful delay.

“Ummmm, are we leaving?”

“Hold on, there's supposed to be an announcement.” Pandora waited in eager anticipation. Any second now..... BZZZ!

“Hello, and welcome to the Pantheos monorail express, your ticket to the skies. Please keep your hands and feet wrapped around the person next to you in loving embrace, and enjoy your romantic date!”

“Okay, we will!” Now she smashed the button, and the ride began, propelling them forward throughout the city. They each reached over to hold hands as the moving vehicle gave the proper city tour. About 4 minutes after leaving the station, it approached the first major sight.

“Look Morphy, there's the giant mall! Isn't it cool?”

“Yeah!”

“And there's all the restaurants. Which one do you like?” She pointed to a giant row of buildings containing every restaurant she knew, including a Chick-fil-a, Subway, Taco Bell, Panda Express, Arby's, and 50 more, which were neatly arranged to get a good view as they slowly crept by.

“Oooh, I want McDonald's!”

“Coming right up!” She conjured several bags of happy meals right between them. They each reached their hand down inside, touching while competing over which fries to take amid the cornucopia of double cheeseburgers and chicken nuggets. Morpheus ravenously consumed his happy meals, licking the ketchup off his fingers with mouth full of delicious Mickey D's flavor.

“Now how about some fried chicken?”

“Okay!”

The planet founder conjured a giant box of Raising Cane's fried chicken, along with a bucket of Cane's sauce. And again they consumed the delicious treat endlessly. Pandora noticed her smaller stomach became full quicker, requiring an increased frequency of hunger resets. With no end to their appetite, this date could go on forever! And it certainly seemed so as the 7 year old sis showed her 7 year old bro all the foods from her 10 favorite restaurants. While consuming his endless supply, the beloved brother was spoiled with another question. “Hey Morphy, have you ever heard of Hatsune Miku?”

An answer from a mouth stuffed with jelly biscuits. “No, whosh that?”

“I'll show you!” Pandora waved her hand, and a life-sized stage appeared next to the cart, floating along beside them as the celebrity herself began singing. This was no mere video, but a full-blown concert with simulated musicians performing through booming loudspeakers all around. She and Morphy had a VIP front row seat as the perfect angel danced to the song of the season – World is Mine – all for her little darling to enjoy a splendid and cute anime performance. Ha, take that God! That other world may be in your hands, but not this one. This one is all mine.

The concert ended, and Morpheus was blushing over the idol's cuteness, just as Pandora knew he would from her own similar encounter.

“Pretty good, huh?”

“Y- yeah.”

Pandora then ramped things up with an even better song called Taishi – World Line. “Alright, now let's take things into the stratosphere!”

The coaster path altered to a 45° incline, taking them up and up into the sky, far above the humble city from which they originated. They both looked down as the landscape grew smaller and smaller, and the horizon farther and farther, all while ascending up to a height with a fairer view of the heavens. Once high enough, even the clouds ceased to obscure the sight.

“There Morphy, look! What do you think of my moons?”

He gazed up at the heavens. “They're pretty.”

“If you could have a moon, what would it be?”

He pondered for a moment, staring up in deep thought. “Pokemon.”

“Um, what?”

“Pokemon moon. Make it a piplup!”

“Coming right up!” Pandora conjured a giant moon-sized, piplup-shaped and colored rock, and the cute blue penguin gazed down upon the planet with its piercing gaze of awesomeness.

“Yeah! Piplup!”

“Hopefully they won't try and copyright it.”

Once they reached the appropriate altitude, Pandora shifted the monorail back to going straight, away from the city and into the unknown wilderness. Darling wanted to know something.

“Where are we going now?”

“Somewhere.”

“Which way is south?”

“Uhhhh.....” Oh man, Pandora hadn't thought of that. With 3 suns, how would she know? Does SHE get to determine that!? I mean, I guess so. Who else would do it, if not her? She looked around, mapping out the directions, then conjured giant letters in the sky to indicate it.

“There, that way's south. And that's north, and east, and west.” With the cardinal markers pasted along the horizon, now nobody would get confused which way was which; this was far more reliable than using the suns.

“Alright, so next I'm thinking of putting up a new monument of some kind, but I'm not sure what. Any ideas?”

“How about the Eiffel Tower?”

“Sure!” Pandora renovated some grassy hills into a concrete lot, then conjured the neat French structure. “Anything else?”

Morpheus continued listing off famous landmarks, of which Pandora placed each and every one. All the great monuments from the Old World now assembled into a small area: The statue of liberty, the great pyramids and sphinx, the Taj Mahal, various Inca and Mayan temples, the Burj Khalifa, the Acropolis, the Colosseum, the (so-called) temple mount, Mount Fuji, a reconstruction of the Titanic and Hindenburg, the St. Louis arch, and even the entire great wall of China. All these grand architectural wonders, which took many long years of work to create, now appearing in an instant, and scattered throughout the landscape. Morpheus listed all the ones he knew until running out of ideas.

“Any more?”

“I think that's all of them. Can we make a new one?”

“Hmm, let me think of one.” Pandora contemplated over a minute for what she'd like to see, then an epiphany struck her. “Aha! I know what I'll put.” She conjured a a gigantic black box spanning 20 square miles on the ground, 5 miles long, 4 wide, and 3 high; perfectly proportioned to her original woodshop creation. And on the front face was a sign displaying its name: Black Box Hotel.

“Woah, what's that?”

“It's a reminder of my first friendship. Jumbo size.”

“It's so huge and dark!”

“Yup, I want it big enough for everyone to see, and also to live inside. Like a hotel.”

“Will it have free breakfast?”

“Of course! Free food for everyone.” The ride continued towards the horizon, and Pandora kept thinking of what else to do; the image of another restaurant appeared in her mind. “Oh! I just remembered something else. Have you ever heard of Ihop?”

“Yeah, I love their waffles and pancakes.”

“So do I! But oh dear, I think this weather is starting to turn rather syrupy.” Suddenly the sky filled with honey-colored clouds and started raining waffles and pancakes, with drizzles of syrup and butter coating the landscape in a delicious breakfast hail. Morpheus stuck his hand out the bubble til his hand was fully coated, and licked it off while Pandora continued squealing over the sheer magnitude of spoiling she was treating him with. With such utter freedoms

in reshaping and controlling matter, the possibilities for demonstrating affection had become greatly expanded from the limited expressions of the Old World. After all, with great power..... comes great love.

Darling was enjoying their time together, wishing it would last forever. His only fear was that some outside force might cut it short. “Sis? You think Mama's looking for us? What if she finds us?”

“Trust me, she won't find us here. This is *my* planet, I can do whatever I want. Like this!” Morpheus looked up and saw a storm of burning asteroids piercing through the atmosphere, crashing down to Pantheos in a shower of meteors. Or so it appeared; upon closer look, they were actually entire church buildings, hurling down toward their destruction in a hurricane of religious explosions. They both watched as the holy synagogues rained down from Heaven, pelting the land and city overhead with meteoric doctrine. Once the surface was flattened, next came the phase of rebuilding. Pandora cleared the debris and began erecting synagogues by the millions, lined in grids upon grids for hundreds of miles. It was imperative that churches cover her entire world; all temples to worship her, the Goddess of Pantheos. But empty buildings accomplished nothing, so Pandora prayed for worshipers. A multitude of template worship-type angels appeared and filled the pews of every building, going in to sing praises to their deity; the omnipotent creator of their world. The goddess was honored that angels were there to worship her, but it also felt kinda flat. They didn't actually have free will, so it was just empty praise from unconscious beings, barely like ants funneled into an ant farm. Pandora patted her darling on the forehead. “I swear Morphy, one day these temples shall be filled with real people, and I'll be famous.”

After that, Pandora's imagination ran wild. It was time to finally start her romantic playlist, beginning with Porter Robinson – Shelter, followed by SNEO – Forbidden, Erthen – Imagine, Suzuna Nagihara – Pandora, and Ne0n Cub3 – I.LOVE.YOU.exe. She conjured a Ferris Wheel for their cart to ride into, which picked them up and spun them around while spouting flames out the sides as it floated up, dumping them onto a giant slide which they slid down like a rollercoaster. Then a congratulatory fireworks show which exploded into outlines of various pokemon as well as their own faces kissing. To match, she conjured a makeshift photo album which displayed their happy, smiling pictures of moments of their ride so far, sporadically taking new shots as it continued.

Once they cleared the slide, it began snowing a flurry of chocolate chip ice cream flakes; the dessert for their happy meal. Pandora then conjured a network of giant magical rainbow castles floating in the sky, connected by a network of cloud walkways and portals buoyantly floating atop the air in scattered cumulus wisps. Chugging along beside them appeared multiple railways of choo-choo trains corkscrewing around like a bathtub drain tornado, whirring and blasting like the Polar Express. The sight became further populated by hordes of glowing, ghostly blue butterflies and ethereal doves flying around them within a blizzard of cherry blossom petals, and an array of glistening ice crystal architecture refracting the light of the world's 3 suns in radiant streams, lighting up the sky like a kaleidoscopic rainbow aurora.

“Morpheus, all that you're seeing now..... is how I feel about you. This world manifests the feelings of my heart, and makes it reality.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. Now..... are you ready?” All 3 suns fell to the horizon in a triangular arrangement, causing a triple twilight rainbow sunset. Pandora closed her eyes and stuck out her lips, anticipating a reciprocation. It took nearly 10 seconds, but then she felt it: a sensation on her lips, a brotherly tingle, the mouthpiece of her darling, coming in to show his affection. He reached around her shoulders, embracing her all around, and she too his waist, as their childlike lips first contact remained glued for 3 minutes straight, eyes melting through the innermost soul of the other. These 2 children, small-bodied and pure, intertwined in a world of their own.

Pandora brought the cart to a halt, and they stepped out onto one of the cloud platforms. A cirrostratus walkway manifested with each footstep as they climbed the airy stairway up to the castle; a cookie-checkered gingerbread house with outpours of pudding streaming forth down into pools of whipped cream, surrounded by a garden of honey-dripped peach trees and licorice grass. Finally, the destination of their consummation.

They entered the room, and Pandora closed the door. Darling looked around, taking in the sights of the grand space, especially the big, fancy emperor-sized bed. He turned around. “Is this where we're gonna play?”

Pandora grinned. “Yes.”

“Yaaay!” He climbed on the bed, then stripped naked and jumped up and down excitedly. Pandora did the same, removing the garments from her tiny sisterly waist, and climbed up with him. Here the couple jumped, bouncing on the bed together: 2 young children ready for playtime.

Once they had enough jumping fun, the 2 lay down together, Pandora's tiny, flat bosom laying on top of his, eyes juxtaposed while panting over the other's near gaze. “Are we gonna do it now?”

“Let's do it.”

The 2 enamored children began their consummation. But this time would be different, for now she was no longer big sis, but same age sis. They were true twins, each born at the same time, the halves of a whole once split from the womb, joined back together in incestuous union. Two soulmates spawned in the same twinkling of a moment, always bound together from their origin. Like Adam and Eve – those primordial siblings – both formed from same blood, each destined for union from beginning to eternity, on a new world void of all but the 2 of them; the template of ideal love now being replicated. Truly he was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, conjoining once more as the blood relation filled the deepest crevices of her being. Oh how wonderful to have a soulmate assigned since conception! The need to go seek out a partner was a dreaded symptom of the fall; it was always God's plan for lovers to grow up together in the same household. Brother and sister, born just for each other, the life of a sibling known since birth. What greater love is there than that?

First she should start with a kiss; Pandora smooched her little darling all over, relishing the dull flavor of his skin and lips. Then she moved down to

the main brother area. There it was, her lover's little kid dick. Awww, it's so cute! Pandora reached out and grabbed it, the tiny boy laying back in eager anticipation as his thing and balls were finally gripped in the hands of his favorite sister. She fondled them fiercely, tucking them in her palms and rubbing it with the occasional slap to stimulate his cushions. 2 dangling orbs of pleasure, the likes of which she had felt from her own older sister, now reversed as *she* was the one holding *them*. And knowing very well what it felt like, wished to transplant that same goodness onto her one and only true darling. She grabbed them and squeezed them hard, even using her super strength to actually rupture them into oblivion. But he remained just fine. “Morpheus, did you know that back in the Old World, these 2 things felt extremely painful when hit?”

“Painful? What's that?”

“Indeed.”

Now that the foreplay was finished, it was time to wet things up. She took her DNA-related mouth and expanded it all around him, fitting the entire boy parts into her salivated mouth hungry for a wiener and almonds. She bit down hard, chewing them up like a real hot dog and bun, grinding the meal to pieces so that it detached from his body, where she continued chewing. But through wireless sensation, he could still feel it all – the ravenous appetite of his big sister devouring his little brother meat – just the same as he consumed her own arm mere weeks ago. But this was *her* turn to indulge in her darling, as she laid flat on top of him in 69 position, giving his face full access to her sister part while she played with the bitten off stubs of his brother parts. Where they once were, there was just dangling entrails of flesh, the true meat in her mouth as they experienced both ends of their first chewjob. Once he'd had enough, she spit out the grounded meat back to its original location, where it reformed and reattached to its proper place. But now it was time for another organ to make its debut. She phased her hand through to find it, the one hidden organ which would bring him a pleasure beyond normal grasp: the prostate. While her hand ghosted through the rest, it would only touch the intended target, which Pandora began crushing fiercely. The organ whose stimulation normally caused orgasm only after enough exterior stimulation, now being manually contracted forcefully, yielding orgasmic waves that spurred with each compression. Meanwhile her other hand squeezed his bulbospongiosus and ischiocavernosus muscles to force a persistent internal series of contractions, which he retained constantly so long as she kept stroking. Not just a few seconds, nor just a few pumps; it wasn't so much a climax as a sustained state of brain-melting pleasure, lasting for as long as she decided. She proudly glanced at her darling's face, open-mouthed and panting heavily, doubly enhanced by blood relation, writhing in total ecstasy the way only a sister could make it.

“Oh, sis!” His toes curled as his hands gripped the satin sheets.

“Alright, now you do me!” They swapped positions, her laying in his place while he climbed atop in classic missionary. The feel of an equal age brother oppressing her from on top, penetrating her precious part with affectionate embrace; the 2 raw child lovers fit each other like inverted gloves. With prepubescent forms, Pandora's chest was still flat like his. No breasts for

upper contrast, just their lower inversions, perfectly shaped for childlike frolicking; the pussy once too large, now made small for precise interlocking as the sister had so wisely anticipated. And this loli body came with a suite of other advantages too, as Pandora noticed her labia was smoother and cuter, her noodle-limbs wrapping more ergonomically around her lover, and her frame in general far more adorable and innocent-looking. This was almost certainly more arousing for darling than her too-old teenage form, made obvious from the way he continued absolutely ravaging her with enthusiastic affection. He couldn't get enough of this brand new doll! Pandora laid there like a good girl, letting him do whatever he wanted for the next hour. Because that's what loving sisters do.

The 2 lay in bed, taking a break from their delightful fun. But darling was still hungry for more. “Sis, can we do it the other way now? You said we would!”

“Oh yeah, with my quad balls?”

“Yeah! I wanna feel it inside!”

“Alright then, let's swap.”

Darling prayed successfully, turning into Morphia again. Somehow the vibe was different coming through prayer rather than starter pack, the gift of the creator shining his approval on their benevolent relationship. With one half complete, the sister then became the brother: 7 year old Pan with 4 cushions ripe for pounding. Morphia lay down submissively, entrusting everything to her experienced sibling. The face of the alternate form so proudly bestowed, with dainty legs spread in eager anticipation of a filling by the one who made her that way. How could Pan deny her? The twin brother returned the favor, penetrating the one who just penetrated him, but with double the trouble and closer the fun as the quadruple soft base formed a pillow which slapped the whole labial circumference. With some positioning, the upper beanbags perfectly meshed with Morphia's virgin clit, a much more useful position than grazing the useless perineum.

“Does it feel good?”

“Ahhhhh!”

“I know how it can feel even better.” Pan adjusted the positioning of darling's organs such that the clit was now on the inside, in perfect position to rub against the main member as he moved in and out. How come it wasn't like this by default? No matter, it was fixed now, and further enhanced as Pan multiplied the clit into 3 circular rings on the inside, yielding a total of 24 interior pleasure stubs for her darling. If even 20 felt as good on the outside, how much more so would this efficient arrangement? Apparently a lot, for Morphia could do nothing but take it in with full-body muscles tensed for dear life, trying not to pass out from the inundating rapture. But there was still more, for Pan added on 3 glans rings down his shaft which further grated the internal bean rings with its unique texture, rapidly rubbing and expanding each band with triple staggered dilations. The pleasure-drowned darling could no longer focus on anything at all; no thoughts in her mind, nor vision of anything, just a sheer euphoric nirvana wherein all reality was encompassed inside her novel abdomen. The sibling she loved most, whom God created just for her, delivering

a wired flesh-based connection of ecstasy in accordance with divine family order. Pan could feel it welling up inside. The feeling of incestual goo ready to burst, an explosion of liquid to fill the hole of his darling to the brim as the 4 beanbags produced double the sperm. Just a bit more..... almost there..... aaaaand, climax! Pan shot the white stuff with neither reservation nor restraint, filling the darling with the meal her 2nd mouth so desperately craved. With the deed done, now the 2 could finally relax. They relegated back to their primary forms as Pandora lay down for a tight mutual snuggle, gazing into the windows of his deep, brown eyes. His happy face smiled back as she grazed his cheek in affectionate reprieve. There, NOW she had finally lost her true incest virginity, the most precious kind with her most precious darling in the world. Her world.

"How about we play a game now?"

"That sounds nice."

And so for the rest of the day and night they played Universe Sandbox 2, laughing at their experiments of crashing planets and black holes together. They even went outside and tried it in real life as Pandora smashed the overhead moons into each other, shattering them into trillions of extraterrestrial fragments forming rainbow rings around the planet. Finally a skyline worth looking at! This will surely score high points at the contest.

Chapter 10.3

Civilization

After their long night of planet construction and cuddling, Pandora and darling returned home in the wee hours of Sunday morning. Luckily Mom seemed to be over her compulsory church attendance craze (a bizarre mania that seemed to manifest only on the Lord's day for some reason, yet absent the rest of the time). Though since Lolidora was still a 7 year old, Mom didn't recognize her at first.

"Oh, Morpheus, did you make a new friend?"

"No, this is big sis!"

"Pandora?"

"Yeah!" The sister regrew back up to her 16 year old self.

"Where have you two been?"

"We had a fun date yesterday."

"Ohhh, you did?"

Pandora nodded.

"So that's what it was! If I knew that's what you all were doing, I would've let you go in a heartbeat!" Mom proudly said now that her primordial daughter had finally found love (she was always disappointed Pandora never married in the Old World).

With amends made, the children parted ways. Pandora returned to her room, hoping to relax in bed for a bit, only to find red-haired sis laying down engrossed in a book titled "Reading 4 dummies." With this fortunate new distraction, she closed it and sat up, smirking.

"Aha, there's the little noob planet founder."

Pandora didn't recall telling her that. "How do you know that?"

"It's obvious. Just look." She pointed to the computer, still left on the screen she had left it on. A pop-up was displayed, saying "Transubstantiation complete. Congratulations on your new planet!"

".....Oh."

"I also noticed Morpheus was missing at church. You 2 have a good time?" This freaking sister was nosier than even Pandora's own nasal appendage.

"Yes, in fact we did. The best time ever."

"I thought as much. Anyway, about your planet....." She stood up and fiddled with the computer software, taking a virtual tour. "I wouldn't say it's the

worst planet I've ever seen, but it could use some work. Mind if I come visit?"

"Sure. I guess you can see." Already her 2nd visitor? Looks like her society was already starting to take shape. Pandora took her through the portal to her world, still populated to the brim with golden temples of angels worshiping her. Throughout the course of the night, they had also rebuilt the city, and there was still a WIP ice palace off in the distance.

Artemis looked around, inspecting everything like some kind of appraiser. "Hmmm, 21st century urban style. You like the old stuff, huh?"

"To me this is just normal."

"Oh, and a Piplup moon. You don't see that everyday."

"Yeah, it was his idea."

"Anywhere with some good grub?"

Pandora walked around, giving her a tour. They stopped to get food at an automated Arby's, and talked over lunch while Artemis chewed through 30 roast beef sandwiches. "By the way, I saw the planet name too. Pantheos is actually a really good name, that's an easy 10."

"Oh, well thanks!"

"Yeah yeah. Anyway, I'm curious. How'd his tiny thing fit inside you?"

"Like this." The little sis became an even littler sis, as she shrunk back to her 7 year old state.

"Oh wow, you really pulled out all the stops. He must've loved it."

"Yeah, I figured since– Hey!" The little Pandora left the ground as the big sister hoisted her up into the air.

"Haha, look at you, you're a little loli!"

"Put me down!"

"Hold up, let me play with you a bit." Pandora felt herself tossed up into the air and back down, again and again like a juggling ball. Then relaxed and lay straight while held in the arms of big sister like a baby. "There there, it's alright. Mommy will help with your little planet." Finally her feet were placed back on the ground.

"That was..... I don't even know what to say to that."

"Wanna do the same to me?" Artemis transformed into the loli form of her own. Pandora obliged and turned big again, then hoisted her up by the arms. She still had red hair and eyes even when this little; it was her natural hair color, not dyed. And her tiny body was light enough to sling around. Pandora threw her up and down in the air. She seemed to enjoy getting thrown around like a rag doll. "Wheee!" So the 2 took turns being big and small, spinning around while holding the other up by the arms, then letting go to throw as far as possible (though neither used super strength to keep things fair).

"Alright, now about this dump." Artemis started kicking some gravel around. "What kind of society are you wanting to have?"

"I haven't really planned for visitors. I just entered the planetary design contest and wanna make it as good as possible."

"Well, if you want any chance of winning, you're gonna have to get rid of all this." She gestured towards the millions of synagogues of angels singing praises. "That's WAY too many temples, they'll count points off for being too

repetitive."

"Ugh, fine." Pandora waved her hand, leveling the landscape back to natural barren rock. With nowhere to sing, the angels left out of sheer boredom.

"Also, you HAVE to have a society of people living here. They judge on culture too."

"How do I get people to come?"

"There's 2 things. First, your planet has to be cool enough that people will want to settle it. And 2nd, you gotta check the button to allow visitors. That'll put it on the public planet board so people can find it."

"Ohhh, okay." Pandora brought up the computer and checked the option. A prompt appeared: "Open for colonization?" The planetary founder clicked yes, and the binds keeping the world hidden were loosed, opening the gateway for tourists. Her planet had now gone public. Artemis clapped.

"Only a matter of time now. What rituals are you gonna have?"

"Ummm, I haven't thought about it."

"Well you better think quick, cause it looks like people are already coming in." Indeed, Pandora could see flashes of teleportation in scattered places throughout the city. Her first immigrants! How cool!

"Surely they're not coming to worship right *now*, are they?"

"No, right now they're just looking for a place to move in. But you'll need to have some rituals in place by the time they come to the temple, or they won't have anything to do. They'll just get bored and leave."

Oh no, Pandora didn't want that! These people need some religious activities to pay proper respects to their planet founder. And more than that, it is essential that our planet contain all the anemeties and leisures a society needs, else people will not want to live on it. It is also important that it look neat to attract tourists. This was all easy to achieve, for Pandora had the power of a trillion architects simply with her mind. The capacity to form societies by thought was extremely useful to provide all that people needed.

"But like, what makes a good ritual?"

"Hmm, have you been to Aphrodite's planet yet?"

"Uh, no? I didn't know she had one."

"Oh, she's got one alright. And it's a good one. She got the ritual thing down decades ago."

"Can we visit it?"

"Let's go ask her. Oh, but first you should make a placeholder ritual. Just *something* until you come up with a better one."

"Hmm..... how about I just make everyone eat pancakes?"

"That'll do. Put a holy pancake buffet up there and they'll gobble it up."

Pandora conjured it, and bam, some goddess-brand pancakes good and ready to go.

"Aight, let's go mess with princess buttercup."

Artemis teleported them home and led the way to Aphrodite's room, but after opening the door, found a girl passed out on the bed with a timer of 5 days above her head. Apparently she was sleeping in Dream Mode. But as for the room itself, it was literally a gingerbread house with lots of neat cake, icing, and

cookie decorations all over. This sweet girl was probably dreaming of racing candy go-carts. “Damn, she's conked out.”

“Ehh, that's fine. I'll just–”

“Hold up, I know an even better one anyway. It's about time you met Hephaestus.”

Oh man, the Cyborg boy? Pandora was wondering when she'd meet him. Artemis led the way to his room, but when they reached the door, suddenly became hesitant.

“Okay, we're here. Why don't you..... uh, go in and talk to him.”

“Me? Why not you?”

“He kinda doesn't like me. But don't worry, he should be nice to you.”

“Pffft, fiiiiine.”

Artemis stood back as Pandora opened the door. Inside was something completely beyond comprehension. A cybernetic control room with endless tubes and wires connecting various futuristic technologies. Though whether or not they did something, Pandora couldn't tell; perhaps it was just decoration. The walls were lined with TV screens and RGB-buttoned dashboards, the whole room tinted in a faint alien green glow emanating from light strips peeking from behind the walls. And there were numerous plug-in things, presumably for connecting to parts of a robot body, as sitting wired into a chair in the center of the back wall was the brother himself, like some kind of machine king on a cybernetic throne. He detected her entrance and swiveled around, removing the wires from his head, and seemed to assess the situation rather quickly.

“Oh, hello. You are Pandora, correct?”

“Uhhh, yeah. The first in the family.”

“So I've heard.” He scratched his metal chest with his robot arm.

“So like, what's up with the cyborg thing?”

“It's useful for navigating Autonoma. I've kept my body like this so long it's just become normal.”

“What cool things can you do with it?”

“Hmm, probably best not to demonstrate here. If you come visit Autonoma, there I can show you.”

“What's Autonoma?”

“That would be..... difficult to explain without a visual.”

“Alright, I guess I'll come visit. When's a good time?”

“Most likely this Friday, though I can't guarantee. Autonoma has unpredictable corruption storms.”

With that utterance, Pandora only wanted to go visit more. “Um, okay, Friday it is.” She turned to leave. But then most unexpectedly, big sis came into the room.

“Yo Hephaestus, long time no see.”

His eyes turned away in annoyance. “Yeah, hi Artie.”

“How about showing her the project you're working on?”

“I'm not working on it right now. I was playing a game in the Nexus.”

“Oh come on, don't be a killjoy. Can you at least tell her what it is?”

“We already made plans for this Friday. I'll tell while I show her.”

“Oooh, some nice Autonoma exploration? Can I come?”

Again he turned away, thinking. “I suppose there's no reason why not.”

“Yay! I'm so glad you're accepting of me.”

“Yeah. Sure.”

“See ya this Friday then. Ciao!” The 2 sisters exited the room. Pandora felt like she had just spoken to some forbidden entity. Like seriously, what the **** was that?

“Well, that didn't turn out how I'd hoped. Guess you'll have to wait a bit to see some rituals.”

Pandora returned to her room, not quite sure what to do next. Her planet was already transubstantiated, so no working on it from PC anymore. Should she go back to her planet? That'd be boring with nobody to play with. Should she visit darling? Nah, he's probably cramming in some last minute homework. Hmm, what to do..... Pandora suddenly recalled a game Orion had mentioned. It was called..... Icebound? That sounds like a cool game, let's try it. Pandora bought the game online for ¥1000, installed it in 5 seconds, and booted it up. She was met with a cool frost logo of the game's production company: Blizzardstorm Inc, followed by a menu of a vast icy landscape with the frozen protagonist holding a blazing chainsaw, and a cool haunting soundtrack giving a vibe for the experience. She started a new game and embarked on the journey. Over the next several hours, she tried to get acquainted with the game's mechanics and world, yet was absolutely overwhelmed by the sheer complexity of everything. Is this really what a 10,000 hour storyline game looks like? It's so massive, such a huge undertaking. This will be a major commitment, but Pandora was up for it. She managed to make 6 hours of progress, yet all the while staving off feelings of horniness trying to distract her, until it reached a point she needed to do something about it. Hmm, how about trying one of Artemis's toys? She went downstairs to her room, and upon opening the door, caught her laying in bed with a spined bundle of pages.

“Oh, you're reading a book? I never took you as the reading type.”

“Well I kinda have to. Mom said she'd ground me if I didn't read something. I got this whole stack to go through.”

“What is it?”

She held it up to show the title: Ares. “It's big bro's life novel. I like reading about us 30 years ago. Seeing what was going through his mind, what he thought about me.”

“Are you sad he's gone?”

“Yeah, I'm still hoping someday he'll come back, but it's been decades.”

Pandora started walking around, inspecting the machines for one she liked. “Hey, can I borrow this?”

“Sure, take whatever you like.” Artemis continued reading the book, seemingly enamored by the memories of her past. Meanwhile Pandora picked up the strange machine called a “Paul Bunyan.”

“Thanks for this.”

“Yeah yeah, bon appetit.”

The Paul Bunyan was a specialized wood chopper with 4 rotating axes

arranged like a windmill. Pandora became Treedora and let it go savage on her, chopping a line right through her abdomen which stimulated through the center. Then she tried the opposite way as Woodpan, letting it continually chop his stick down to the base over and over before regenerating. It was definitely a very different kind of stimulation than usual, but Woodpan still had many sex types to go to become an expert, so it was worth it.

There, now that we're satisfied, time to get back to the game. Pandora played Icebound the remainder of the day until bedtime.

Chapter 8.3

Loli

Pandora woke up. Normally today would be work day, but she was fired, so had nothing to do. Nothing..... except playing more Icebound of course! She continued her progress for several hours, until suddenly Mom entered the room.

"Pandora? What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be at work now?"

The unemployed disappointment of a daughter looked down with bashful regret. "I would be..... but last week I was kinda..... fired."

"Huh? Fired? How'd that happen?"

"I dunno, it was stupid. But I'm looking for something else, okay!"

"Awww, that's sad to hear sweetie. Have you talked to Artemis? She might know of another job you'd like."

Huh, that's actually a good idea, seeing she suggested the first one. "I'll..... talk to her about it."

"Great. Hope you find something else you like!"

She went to the flame door and entered, finding the flame girl laying on her bed, again engaged in the uncharacteristically rambunctious activity. "Hey Artemis. What'cha reading now?"

"Oh, you know. Just your entire life novel."

"My.... life novel?"

"Yup, here look." She showed the front cover: the name Pandora labeled on top, and a picture of her face.

A feeling of embarrassment rose in Pandora's chest. She's reading her entire life!? No, please, anything but that! "Hey! You can't just read my life like that!"

"Sure I can. I'm impressed you masturbated 5,847 times in the Old World. I mean, I knew it was a lot less back then, but that's still a pretty decent number."

Ah yes, the prying sibling. There is nothing worse than your own sister reading and knowing everything about your life. Life novels were basically diaries, except way more thoroughly detailed. If they existed in the Old World, people could have easily abused the knowledge of another's life for blackmailing and pointing out their sins and flaws, which is why they were only reserved for this world where only benevolent uses occurred. Through this method, invasions of privacy were far more readily available than even the tightest Old World

surveillance. Perhaps if dystopian overlords really wished to keep tabs, they would have lived righteously to make Heaven instead of spying on people.

"That's private information!"

"Pfft, no it's not. People read each other's life novels all the time. Makes it easier to talk about things they're interested in. Example: You and Zoey seemed to have a lot of fun together. I take it you were good friends?"

Somehow those words made Pandora relax. "Yeah. We were best friends in the Old World. And still are."

"She seems like a pretty cool person. Wanna bring her over sometime? We could all go hunting together."

"Sure, I could call her tonight."

"Oh yeah, you got work today, right?"

"Actually no. That's why I'm here. Mom said I need to find a new job, and that you could help."

"Huh? I thought you already had one."

"I got fired."

"Oh, well in that case." Artemis shut the book. "I know the perfect thing for you. Mind turning back into a loli?"

"Yeah sure." Pandora once again relegated to her childish form.

"Perfect. Now, wanna go door to door?"

"And do what?"

"Be a door to door loli prostitute. I'm sure you'll get tons of dough."

"How does that work?"

"Exactly what it sounds like. You just go up to a stranger's house and knock on the door, and ask if they wanna **** you. Then you just charge for whatever they're worth."

"Oh! Yeah that does sound fun."

"I know a good neighborhood for ya, follow me." The big sister opened the portal. With her own 9 years of being a door to door nanny prostitute, she had a wide knowledge base of the profession ready to impart. Though the loli variant was a bit different. For the nanny-type, the freelancer would go up to the house and ask the parent if they had a kid in need of discipline. Artemis would then go in and teach them a rough lesson, because "Once you squeeze out the brat impulse, they shut right up." That was Artemis's motto, and her technique showed by the parents' generous tips. Sometimes even the guardians themselves took on child forms just to receive the same privilege.

In this rung of the planet, door to door prostitutes of various kinds existed to fill certain niche desires people may not even know they have. "Hmm, what is my life missing? What do I really need right now?" They may think to themselves. And then bam: a door to door loli prostitute shows up and gives them the time of their life. "Yes! This is what I needed! Thank you so much!" And then they pay exorbitant sums as thanks for their happiness. This was the task at hand, of incalculable importance. It was a matter of happiness or loneliness, so Lolidora needed to take it very seriously.

Once Artemis explained the basics, she left the noob loli to fend for herself. Okay Pandora, calm down, it's just your first day on the job. Every new

job takes some getting used to, so we just need to get the hang of it. Even though we'd really much rather be at home playing more Icebound..... Hmmm, perhaps Lolidora shouldn't waste her life playing pointless video games. It was time for this little loli to grow up and do her job. After all, video games are for children, and she was a..... child..... wait, that doesn't add up. Whatever, let's go get our first customer!

Lolidora strolled through the neighborhood and found a nice purple mansion. Surely this person would be up for some action. She knocked on the stranger's door, and 20 seconds later it opened.

"Hello, would you like a loli today?" Her tiny voice squeaked.

"Sorry, not my type of thing."

"Oh, okay then." Her first rejection, well that sucks. At least all she had to worry about was a denial rather than a police filing. Lolidora went to the next house over. "Hello, would you like a loli today?"

"Sorry, not today, I'm busy with other stuff."

Then the next. "I already have 4 little sisters, they wouldn't like it if I cheated on them with some random stranger."

Dang, what's up with this? How come nobody wants a loli? Was she just not attractive? Lolidora kept going from house to house, always getting rejected. This was one of the main reasons for Milk and Honey's client division, as it solved this problem by only scheduling with clients who actually wanted it. Pandora didn't realize how lucky she was to have such a prestigious job. Now cast out, she had to fend for herself in this cruel, unpredictable world.

After getting fed up with her persistent client denial, she just prayed for God to show her a house that *would* like a loli treatment today. A blue line appeared, leading her down the street to a curious "wavy" mansion with various strange, alien architecture. Yup, whoever lived here certainly seemed like the type to enjoy lolis. She rang the doorbell, and a tall, middle-aged man opened.

"Hello sir, would you like a loli treatment today?"

"Would I? Of course I would! Please, come right in!"

Lolidora entered, closing the tall door behind her. Finally a customer!

"Follow me, my bedroom is this way. How much do you charge?"

"¥12 million per thrust."

"Oh, you're a cheap one, aren't ya?"

"Y- yes." That's cheap? Then what on Earth Station counts as expensive? If she knew that, she would've charged at least 1000X that amount. But it was too late as the man led her down to his bedroom.

"By the way Mister, what's your name?"

"Humbert, dolly. My name is Humbert." He closed the door behind them, ensnaring the young gift of God in his rather plain bedroom. The 2 climbed on the bed, and were about to begin when suddenly another man came bursting in. He appeared to be some sort of anime boy butler. "Morning my lord! Are you....." He witnessed the scene.

"Yes Nabokov, we are."

"Should I bring the...."

"Yes, and get it warmed up."

The butler bowed. “Very well.” Then he left to get the whatever thing.

“So..... do you want on top? Or me.”

“You be top first, dolly. I'll do it 2nd.”

The man lay down, exposing his pedophile prick for her pleasure. She assumed the position and inserted it in. Oh wow, it felt pretty big, filling her fuller than usual. Though that's to be expected; according to the theory of relativity, the smaller one's body is, the larger others feel in comparison. It also worked the same in reverse, as she felt extremely tight and snug around him.

“Wow dolly, you're really good. How long have you been doing this?”

“Actually this is my first day on the job, at least as a loli.”

“Oh really? That means I'm taking your first time?”

“Ehh, actually I've done it with my brother. I just meant specifically as a door to door.”

“Well you seem like a well-mannered young lady. Exactly my type.”

With that compliment, Lolidora picked up the pace as a reward, her killer kiddie kitty bringing waves of pedophile prick pleasure.

“How's it feel?”

“It's.... so good. Ohhhhh.” For the past year, Humbert had regretted locking himself into this middle-aged, 47 year old body limitation; getting loli action was usually easier for those taking on lower ages, as they always flocked to those ones when given the choice. It had been so long since Humbert last felt the touch of a loli, always with the vague hope that someday one would just show up at his door, but always left frustrated. Yet now here it was, finally happening! Aww, this old man-type bodied person just needed a little loving.

Once she had given him his fair share, it was time to return the favor. Lolidora lay down, and he oppressed her from on top. “I want you to be a doggy loli, turn around the other way.”

“Oh! Okay.” Now that Lolidora thought about it, she had never done it in this position before. Surely the sight of her cute loli butt would arouse this pedophile even more. And through the angle he entered, Lolidora felt it in a much different way than usual as it hit her G-spot more directly. Ohhh, so that's what she's been doing wrong! The actual position of the body played nearly as critical a role as the sex type itself; this could be useful for darling.

And so Lolidora let the man **** her killer kiddie kitty, as she became his precious little lolita for the next 5 hours. He picked her up and threw her around the room, over and over beating the loli to great amusement. Her tiny, light body was powerless to resist his manly grip as he forced her mouth to take in his whole package, and as he held her up to use her kiddie kitty like a doll fleshlight. It was quite unfortunate that the default human weight didn't allow such fun play, but now in this world, people could render themselves as toys for others' enjoyment. Lolidora adjusted her weight to only 1 pound so he could violently shake her up and down even faster; this was one advantage loli bodies had over adult ones, which were usually too heavy to lift.

“Yes, **** me hard you little lolicon, I know you love it.”

“Yes, I do. And I love you.”

“I love you too daddy, so keep going!” Lolidora lied. “Keep thrusting

your massive thing into my little loli hole!”

Humbert kept pounding, enjoying his loli for the whole day. Eventually he wanted to spice things up, making requests for various 2D anime loli forms. Pandora served all his needs as Victorique, Shiro, Rem, Konata, Ika, Taiga, Satoko, Madoka, and even the machine doll Yaya. Man, if only Aurora were here she'd be proud.

The butler returned with a strange device. “It is ready, my lord.”

“Excellent. Looks like it's time for the shrink ray, dolly.” He stood in front as the device shot him with a green energy beam, shrinking him down to about ¾ her size. “Now, let us continue like this.”

Now the loli was giant, yet the man retained the same middle-aged proportions. Some dwarf-type sex? A bit unexpected, but Lolidora was prepared for anything on this job. After all, one cannot judge a person's age or maturity purely on their appearance and height. Humbert was actually 176 years old, but still appeared a youthful 37. And Lolidora was actually 25, yet appeared as 7. How lucky. And to think people actually used to call dwarfism a defect; how wrong they were!

And so Lolidora finally lost her reverse pedophile modifier virginity, making her feel young again. In the Old World, it was always unfortunate that young girls had to wait to grow up to an expected cultural age before becoming a prostitute. Now though, that issue had been completely solved, and lolis had the freedom to pursue their dream career without the hassle of an arbitrary age restriction. The youthful worker returned home with a blackmailable stack of ¥148,140,000,000. Wow, this “per thrust” model was actually pretty lucrative! With this, a single customer lasting all day could pay even more than the several at work. Perhaps this wouldn't be a bad career after all.

Once the Loli got home, she remembered her other task of the day. Zoey wouldn't recognize her voice like this, so she aged back up before calling. Ring..... ring.....

“Hello?”

“Heeeeyy!”

“Oh, Pandora! How's it going?”

“You wouldn't believe it, I've been having so much fun!”

“Me too! Earlier I was just thinking: Next week will be a month since we split. Wanna meet up somewhere?”

“That's actually why I called. My sister wants us all to have a little get together. Could you come over here next week?”

“Totally! And I can bring my new pet to show you.”

“What is it?”

“Ohoho, you'll find out. No way I'm spoiling this one.”

“Can't wait for the surprise. How about this Sunday?”

“It's a date!”

“Alright, see ya then!” The 2 friends hung up. Pandora sat down, eager to continue playing more Icebound, but was cut short by Artemis, who slowly entered.

“Hey Artemis! I just got off the phone with Zoey. She said she'll come

over this Sunday."

"Oh. She can. That's nice." She unenthusiastically closed the door and sat down in a moping position.

"You don't sound happy. Something wrong?"

"Actually..... yes. Kind of."

"You can tell me."

"Okay, I can't take it anymore. The truth is, there's something I really really need from you, I just haven't been sure if you'd be up for it."

"I'll try to help. What is it?"

"Reading about big bro's got me all sentimental. I want to relive that experience. The time when he raped me."

"You want to go out and find him?"

"Not quite. That would be nice, but he's kept himself off the locator for a long time."

"Okay, so..... do you want..... *me* to do it?"

"That's exactly what I want. Preferably in the most extreme way you can think of, something new that I've never seen before. But right now I'm too experienced. I need to be young and ignorant for it to work, ideally where I've never seen a cock before."

"Woah woah woah, hold on. You want me to rape you as a kid?"

"Yes. I wanna be as innocent as possible, and violated horribly."

"How will that work?"

"Here's the plan: I'll wipe my memory back to 3 years old, and transform my body back to the same. I'll also make it so I can't change back until after you rape me. If you want me back to normal, you're gonna have to do it."

"Oh God, but won't it..... won't that hurt?"

"No! Didn't you see the video? How I enjoyed it? Don't worry, I'm gonna make the pain sensitivity 0%. I'll ONLY feel good from it, despite how it may look. I may whine, I may complain, it may make you feel like a horrible person. But it's what I want to experience, and you're one of few who can help. Are you up for it?"

Wow, what an interesting proposition. Pandora *did* want to do something good for her. If this is what she wants, then how can she deny it? "I'll do it."

"You will? For sure, you're not gonna chicken out and run?"

"No I won't. I'll do it."

"Thanks. In that case, let's get started."

Pandora watched as her red-haired sister made a silent prayer, then slowly morphed back down into a tiny girl. There she was: the same, legitimate Artemis back as her 3 year old self. The toddler sister looked up at her, cute and innocently. "Big sis! Awe we gonna pway a game?"

"Yes Artie, we are....."

"Yay! I wanna pway with bawbies!" She started scrounging around for the little dolls.

"No..... we're gonna do something else."

"What? Teww me, teww me!" The little girl jumped up and down

excitedly. Still a demon, only cuter.

"First you need to get on this bed, then take your pants off."

"Owkay!" She climbed up and did as told, exposing her tiny toddler twat without a care. "Come on big sis, wet's jump on the bed!" She bounced around the fluffy mattress joyfully.

Pandora couldn't bring herself to talk further. Instead, it was time to just pucker up and do it. She transformed into Pan, then grabbed the little girl and forcefully held her down, legs dangling off the edge on either side.

"Sis? What awe....."

Pan yanked his undergarments off, forcing the underwear on the toddler's face to sniff it. His comparatively massive member hardened, and he stuck it into the hole 4 sizes too small.

"Eep! Bwothew, stop!"

It reached the depths, unable to go further despite being only halfway in. But there was a further compartment yet to be opened. Pan enabled his super strength, gripping the little girl by the waist, and in one quick motion pulled her down all the way, rupturing her cervix as her tiny body yelped in pleasure. Pan then continued disciplining the bratty sister despite her complaints, each thrust puncturing the child's womb as its tight edges squeezed his shaft. Now that the preliminary stage was set, Pan could move to the real event. Artemis said she wanted to be raped in a unique way, and that's exactly what he was gonna do.

"Artie, do you know why I'm doing this?"

Her squirming evolved into a head shake. "No!"

"It's because you're a bad girl, and bad girls deserve to be punished. But I can lessen your punishment if you let me access your body settings. So say it. Say that you'll let me do it." He paused thrusting to give her a chance.

"Owkay."

Yes! Now he can enact his true punishment! Pan gripped her abdomen and peeled the skin away, parting in half down her stomach, revealing the organs inside. There they were: little sis's ovaries. Pan grabbed them both and pulled them out, disconnecting from the fallopian tubes while replacing the stomach skin over the rest, leaving just the 2 sensitive organs exposed. Little sis then got to experience ovary busting, as Pan pounded down on them with his fist, over and over. The 2 interior female organs thought to be protected, instead helplessly exposed, receiving their long-awaited beating. Once they received enough abuse, Pan then formed a little skin pouch around, like a protruding abdominal scrotum, which could stretch several feet long. Pan pulled her baby-sized egg organs up into his mouth and began sucking – no, *biting* – to provide extra stimulation to the female parts that rarely saw play.

"AHHHH!!!!" The little brat moaned, as her sensitive gonads were crushed in the maw of a creature beyond her power. This was already a lot, but then Pan got some inspiration from his dream, and multiplied the girls ovaries into 50. Now she looked like a mutated creature with 50 entrails of female organs sprawling from her center, which Pan grabbed together in 2 fisted clusters to slam around. The little loli sister could feel all of it as her organs crashed and smacked all around their bodies and bed. This play continued for an

hour as Pan indulged in punishing the brat every way his imagination could fathom, all whilst the blood of her uterus served as lube for the act. Once finished, he left her laying there, mutated and ravaged, until the limitations wore off and she grew back up. She still just lay there, peacefully breathing.

"So, how was it?"

"Thank you..... oh that hit the spot, thank you." The girl's euphoria clouded her mind so much she forgot to act tough. At long last, Pandora had given her sister the treat she always wanted.

Chapter 11.2

Ritual

“Hey little sis, you awake?”

No she wasn't, but she managed to pull herself up regardless.

“I wanna thank you for yesterday. Let's head to your planet.”

After several more minutes of eye rubbing and yawning, the goddess made herself ready and head out. There the city was, nearly as intact as last time, only slightly less desolate. Artemis led the way to the temple as they passed numerous strangers partaking in meals from Pantheos's various eateries.

“Alright sis, I think it's time.”

“Time for what?”

“Well y'know, since ya did me a favor and all.” Artemis conjured a desk, computer, and 2 chairs. The duo sat down, and Pandora watched as she opened a tab named *Rituals 4 Dummies.*

“Hey, I'm not a dummy!”

“Yes you are, that's why I”m gonna help your first time.” The sister opened up the first chapter. “Here, read this.”

Pandora approached the screen.

Part 1: My First Ritual

The first time coming up with a personal ritual can often be a daunting task. What makes a good ritual? What if I mess it up? What will people think about me? Will I ever improve? These are some of the most common concerns raised by first time gods and goddesses. But not to worry, this guide will take you through all the steps to understanding the ins and outs ritual philosophy, until you're a bona-fide professional ritual maker!

Pandora kept reading, finally being taught some education on a topic of actual importance. Though as she read, kept having trouble understanding one particular aspect of ritual philosophy.

“Umm, Artemis? I have a question.”

“That figures.”

“This part here says it doesn't matter how holy a ritual is, as long as it's fun. But that doesn't make any sense; isn't the whole point for people to have some kind of religious activity to partake in? I want to make something truly holy and sacred, but I'm not sure how.

“Ahhh, I figured you'd have trouble with that part. Follow me, I'll show you something.” The big sister took Pandora back down the steps amongst the

non-deity inhabitants of the planet. “If you want people to do a ritual, you gotta make them feel like it's something religiously important. Here, let me demonstrate.”

They approached some random guy eating at the temple base Arby's. “Hello sir, would you like a glass of water?”

“Yeah sure.” He took the cup and drank it. “Ahhhh. Thanks!”

“See? That's normal water. Now let's try someone else.” They went up to another random guy. “Hello sir, would you like a flask of holy water?”

“Sure.” He took the differently-shaped container, then poured it on his head. “Thank you!” He walked away, drenched in perceived holiness.

“There, now you see?”

Ohhh, now Pandora gets it! Apparently the term “holy” does not describe an actual quality of the object itself, but rather, a distinguished manner in which people are supposed to regard it. Normal water is for drinking, but *holy* water is for dousing; the prefix changes the way in which you're supposed to think about it. And though not strictly necessary, it also helps to have differently shaped containers for liquid to distinguish which ones are supposed to be thought of as holy or not.

If you want people to place extraneous exaltation on something, you just prefix it with the word holy, and they'll adapt their behavior into a prostrating mannerism. This is why normal singing and holy singing were considered different activities, and why churches forfeited superior instrumental music in lieu of inferior A cappella; sound waves generated by human vocal chords were regarded as holy, while those generated by instruments were not. With this newfound understanding, setting up rituals will be a cakewalk! This also solves her problem for figuring out which day of the week to hold rituals on. A normal Tuesday would not be appropriate, but a *Holy* Tuesday? Now we're talkin'! Pandora adjusted her planet's calendar to replace every Tuesday with Holy Tuesday; that way people would know to remember it to keep it holy. Although, the days on this planet tended to be about 5 hours longer than Earth Station, meaning the day is also more holy than the typical Earth sabbath day; longer length of holiness day = more holy. Hmm, should Pandora shorten the planet's day length? Being more holy than God's day seems a bit too blasphemous for her liking. Ah well, we'll sort it out later.

Now that Pandora had a better understanding of true holiness, it was time to brainstorm for real. Oh man, but what kind of rituals should her followers be required to do? It needs to be something cool, something fun, not like the mediocre ones from Earth that require “sacrifice” or some ****. Pray to her 5 times a day? Blegh. Sit in a chair and sing songs? Booooooring. Pandora yawned. Let's see, what else..... Eat and drink a piece of her every week? Hmm, that actually might be kinda fun, though of course that would depend on which *part* of her gets eaten. She can think of 3 things that would make for a rather juicy meal. Or perhaps she'll sprout 50 ovaries and have them all come up and eat them off of her, like picking cherries from a tree. That's better, but still not quite what we're looking for. Hmmmm, what to do.....

“Hey, about a voodoo?”

“A what?”

“You know, a wireless sensation ritual. Everyone'll connect to your doll, and you play around with them.”

“What would I do with that?”

“Pfft, I dunno, I'm just tryin' to give some suggestions. You're the one that has to figure out the fine print.”

Hmm, a voodoo ritual? That actually sounds pretty cool. With her interest piqued, Pandora did some more research into the voodoo section of the manual, and learned even more technical terms and tricks for how to make it work. Truly this would be a great start for a beginner such as her. It's settled then: her first ritual shall be a multiplexed dildo voodoo with cumulative signal extrapolation. With the decision made, Pandora sent out a city-wide announcement for ritual time. “First planetary ritual. It's only my first time, so please don't judge!”

The next 30 minutes were spent setting up the pews within her temple as hundreds of the city's inhabitants made their way up to pay their proper respects. Luckily Artemis was there to help improve the aesthetic with some nice temple decorations. “No no, white pews and walls are way too boring. It must be RED and GOTHIC.” And so Pandora's first temple became a dark and twisted blood castle, like something straight out of 2010 Alice in Wonderland. With the setup complete, and her audience waiting with eager anticipation, the queen ascended to her proper throne chair to address her subjects. Looking out over the vast crowd, she began her eloquent speech.

“Um, h- h- hi! Everyone. Umm..... Who wants to do a ritual?”

A few people began awkwardly clapping.

“How about a..... s- s- sex ritual?”

A few more people clapped along, yet still mostly silence. But luckily Artemis took pity on her and came up to take over the podium.

“ALRIGHT YOU DESREPECTFUL TWATS, LISTEN UP. THIS HERE IS MY SISTER, MY LOVEY DOVEY NEW AND AMAZING SISTER, AND SHE'S SUPER, SUPER, OUTRAGEOSLY HORNY, AND SHE'S GONNA STICK ALL OF YOU IN HER AT ONCE, AND YOU'RE ALL GONNA MAKE HER FEEL SO GOOD HER BRAIN EXPLODES. GOT IT!?”

The audience perked up and all clapped in loud unison. Now with a better vibe, Artemis helped Pandora shred her clothes off before the throne, then took the dildo in hand which she lifted up like the statue of liberty for all to see. “NOW THEN, I WANT ALL OF YOU TO TETHER YOUR DICKS TO THIS DILDO. NOW!” And again the audience did as told, wirelessly connecting themselves in accordance with the established rules. Now imbued with the sensations of hundreds, the older sister brought the artifact to its rightful goddess. “Here ya go sis, it's all you now. Show em' a good time!”

Artemis transformed into Artie and sat down among the rest. With all eyes on her, Pandora relaxed on her back, pulling her legs back like a bunny so the whole audience could get a nice view. Then with her voodildoo she reached around and stuck in it, and began furiously inserting it in and out. The effect was nearly immediate, not just on her, but the entire audience as several hundred

gasps echoed in unison. Then waves of moans permeated the cathedral as all the audience shifted around in their seats, the intensity of sensation too overpowering to remain still, further enhanced by the particular parameters put in place.

Cumulative signal extrapolation was exactly what is sounded like: the more pleasure each person received, the stronger the signal amplified within each member on a sharp exponential curve, such that the resulting orgasm's intensity was multiplied by the number of shared users. This, combined with Pandora's expert use of handling sex toys, resulted in a performance wherein all members erupted in a triumphant orgasmic symphony; all of their minds were exploded by Pandora's genius and skill.

This is.... this is amazing! She's really doing it! Pandora was having sex with 742 guys at the same time, a new record! All the dicks of her temple's inhabitants, unanimously sucked into the vacuum of the goddess's pelvic void; the nexus of pleasure where all became one concordant whole. She kept up the spellbinding performance until the grand finale which tantalized beyond all reason: a choir of overcharged moans and sperm erupting in unison all throughout her glorious sanctuary. Even Artemis was impressed.

Once the overloaded nervous systems of the drained human husks began to recover, and the evacuation began, the 2 sisters went around cleaning up the mess. Gallons upon gallons of white goodness spilled everywhere: the perfect meal for Artemis as she had skipped breakfast. After about an hour, the pews and floor were either wiped or licked clean. “Whew, good job, sis! I didn't think ya had it in you.”

“Yeah yeah, it was fun.”

“Anyway, there's something else I've been curious about. What's with that giant black box thing way over there?” She pointed across the city.

“Oh, that. I made it back when Morpheus was here.”

“What is it though? A factory? Spa?”

“It's a hotel.”

“Nice. Let's go there, I wanna check it out.”

“Uh, okay. Let's take the train.”

“Wait. Does it have vibrator seats? Or professional gropers.”

“Um, it has.....” Pandora tried quickly to think of something she'd like. “Robot gropers!”

The sister shrugged. “I guess that'll work. They better be good though.”

And with that, the 2 boarded the Black Box Express. It had no seats, as it was a standing-only train populated by dozens of toy-limbed robots with built-in horniness detectors. As soon as they entered, 4 of them came over to play with Artemis; meanwhile Pandora just stood and watched. “That's it! Fondle my tight wet girl hole, you robo-perverts! Ahhh!” After 15 minutes they arrived, and found the parking lot riddled with spaceships of tourists there to check out the bizarre structure. Apparently many had already booked their stays, and business was booming around various concession stands and markets all around. All around the outside, and even inside were various rollercoasters, attractions, and water slides; her black box had officially become an amusement park.

“What the- what did all these people do to it!?”

Big sister shrugged. “They colonized your planet. That is what you wanted, right?”

“I guess....” Though deep down she really wanted it all to herself and darling. But perhaps this could be fun in its own way.

“Hey, since we're here, how about riding some rides? It's been weeks since I last rode a rollercoaster.”

“Uh, yeah! Let's do it!” And so the 2 began their exploration of the official Black Box Resort. Near the entrance a DJ was playing music, which Artemis insisted on having Pandora choose a song for everyone. The DJ obliged, and Pandora put on Sakuzyo – Painted Evil Box, then began walking around the park. All over were strange rides and stands with clever names, such as Black Box Bumper Cars, Black Box Buggies, Black Box Burgers, Bob's Black Box Kebobs, and of course, the Black Box Gift Shop.

“Ha, looks like they turned your friendship thing into a meme.”

“Shut up!”

“Oh hey! That one looks pretty intense, let's go ride it!” Artemis pointed to a coaster outfitted with rings of razor blades and electric shock spikes. And this time Pandora was actually eager to ride, for she knew not to fear the things which could no longer kill. They hopped on, and rather than a metal bar or seat belt, a slew of solid spikes pierced through up their butts and into their abdomens, sticking them down from within. “Ahhh, that hits the spot.”

Pandora agreed, as the coaster started by going straight through a portal and picking up downward speed (no need for uphill lifts anymore), which at the bottom propelled them through an electromagnetic ring which shocked and charred all of Pandora's hair into a static mess. Then the rings of razor blades cut her flesh all over, making a nice and stringy Pandora spaghetti. Once the ride was over, they checked out the pictures taken of their electrified, flesh-dripped selves. “Woah, that was awesome! Your hotel's got some sick ride designers, that's for sure.”

“I'm never doing that again!” Afterward, the 2 sisters went and checked out many other attractions, having great fun. Though really it was Artemis who was most eager to ride all the most extreme rides, of which Pandora opted to sit most of them out. While not riding the Black Box Acid Shearer, she decided to check out the gift shop area, with many stands of people selling merchandise. She was just browsing peacefully when suddenly some random guy came stomping up to her, seemingly angry and holding a black box replica in his hand.

“You! What did you do to me!?”

“Do what?”

“This is YOUR black box, right?”

“Uh-huh? I think....”

“Well guess what? I opened it up and ate the little fruit inside, and now I can't shapeshift! What kind of limitation did you put on it?”

“Um, I don't recall putting anything? Where'd you even get that?”

“The black box gift shop! Over there!” The man pointed, and indeed there was a shop advertising “mystery boxes,” where a strange hooded figure

was freely passing them around to everyone.

"Hang on, let me go have a chat with that guy."

The complainer left with one final remark. "Please see if you can undo the limitation!"

Pandora made her way to the shop. The black-hooded man seemed busy packaging black boxes with a certain kind of fruit, filling and sealing one after another in each vessel. "Hey! What do you think you're doing?"

The hooded figure turned around, revealing his disfigured, snarled, burned visage. His coarse voice shrieked through the air: "You!"

No sooner had he said it when a spirit of panic overtook him and he fled, running away as far as possible whilst the stand disintegrated. Woah, who was that? Whoever it was, he certainly didn't seem friendly. On the contrary, he looked as one who'd just had a dastardly scheme interrupted, then tried to cover the evidence. Should Pandora put out a manhunt? Perhaps a bounty? Maybe Artemis could help. Pandora connected to her mind telepathically.

"Hey, Artie? Could you come here? Something weird just happened."

"Sure, one sec." After 27 seconds, the sister appeared. "What is it?"

"There was some hooded guy here just now, passing these boxes out to people. One guy said it took away his shapeshifting. Any idea what's going on?"

Artemis took a box and opened it, and inspected the even blacker fruit within. She seemed worried. "Hang on. Aren't these..... aren't these the forbidden fruit?"

"Forbidden fruit?"

"Yeah, back in New Jerusalem there's that tree with the fruit, looks a lot like these."

"You mean, somebody's been passing out forbidden fruits to people!?"

"Looks like it."

Oh no, somebody offering the knowledge of good and evil to people? On Pandora's planet? How could such an awful thing happen!?

"But..... why? Who would be so evil as to do that?"

"Well, once you take it, you can't shapeshift or control matter anymore, or pray. And you also can't turn off pain or regenerate. Whoever's passing them out must really hate people."

"So the guy I just saw. Was it..... Satan?"

"Satan? Here?"

"Who else would hate people enough to do that?"

"Hmmm." Artemis looked genuinely worried, perhaps for the one and only thing that could ever get under her skin. "Maybe it was. In that case we should really put out a planet-wide warning, to be on the lookout."

"Okay." Pandora made her prayer, and immediately a planet-wide telepathic message was delivered straight into the minds of every person on the planet: "WARNING! DO NOT EAT BLACK FRUITS CONTAINED IN BOXES! DO NOT ACCEPT GIFTS FROM THE HOODED FIGURE! IT WILL RUIN YOUR LIFE!"

"How's that?"

"That should keep people safe for now."

“What about the guy who already ate it?”

“If he already ate it, then it's too late. He'll just have to wait til the end of the millennium.”

“Oh.” Awww, that poor random person, being stuck as the same helpless body for the next 900 years. Hopefully he'll find some way to cope (or just get a euthanasia permit and skip the wait).

With the warning sent out, the 2 continued riding fun and happy rides for the rest of the day, then went back home. In the living room was Morpheus watching some kind of video on the TV with several other family, including Hephaestus and mom. As soon as he saw her enter, Morpheus got up to come hug her. “Big sis, you're back!”

“Yeah, sorry we were gone all day. Got kinda caught up with..... some important stuff.”

“We're watching the newest Hanime hentai! Wanna join?”

“Hmm, actually I was thinking of continuing that other show. How about we go up and watch some more of it?”

“Uh, yeah! Just gimme a minute.”

“Okay, I'll head up to get it ready.” Pandora left darling to finish happy family hentai night, getting the setup all prepared. After about 10 minutes he arrived in her room, and the 2 climbed in bed to cuddle and watch. This session lasted rather extensively as they sat and binged a whopping 14 episodes for the heroes to gather the final 6th and 7th gems. During this time, it became exceedingly obvious that the main tsundere girl's character development was held back before, for throughout these episodes she became more and more of an absolute savage. The 2 of them laughed and joked while being blown away by this reality-warping gift of a character: the greatest tsundere ever created.

“Wow, Jasmine just keeps getting better and better!”

Pandora agreed. It was so obvious that she was the best character in the show by far. “Who in the world even came up with this girl? They must be an absolute genius.”

“Yeah, she's literally the best girl ever!” Darling said with his eyes affectionately glued to the screen.

Pandora looked between him and the TV, seeing the almost romantic look on his face while Jasmine acted like her usual sassy self. And a certain realization started to form in her mind.

“Hey Morphy, do you..... do you love Jasmine?”

He looked down and fiddled with this thumb. “Um, I think she's..... I think she's really hot.”

“Is she your..... is she your waifu?”

More bashful finger fiddling. “Umm, kinda.....”

“Hey, it's okay! Having a waifu is great, Morphy!”

“It is?”

“Yeah! I knew a friend once, her room was full of dakimakura, and she made me sleep with one. Though for me it was a husbando I'd liked for a long time. For you, it'd be a waifu.”

“Does she have one of her?”

“I dunno, I'd have to ask her. Let me see if I can contact her.” Pandora pulled out her phone to dial, then realized she didn't know her number. After a quick prayer, the info was automatically added. There it was: Aurora's phone number. Oh man, it's been a whole month since the last time they talked. Would it be okay to randomly contact her like this? Yet it was for a noble and important purpose, so she had to at least try. After gathering the nerve, Pandora persevered in pressing the button. A faint sound came from the other end. Ring..... ring.....

“Hello?”

“Uh, hey. Aurora?”

“Oh! Pandora! You finally called me!”

“Ha, yeah it's been a while, hasn't it.”

“Yeah! I think I understand how you and Zoey became such good friends. She's really fun and wild, very spontaneous.”

“Sounds like you 2 are having fun. Is she there too?”

“Actually she left just last week, said she wanted to go adopt a new pet or something.”

“Huh, she said the same thing to me too. Wouldn't say what it was though.”

“Anyway, how've you been? Got any new waifus to share?”

“Actually yeah, that's exactly why I'm calling! It's my brother; there's a waifu he really likes, and he needs a new pillow of her.”

“Oh he does? What's her name?”

“Jasmine, from Deltora Quest.”

“Hmm, never heard of it.”

Pandora was taken aback. An anime that even expert weeb Aurora had never heard of? How unprecedented! “It's a really good show, we've been watching it together.”

“I got an idea: How about you guys come on over, and we can all watch it together? Then I'll make a pillow for him.”

“But we've already watched through most of it. Is that okay?”

“That's fine, you can just wipe your memory of it, then we can all watch the whole thing fresh.”

“Oh yeah, good idea.”

“I'll get my room all set up for it. How about tomorrow?”

“Ehh, actually I kinda have school. Thursday would be better.”

“That works too.”

Pandora gave a knowing nudge to darling, followed by a smug thumbs up. He looked happy. “Alright, we'll make plans to come over then. I can't wait for you to see my brother!”

“I'm sure he's really cute.”

“Oh trust me, you'll love him.” Pandora then hung up. “Looks like we'll have our very own Jasmine in 2 nights from now!”

The 2 burst out in laughter at the thought. The sassiest tsundere girl of all time, relegated to the mere form of a pillow for mutual snuggling. How humiliating! With the plan all set, it was time for bed. After all, tomorrow Pandora had a very big and important contest to go win!

Chapter 9.3

Contest

Pandora woke up. This time it was mother telling her, “Come on sweetie, it's time for VGHS.”

“What? A school day? But I have my own entire planet now!”

“That doesn't matter, going to school is still important.”

“Fine.” Pandora got dressed. Oh wait, that's right! The planetary design contest is today, she wanted to be there anyway. Though if it ever becomes a hassle in the future, she could just create her own school on her own planet instead; she'll be the judge whether it's worth continuing to attend or not. With this comforting knowledge, they left for the education facility. Today, Pandora happened to have Elementary Magic 101; the classroom was decorated with all manner of twisted, mystical architecture and strange artifacts, which she admired until the old bearded teacher fluttered into the room.

“Hello class! I am Professor Dumbdo'or! Today's lesson is gonna be a bit different than usual. Who here knows what magic is? Come on class, shout it out loud!”

“Magic is when God does something supernatural in accordance with his child's desires!”

“Correct! I'm so glad you all understand that, otherwise I'd have to waste time explaining it. Looks like we can just skip straight to the meat of the topic. With that in mind.....” He rummaged through the desk to find a wooden stick thing. “Check this thing out! Class, this stick-thing here is called a *wand.* It's basically the standard supernatural matter shifting ability, but imbued into an object! It's a special type of thing that only channels God's supernatural matter altering power when swung a certain way, and accompanied by a certain verbal utterance. Example: Oculus Repairo!” He flicked the wand, and immediately the class's vision expanded to see the entire electromagnetic spectrum. Their colorblindness had now been completely healed! Unfortunately it was so good that reality appeared as a chaotic mess, so it wasn't long til they had to change it back just to make sense of anything. Once restored, a student raised his hand.

“Yes, Finnegan?”

“There's one thing I still don't understand. How do you get it so that the

people have to use the wand thingies? Can't we just do the regular praying?"

"Oh, well that's very simple: a wand limitation! It takes some setting up, but essentially you just designate a certain area of space for the limitation to take effect, and all supernatural actions within bounds will be limited to those only performed via wand use in accordance with the particular rules instituted."

"Ohhhh, okay. I think I understand."

With the basics out of the way, the professor taught the rest of the lecture, explaining all sorts of ways in which different types of magic could be carved out from the infinite possibilities via sets of limitations. Just as there were infinite variety of statues which could be carved from a block of marble, so too there were infinite types of magic systems which could be manifested through allowing some things while restricting others. Some types only required a wand flick with mental wish, others required a flick + verbal utterance. And others still included no wands at all, but either magical spellbooks, cursed objects, mystic circles, specific elemental control, and other ways of limiting infinite magical ability down to standardized sets of rules. Through this method, one could take any of the fictional magical systems humanity had hypothesized and make it real. Finally it wasn't just imagination! The teacher concluded with one final speech.

"Although, the very existence and popularity of stories such as Harry Potter did speak volumes of humanity's desire for such magic to be real. How come all the good stuff only existed in fiction, but not for real? Why did these imaginary people get what they want, but not us? Again, this was a symptom of the fall. The whole history of art was imaginative speculations over potential worlds humanity *wish* could be real. All of art was feedback to God on how the next world should be like, so that when the time finally came, he could take all those ideas and use them to renovate the world in exactly the specified ways. This is also why the world had to wait to end until the best book of all time was written detailing this perfect next world. That same book was what enabled the realization of the new replacement Commandments for such a world to be made possible. And the title of that book was called–" RIIIING!!!! – "Awww, looks like we're out of time, class. The planetary design comp will be starting soon, so if you're a participant or just wanna watch, go head right on down to the auditorium."

The teacher handed out wands to all the students as they exited, which Pandora took. Finally she was a witch! But being burned at the stake would have to wait til later, for she quickly made her way to the competition hall. Inside were the hustle and bustle of students arranging for the momentous occasion, all filing into the contestant line, which Pandora joined. They were escorted into a gigantic and fancy space-themed room, where the contestants waited for the event to start. Pandora noticed some appeared completely frozen in time; they were probably fast-forwarding to skip the wait. How rude!

Up on the stage were 8 judges specialized in ranking each category. Their names were Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin, Christina Koch, Mae Jemison, Alan Shepard, Sally Ride, Yuri Gagarin, and Scott Kelly. Once everyone was there, Neil went up to the podium. "Hello, hello everyone! And welcome to the

56th annual planetary design competition! Looks like everyone is here, so it's about time to get started. The rules are simple: for each planet, we will all teleport there to see what you've got, and you will have up to 10 minutes to explain what your planet is about, and showcase all the best things it has to offer. Afterward we, the judges, will provide a score from 1-10 for each of the 8 major categories. Me and my colleagues have been anticipating this day for many months, and can't wait to see all the beautiful and amazing things you've all come up with! With that said, it is time to begin. Will contestant #1 come on up to the stage, please."

A young boy from a few rows ahead stood up and went before the judges. After a little chat, the entire surroundings changed as the room was teleported to a new place, and the student began his showcase. Apparently this first planet's theme was a magical mushroom world, full of endless landscapes of foresty and deserty mushrooms which glowed with every bioluminescent color imaginable. Each type of shroom produced a different magical effect upon consumption, which the inhabitants had fun mapping out the properties of each one through experimentation. It was a bit like standard Earth horticulture, but operating within a completely different framework which renewed the field to be new and exciting once again. The main rituals included partaking in randomized shroom consumption for the god and audience to be amused at whatever happens to the poor consumer. Once the student's speech was over, the judges each gave their score. Overall, Shroomland received a 4/10 for its name, 5/10 for skyline, 6/10 for continent design, 6/10 for country design, 7/10 for architecture, 9/10 for climate, 6/10 for rituals, and 4/10 for limitations.

After that was contestant #2, whose planet was more of a Matrix-style machine planet. Then #3 was a post-apocalyptic world with zombie birds. And on and on for each contestant up to Pandora, wherein the penultimate one before hers was a music-themed radio world that constantly played hardcore dance music all over as the cities and forests vibrated, bounced, and magically reshaped with each beat. Wow, each of these planets had a much greater variety than Pandora thought possible; even she herself was tempted to go and explore them, to see everything they had come up with. Will Autonoma be like this? Now she was even more excited to go visit it. And perhaps she could even bring Morpheus! It would certainly be more fun to go as a group.

After the music planet received a whopping 8/10, one of the judges spoke up. "Alright, contestant #52, your turn!"

Pandora stood up and walked to the table.

"So young girl, what's your planet's name?"

"It's called.... Pantheos!"

The judges all looked up, seemingly impressed. "Oooh, that's a good one, Mae!"

"Indeed." She jotted some notes down.

"And, what exactly is the main premise of your planet?"

Pandora wracked her brain to come up with something impressive. There's no way she could say what its real purpose was, to be a solo getaway outing for her and her brother. "Um, it's a planet of gods, for each person to be a

god and have epic struggles and fights against other gods for world domination."

"Sounds very interesting! Let's see it, then." Once again the whole room teleported, this time to the middle of her planet's main city, right before the base of her black box mega-hotel resort. From there, Pandora showed off all the city's main sites, including a tour of the resort, her giant red gothic temple, the major landmarks which she copied from Earth, the funny meme things she had placed in orbit around the planet, and the various restaurants available to eat at. She enjoyed sharing her creation with the rest, but for some reason none of the judges seemed that enthusiastic.

"Umm, excuse me young lady, but, where are the gods?"

Pandora came down from her amazing storytelling mode. "Huh?

"You said this planet was about gods all fighting against each other, but so far we haven't seen anyone. It just looks like a normal city."

"Well yeah, that part will come later. I just got everything set up for it."

Christina jotted a few things down on her paper. "Okay then, what exactly will these gods be fighting over? What are the stakes? Why do they want world domination?"

"Umm, because dominating the world would be impressive! The whole world taken over and ruled by a single person, after decades of struggle and victory over their enemies. Isn't it great?"

"I suppose."

Next, Buzz looked up from his notes to ask. "What kind of limitations do these gods have? What are their powers?"

"I dunno, that's for them to figure out."

"If you don't even know what kinds of powers they have, then how can they fight? Also, this city is clearly not constructed for battle. How are they supposed to do battle when surrounded by so much architecture and civilians?"

"But.... but it's important for there to be a normal city that the gods can fight over and cause all sorts of epic destruction!" (Pandora knew this from all the movies she had seen which featured a similar concept).

The judges murmured among themselves. "Ehhh, right. Well, it sounds like a very interesting planet, young lady! Keep working at it and see where it goes!" They all continued writing notes down as Pandora exited the stage. After 20 more contestants, the contest ended and the results were posted in the hallway. Pandora went up to see her score, aaaaand.....

"3.6/10"

What? How? But her planet was amazing! How could they not see her clear brilliance? She inspected the comments from each judge.

"2/10. Points deducted for obvious, uninspired pop culture reference moons."

"7/10. Good namer, but planet theme doesn't really fit the title."

"2/10. Has potential, but design skills far from competent or original."

And one particularly nasty critic said "0/10. Horrible! This planet is the most boring thing I've ever seen, no limitations whatsoever!"

Overall, Pandora came in 58th place. Meanwhile the 1st place went to a guy named Clive Barker and his "Yarn World." A near perfect 9.7/10.

“Amazing! Such creativity and imagination, congratulations!” He would later go on to be featured in a documentary called The Chronicles of Yarnia, and detail his process behind the writing of Imajica 3.

With her pathetic score given, Loserdora went back home to face older sister. She was chillaxin' on the couch drinking a smoothie.

“So how'd your contest go?”

“I didn't win. They gave it a 3.6.”

“Ha, that sucks.” She slurped loudly.

“I mean, it's so stupid! What even makes a good planet anyway?”

“They've probably seen hundreds of thousands of them. Needs to be unique to make an impression. Like Baby World, I know that one scored a perfect 10.”

Pandora headed up to her room to continue sulking. Along the way, Morpheus happened to be coming down the hallway for dinner.

“Hey big sis! Wanna eat together? Then play?”

“Oh, sorry Morphy, not right now. I'm a little bummed over the contest today.”

“What happened?”

“They said our planet was awful.”

“What? It's not awful, it's amazing!”

“Not according to them. I think I'm gonna go change some stuff to make it even better.”

“Oh okay. Make it super awesome!”

“I'll try. But we are still heading over to Aurora's tomorrow, okay?”

He nodded, still excited for his upcoming present.

“Oh! And before I forget: this Friday, Hephaestus is taking me and Artie to some planet called Autonoma. Would you wanna come with us?”

Darling contemplated, looking down to hide his face. “Hmmm, I would like to, but..... but I have school Friday.”

A hopeful plan shot down with a single blow. “Oh..... right.....um.....”

A few moments of silence passed. Then he grew a small smirk, then started giggling.“Ahaha, just kidding!”

A glimmer of hope shone in big sister's eyes. “Huh?”

“I can just skip school!”

“Oh! Really?”

“Yeah! Not like they're teaching us anything important anyway.” Indeed Morphy, video games are unnecessary education and can be disregarded without consequence. With their plans set for the next 2 days, the 2 parted ways as Pandora went to her room, then spent the rest of the day and night making edits to the planet from her PC.

Chapter 7.6

Aurora 2: Return of the Waifus

Pandora woke up around 8:00 AM. It would be nice to go to Aurora's immediately, though unfortunately that'd have to wait til darling got back from school. Since there was nothing else to do, might as well play some more Icebound. She booted up the game, and was about halfway through the 5th mission when she heard a knock, and the door opened. “Hey sis, when are we leaving for Aurora's?”

“Oh, Morpheus! Shouldn't you be at school right now?”

“I decided to take off both days.”

“Oh! Okay. Uhhh, give me about 20 minutes, I'll find a save spot so we can leave.”

“Can I watch?”

“Of course!” The darling took a seat next to her and watched as she melted through large infrastructure and hordes of ice people, many of them innocent civilians just going about their daily business.

“Yes! Melt them all! Crumble down all society from its foundation!” Pandora heeded the advice and melted several cities worth of icescrapers. After that, Morpheus realized how fun the game was and wanted to join in, and although the game was only intended for single player, asked God to change the programming to make it co-op. The 2 remained playing for the next 5 hours; they had so much fun wreaking havoc and laughing at the game they didn't even see the time go by, until about 1:00 PM.

“Uh, you think we should get going now?”

“Yeah, I'll text Aurora we're leaving.”

The loving couple head out to the spaceship. Pandora had never flown it before, so prayed to quickly learn how. They took off for the 20 minute flight to the waifu abode, listening to Nhato – Aurora on the way. Upon arrival, Pandora settled down on the front lawn inside the moated area (no need to lower the drawbridge). Aurora came out to greet them, giving Pandora a big hug.

“Finally, you're back!” Then she took a look at Morpheus, saw how cute he was, then stooped down to embrace him too. “Oh my gosh, you're so cute! Come here little guy.” Her entire being enveloped him, which he seemed to enjoy. “I can see why you like him!”

“Yeah yeah, anyway, sorry we're a bit late. We should probably start the

anime now, it's pretty long. We can talk while watching."

"Of course! Follow me. You too, little guy." The exotic female otaku led the way up through the corridors and staircases up to her epic room, seemingly overjoyed to ensnare yet another prey. And her web appeared to be successful, for Morpheus was blown away within the first 10 seconds upon entry, just as Pandora was. Except even she was blown away a 2nd time, for this updated room wasn't just loaded with shelves of plushies and beds of waifus, but actual, life-size animatronic waifu bots! Similar to the ones on Pantheos's train, but hit with a Japanizing beam; they were even programmed with advanced personality simulation AI to react just like the actual characters! There must've been at least 50 of them scattered around, just waiting to pleasure their partner.

"Uhh, interesting collection you got here, Aurora."

"Thanks! You want one?"

"Maybe some other time. Anyway, let's get this anime started!" The 2 deleted their memories, then the next 17 hours were spent binging the incredible show nonstop. They watched as the trio went around gathering all 7 gems. In addition to the first 3 perfectly matching the first 3 creation day fulfillments, it appeared the remaining 4 all did as well. For the 4th gem, the savior of Deltora, Lief, was lowered deep underground to obtain it, then raised back up: similar to Jesus being buried in the tomb, then raised up to fulfill creation day 4. The 5th gem involved use of a supernatural water to convict and kill an evil creature; similar to the Holy Spirit, likened to a spiritual water which convicts the world of sin, was poured out to fulfill creation day 5. Then the 6th gem was located in a place called the Maze of the Beast, similar to how the Beast and Mark of the Beast were the fulfillment of creation day 6. And finally came gem 7 located in the Valley of the Lost, just as how all lost souls were destroyed in the fires of Gehenna, also referred to as the Valley of Hinnom. Truly the Valley of Hinnom was the place where all lost souls were burned up in, just as Jesus warned about. How unfortunate they will never live again to experience the endless pleasures and joys of Heaven.

"Huh, this feels a bit like Lord of the Rings."

"Yeah, except it has a sassy tsundere waifu!" Indeed Sam had always been the biggest problem with Tolkien's epic, but clearly this show learned from that mistake, for Jasmine was a far superior companion. And upon further thought, even Lief was way less obnoxious than Frodo.

Finally they had retrieved each of the gems scattered by the 7 Ak-Baba, which each lived 1000 years (kinda like how all 7 creation days foretold of God's 7000 year plan). Truly every detail of this anime showcased God's immense power, ability, and glory for orchestrating yet another iteration of this pattern by covertly inspiring the work of an author who wasn't even aware of it. God really was in control of everything that happened in Old World movies, video games, TV shows, and anime.

Once all 7 gems were obtained, it reached the final showdown to reclaim the nation from the evil Shadow Lord. And all throughout the story, they had managed to kill the first 12 children of the evil sorceress Thaegan before the 7th gem. But now that they had reached the end, they finally faced the 13th and

strongest one, Ichabod. It's pretty amazing how the 13th in sequence always seemed to be a distinct outlier from the rest. Afterward, they even watched the additional 13 bonus episodes which were never dubbed into English. Another outlier 13? How strange; probably just a coincidence.

"Wow, that was something special. That's probably the best tsundere character I've ever seen."

"I know, right!" It had been so obvious the whole time that no other show, nay, no other character, would *ever* come close to the masterpiece that is Jasmine.

"So Morpheus, you really want a Jasmine daki?"

"Yeah! She's so hot!"

"Alright, one waifu pillow coming up." Aurora walked over to her waifu creation shrine and prayed. The altar glowed a bright radiant gold, and out of it emerged the beautiful specimen: the holy grail of green-haired tsunderes. Morpheus accepted the gift and began cuddling it.

"Alright Morphy, your first bona-fide waifu! How's it feel being a new weeb?"

He kept snuggling it, and even kissed it. "She's so soft, and smells so fresh!"

"Remember to cherish your waifu with all your heart." Aurora reminded. With the task complete, the 3 of them engaged in a mini waifu orgy with several pillows, as well as the waifu-bots, and even trying out various forms of real-life anime-shaded bodies of their own.

"Wow Aurora, you really know how to maximize waifu usage."

"Naturally." She smirked proudly.

"Well, I guess we got what we came here for, soo....."

"Wait, I got something special for you." Aurora went back to her closet, and brought forth 2 more, very special ones.

"Oh, Levi!" Waifudora said upon seeing him. "And..... Ikaros, right?"

"Yup, I want you to take these with you." She handed them over, and Pandora took several moments to admire them. Especially the new and exotic Ikaros, with a beautiful angelic face and wings which extracted a tender cuddle from her. Also....." She went over to a treasure chest thing, and out of it pulled a bag of some kind. Wait a minute.... is that? "You left this here the last time."

Indeed it was: the very backpack Pandora brought from school 100 years ago. She had forgotten it amid the chaos of Dream Mode and going off to Hell Land. "Oh yeah, I totally forgot!" Pandora excitedly took it and unzipped it. Was it still in there? She felt around and took it out. "Look Morphy, this is the box I was talking about!" She handed it over to him.

He spent a few moments holding it, feeling its texture all around, and opened to look inside. "This is the thing you made for your friend?"

"Ehh, I wouldn't say it was made *for* her. Just the thing that introduced us."

"What else is in here?" The nosy brother began rummaging through and pulled out a book: the camerson1313 life novel. "What's this about?"

"Ehh, it's just some random book I got. Nothing special. Don't worry

about it.”

He shrugged and plopped it back in.

“Hey Aurora, tomorrow I'm gonna go visit a new planet with Hephaestus and Artie. Would you wanna come?”

“Hmm, I guess I don't have anything else to do. Which planet?”

“It's called Autonoma.”

“Sure, I'll go. How about I just come back with you to your house?”

Morpheus responded. “Yeah! Then we can have a sleepover in big sis's room!”

“Good idea!”

The trio left back for the house, along with their brand new set of pillow pals, then continued having fun for the remainder of the night.

Chapter 10.4

Autonoma

“Woah woah woah, what's all this!?” A certain sister inquired loudly.

After a few seconds to wake up and process, Pandora replied. “Oh, this is my friend Aurora! She wanted to come with us today.”

The sentient alarm clock went over to inspect her, then upon unveiling the covers, saw the waifu party hiding within. “Hmm, well color me impressed! Anyone obsessed with this kind of stuff has my respect.”

“Yeah it's kinda my hobby, haha. Are you Pandora's sister?”

“Anyway, Hephaestus has been pestering me to come wake you all up. He said he wants to leave early, so y'all better get your butts moving! 5 minutes.” She left without further acknowledgment.

“Uhhh, what was that?”

“That's Artemis. She's..... special.”

“Well I guess we should get up then.” Aurora stopped cuddling Schwi, then stood up and, after making sure she was nice and covered, gave one final goodbye kiss. “See you tonight, my little angel!”

Meanwhile Morpheus hesitated with Jasmine, as he had not lived with her long enough for the true love bond to form. But after doing the right thing and tucking her in, they all left for Hephaestus's room. He and Artemis were there shouting.

“I said we needed to be there 30 minutes ago! Now we're too late to see the sun closure. You never respect other peoples' schedules or wishes.”

“I already told them, robo-dork! They'll be here!”

“But you waited an hour before even telling them!”

“That's cause they were freaking asleep! What was I supposed to do, wake them up early?”

“Yes!”

The trio walked in. “Uh, hey, we're here now.”

“Finally! Now he can shut up!” Artemis screeched.

Hephaestus stepped forward and bowed down. “Ahem, my apologies everyone. Artie here was just having a little outburst. I've compiled a schedule of activities for tonight, which I think will best show some of what Autonoma has to offer.” He pulled out his phone to double check. “Well, everything except the sunset. Oh well.” He deleted the sunset post, then went over to his bedroom door

and closed it, blocking them all in.

"Uh, we are going somewhere, right?"

"Of course. But before we do, all of you will need to change to your mechanical forms. It's required on the module we'll be going to."

"Uhh, okay. God, turn me into a robot." They all repeated the act, transforming into the required forms. Pandora felt all aspects of her body shift, her outer skin hardening into a solid, metallic exterior, and her insides replaced with all manner of microplumbing and wiring. Curious of her new appearance, Pandora conjured a mirror and looked at herself. Woah, she looks.... pretty much the same, only metal. Such a high-tech face! With wire-strand hair! Her digital eyes which closed via 2 metal shutters, encased behind 2 sleek glass domes which kept them protected. Her silver-chrome lips which shifted smoothly as the trillions of nano-ligaments obeyed the impulses of her electrical system. And everything else about her new form. Wow, somehow she looked even sexier than usual! Probably because the robot body had an appearance of clothing despite wearing none, yet still maintained the unclothed female figure shape. Even Artemis couldn't resist her, as she came up and randomly started touching.

"Haha, now you're a sexy fembot!" She felt her metallic sister waist.

"Hey! I'm still–"

She felt herself being hoisted up by the arm rotors. "Wow little sis, you're super heavy. When did you gain so much weight?"

"About 2 minutes ago."

Suddenly a loud banging was heard, which continued until everyone looked at Hephaestus. Then he stopped clapping and spoke. "Alright, looks like we're all ready. Let's head on out." He opened his bedroom door. But rather than heading back out into the hallway, instead unveiled a grand vista balcony overlooking a massive mechanical metropolis. It was night, but everything was still brightly illuminated by the lights of the city below. Everyone gathered at the edge to look down the precipice of what appeared to be a 1000 story skyscraper. Except it wasn't really a skyscraper, but more like a very tall stack of terraced discs carefully intertwined in loops and rings all the way down, like a crooked, leaning, cylindrical Jenga tower with each layer slightly bigger than the one above. The sight was astounding, and at this height the wind blew fiercely.

"Ahhh! I'm gonna fall!" Morpheus screamed.

Pandora hugged him from behind. "Don't worry Morphy, I won't let you fall." He leaned back into her arms trustingly.

"Pretty impressive view." Aurora admitted. "What's down there?"

"That's where we'll be going. Follow me." The bulky robotic tour guide led the way to the elevator, which took 5 minutes to bring them all the way to the bottom. Once there they emerged into a busy hotel-like foyer, which then led out to an even busier metropolitan street occupied by all manner of robotic inhabitants. Like them, none of them were wearing clothes, just bare bottom bot forms. The group merged in seamlessly with the hustle and bustle.

"Woah, this place is really crowded."

"Yeah, lots of people like living here. Once you see the sights, you'll understand why."

“So where are we going first?”

“I'm thinking of going for an oilie. Seeing as it's your first time here, I figured we should start with something simple.”

“What's an oilie?”

“It's like a smoothie but oil. Come on, I'll show you one of my favorite joints.” He began leading them down the street, allowing Robodora even more opportunity to get used to her new body. Her feet clinked and clanked with each step as she stamped about testing the new arrangement, feeling the internal wiring of her assembly. The flowing of tubes, the electric impulses of the wires, all the movements of her actuator joints and rotor ligaments rhythmically contracting to simulate the standard walking motion perfectly. Morpheus too appeared to be experimenting with his new vessel, as she noticed him making sudden stops and starts, jumps, short little sprints, and various lengths of strides. Aww, he looked so cute! Like a happy, excited little robot boy.

After a couple minutes they arrived at an establishment labeled “Oilivia's Ostentatious Oilies,” where about a dozen other robots were inside sitting in booths. Lined all around the room were dispensers for various kinds of delicious flavors, ranging from the sweet and tangy 5W-0.15, to the bitter 10W-22, and even all the way up to spicy 80W-948. And there was a special section with high-octane beverages designed for more advanced robots; though some preferred the intoxicating antifreeze, Hephaestus didn't really like getting drunk, so he chose the ultra unleaded plus. Meanwhile Robodora's attention was caught by the 20W-155, so she filled up a jumbo robo-cup, topped it with metal shavings, crushed coal, and gasoline cream, and took it to the counter.

“Will that be all for today?” the robot cashier said.

“Yeah.”

“Alright, that'll be ₵ჯጠ.Δ◊”

“Uhh, Hephaestus? A little help here.”

“Oh yeah, hang on.” He pulled out some hexagonal neon green-striped coins and handed them over. Once paid for, they took seats at a circular booth which then elevated up to the ceiling, allowing a crow's nest view below whilst they sipped and bantered. Nervously, Robodora took the first drink of her oil.

“How is it? Pretty good, right?” Artemisexbot asked.

The taste truly was good, as the particular programming of her taste sensors were made to sense oil and gasoline-based liquids as pleasant. She could even feel it as the fluid oiled up her insides, allowing her engine-like heart to power her internal mechanisms more efficiently due to reduced spin friction. Morpheoid also seemed to be enjoying his treat. “It tastes like strawberry!” Everyone was happily focused on the hedonistic enjoyment of their liquid cup matter. Well, all except one who cared about something absurd.

“That cashier was really nice, AurorAI said.”

“Yeah I know. She gets on my nerves, that manipulative little virgin.” Hephaestus said.

Meanwhile Robodora had a different issue. “Seems kinda unnecessary. Why not just have AIs run everything?”

“They do; that's how the oil automatically gets processed.”

“No, I meant why not have the cashiers be AI.”

“Uh, because AI can't fill the roles of real robots?”

“What do you mean? Surely someone's invented it by now, right?”

“Are you talking about self-awareness? As in truly sentient, conscious artificial life?”

“Yeah.”

“That's impossible. Consciousness can't be generated by matter, because it's matter that's already the product of consciousness. Didn't they teach you about idealism?”

“Uh..... I don't think so.....”

“Well that's the reason why; you should go look it up. Plus it would violate the 3rd law. God wouldn't allow it even if it were possible.”

Indeed oh knowledgeable Hephaestus; too bad old world humans tried so hard to create real, conscious AI despite being impossible. If only they understood the one true metaphysics, perhaps they wouldn't have wasted so much time or money trying to create it. And people could've stopped fearing an AI overlord takeover which never happened.

Once finished eating, Hephaestus led the way outside. However, it wasn't but 30 seconds until out of nowhere a loud siren and message began blaring: ALERT: MODULE ROTATION IMMINENT, ENABLE MAGNETS NOW. The neon-striped hexagonal pavement and buildings began flowing with alternating red and white light streams.

“Woah woah woah, what's going on?” Robodora asked.

“Ah, the module's about to rotate. We'll get to see the forge side now.”

“What are we supposed to do?”

“Just enable super magnets on your feet. It'll be fine.” Everyone did as told, and nervously waited the next minute to see what would happen. After a 10 second warning countdown, they felt an immense force begin pulling them forward as the starry skyline rapidly flew past them. The entire module was rotating fast enough that all non-magnetized inhabitants were either squashed into a wall, or launched off the edge into space. But as the rotation happened, the above empty sky was replaced with what appeared to be an arrangement of planet-sized cubes in the sky, all connected together via giant metal beams into a large dome-like sphere centered directly above, such that each 90° direction outward featured a different cube on a stick. The whole thing looked like a giant 3D plus sign. Meanwhile once the rotation had ended, the group stumbled around a bit trying to get reoriented from the chaos. Surely a planet as strange as this would've been dangerous to go explore alone; perhaps it really was a good thing they had Hephaestus to teach them the ropes.

“What in the hel was that!?” Aurora shouted.

“That was the daily rotation. It happens 6 times a day, so each face can get its turn in the sun.”

Everyone looked up, but saw nothing except the dark, station-like arrangement in the sky. “What sun?” Morpheus asked.

“Oh, well it's closed now. We were too late to see it. Usually it's open for 36 hours, then off 12.”

“And what are all those things?” He asked while pointing to the cubes.

“Those are the other modules. Here, I'll explain it, but first I think we should head to the transport hub. I'll talk while we drive.” He continued leading the way through the streets. Along the way, many of the other city inhabitants appeared to be making stops along the path, sticking their pelvis up against the wall, then either staying attached or leaving with something new attached. What were they doing? And even stranger than that, other inhabitants were keeled over in various strange poses, being seemingly electrocuted or in some kind of torment as loud scraping and gargling sounds emanated from their speakers.

“What's wrong with these people?” Aurora asked.

“Nothing. They're just enjoying themselves.” Hephaestus said calmly.

“But they're just, like, laying there screaming.” Pandora remarked.

“Ha, and I bet that's exactly what you'll be doing too once we join in.” Artemis retorted. “First time is always fun to see.”

“Ahhhh! Robots!” Morpheus suddenly shouted.

“Yes, robots everywhere Morphy.” Pandora comforted. “Don't worry, I won't let them do anything to you.”

“No, robots! Look!” He pointed to a shop on the side named “Randy's Robot Emporium,” which was filled to the brim with shelves and tables full of action figures and epic little robot figurines. “Can I get one? Please?”

Everyone stopped to inspect the attraction. Hephaestus seemed a little annoyed, but Pandora wanted to make him happy. “Well, how about it? Just a quick stop.”

“That's fine. We are here to have fun, after all.”

“Yay!” Morpheus excitedly ran in and began browsing. And by browse, what he actually did was pick up every single one his tiny hands could grasp, royally mess up its nice pose, then set it back down in haphazard fashion. The others also looked around the shop, patiently passing the time while waiting for him to choose. Though there were a plethora of awesome ones, he eventually settled on a rather menacing-looking one: Unicron from Transformers: Rise of the Beasts. “I want this one, big sis!”

“Okay Morphy, we'll get it. Hephaestus? A little help here?”

Once again he paid the currency, and Morpheus enjoyed his brand new transformer. “Yay! Unicorn bot!” Hmm, it truly was strange that the movie called Rise of the Beasts released in the year 2023, shortly before the Beast of Revelation began his rise to power. And even stranger that the Mark of the Beast was the video game Crystar, with the unicorn horn on the protagonist's forehead, and the unicorn symbol mark on her right hand which was required to buy and sell items in-game. And that this movie just so happened to involve a “Unicorn” transformer who sought to devour the world through use of a portal, when the Beast was involved with Portal 2. And that the protagonist's name was Noah, just like the Biblical Noah was commanded to subdue and fill the Earth just like Adam and the creation day 6 person. Probably just a bunch of coincidences.

Anyway, once Morpheus got his new toy, the group continued their escort to the transport hub, which looked a bit like a rental car place, except far more advanced, made of multiple floors of discs, and the cars were all neon-

lighted futuristic train-looking things. They took an elevator up the highest disk, where fancy model cars were displayed all around for guests to see. Hephaestus went straight over to one and opened the door. “Alright everyone, hop in.”

“Huh?” Pandora said, bewildered that they were about to steal a car.

“Next we're gonna head to the temple, it's almost ritual time.”

Even Aurora couldn't comprehend this wanton act of thievery. “Don't we need to pay the desk people first? Or like, you know, get the keys?”

“Yeah! Someone needs to pay!” Morpheus agreed.

The big brother shook his head. “No keys needed, it's a public air-rail car. Anyone can use them.”

Oh..... well that's certainly strange. Apparently on Autonoma, cars were freely shared among the population, whereas smoothie stands and action figure stores still had cashiers. Just how did the world end up like this? Not that Pandora was complaining, it certainly made things more convenient for everyone. She and the rest all got in the car as Hephaestus commanded. But then darling noticed another problem. “Wait, where's the road? How are we supposed to get down?” Indeed, even the streets below them were clearly not meant to handle vehicular travel, only pedestrians.

“I guess the only way is to show you.” Hephaestus revved the engine, then took off straight for the edge of the disc, and they began plummeting to their doom.

“AGHH!!!” Everyone shouted. Except they didn't actually fall down; instead, a mechanical roadway seemed to be magically constructing in front of and beneath them, allowing the car to drive across seemingly empty air, yet still technically real road. Pandora leaned out to look below, and found that it was actually matter from the city underneath which was flowing upward to them in liquidy, metallic streams; parts of buildings flying off from every which way, meeting up at just the right time to construct a midair path before them.

“Woah, this is amazing!” Aurora shouted.

Hephaestus chuckled. “See? Told you Autonoma is cool.”

“How's it doing that? Is it magic?”

“It certainly wouldn't be possible to have programmed without it. But actually it's just the technology. Everything is magnetic and made of nanobots, the city AI just detects when and where to form the road, and makes it happen by controlling the planet's magnetic field.”

“Woahhhh.” Morpheus was in awe, despite not understanding.

“Autonoma sure is advanced,” Aurora remarked.

“Oh, no, this isn't Autonoma.”

“Huh?”

“We're on the Mekanika module. See that green and blue cube up there? That's the real Autonoma. Sorry, I still haven't explained it.”

“Then why have you been saying Autonoma this whole time?”

“It's the name of that module specifically, but it's also the name of the whole station. But each block has its own name too. You can think of each module as its own continent, with the station as the planet.”

Pandora and the gang listened closely as the cyborg explained every

intricate detail of the planet's functions, revealing the true insanity of the technological marvel that was Autonoma. Essentially, though each module appeared as a cube, it was technically 8 conjoined rectangular prisms separated by 100 mile gaps where the connecting beam reached inward towards the central ball joint; the cube's main Z axis, which forcefully rotated around by a ginormous mechanical powered spindle, simulating natural planet rotation for each cube face to get its share of sunlight. The unused 100 mile gaps were filled in with millions of powerful connecting rods, while the one which rotated around was cleared to make way for the beam to pass through unobstructed. As for the names of the modules, they were Mekanika, Pyradimas, Factorio, Nexus, Idyllis, and Autonoma.

Mekanika was built entirely for automated machine societies of robot bodies. Though supernatural abilities were used in its initial construction to ensure everything would function right, the module's main concept was to live in a perfectly advanced mechanical world running under natural laws, so there are harsh limitations preventing any sort of supernatural ability usage. The technology was already advanced enough to not need it anyway, as the ultimate stage of technological achievement was near indistinguishable from it. The nanobots of the land automatically responded to the wireless signals of the inhabitants' brains, reforming and shaping all the same as normal matter did to the will of a mind through the supernatural. Though it did restrict some things, most found the limitations to make things more unpredictable and fun.

Pyradimas was entirely a world of glass pyramids filled with pods of cryosleeping “mummies” awaiting a distant future trillions of years ahead; a desolate land of dormant machines awaiting their time to rouse.

Factorio was for people who preferred more large-scale forms for their robotic selves, being gigantic titans which towered over the landscape, else outfitted with powerful weaponry for causing impressive destruction as they fought against other titans (mostly inspired from NieR;Automata). It was also full of extreme hedonists who took their shapeshifting to the extreme; their bodies were basically giant factories which existed purely for processing tubes of various foods, and hordes of interior mechanical motors which moved in and out of each other for sex: a sort of unhinged mechanical selfcest.

Nexus was for people connected in a direct wired network to everyone else's minds, living in a connected dream-like state of others' memories and thoughts. It was a bit like the matrix, but had greater variety of mental states and worlds to reside in.

Idyllis was for perfect automated human life WITH supernatural stuff, intended to make up for the shortcomings of both Mekanika and Autonoma. Whereas Mekanika was fully autonomous life for machines, and Autonoma was (or would eventually be) fully autonomous life for humans, Idyllis would be a perfect blend of both, where both flesh and steel could cohabit in perfect harmony, and without the hassle of a “ridiculously over-restrictive barrage of limitations,” as the founding group called it.

And finally there was Autonoma, which was the 1st module still operating under its original intention. Inspired by Dr. Stone, basically the goal

was to be an alternative chronology to Earth's technological progress, starting over a whole new lush world but with modern scientific knowledge, then continuing on the slow, gradual advancement of technology over millennia as nothing supernatural was allowed whatsoever. No cheating or shortcuts, just an attempt to build a perfect world on the highest difficulty setting possible. Numerous people were intrigued by the idea and joined the project, including Hephaestus. It would eventually become a perfectly self-sustained world to care for every need and want humanity could have, the end result that all scientists and inventors had dreamed of back in the Old World. But knowing this could take up to several million years to accomplish, some members wanted to speed things up or change the planet's concept to something else, which the original founder firmly denied. Yet rather than abandoning the ideas entirely, chose to allow the other modules as alternative experiments. That way they could perform 6 different experimental worlds at once, and everyone could be happy participating in their module of choice.

As for how the 6 modules were conjoined, the central point was a standard Dyson sphere containing a compressed star which powered the planet, as well as provided light through a refracted dome which filtered and concentrated the light onto the modules to create custom temperature and weather. If the star's full force were released, it would melt all the modules in a minute, and if too little, they would freeze. Often referred to as “The Forge,” the careful operation of the sphere's opening and closing cycle, combined with the module rotations, maintained a perfect condition on all 6 worlds.

“Why doesn't the Dyson sphere itself melt?” Pandora asked.

“It's made of unmeltium, aka atomic number 10000. It's the heaviest metal possible with no known melting point, as even the hottest star doesn't come close. Plus most of the star's energy is sent to power the AI network, not all of it is for heat.”

“Huh, that's neat.”

“Anyway, how about we put on some music?” Hephaestus put on an expanded version of Meta – Mimetic while they rode around the sky, which lasted nearly 20 minutes. During this time Morpheus had been experimenting with his new toy, and somehow managed to disassemble and reassemble it into something completely different.

“Look big sis, I made it different!”

“Wow Morphy, what are you gonna call it?”

“I will call it Robot!”

As they drove through the city, Pandora couldn't help but admire the impressive architecture. These were not normal size buildings; many of them were gigantic, several miles tall and wide megastructures which blotted out the horizon. Singular buildings which contained a whole city each, like mechanical chunks of New Jerusalem fragmented and scattered across the landscape. Then for the more normal sized buildings were homes of various types seemingly integrated into the circuitry of the ground, as if trees sprouted from a mechanical soil. These building designs were not boring rectangular shapes like from Old Earth's standard urban style, but incredibly convoluted architectural

masterpieces, with jetted out frames, attractive shapes, and expansive ornamentation which made each abode its own distinct, tiny world. Some even had cubic jumble arches which spanned across empty space, yet still occupied with bedrooms ripe for living in, such that it felt like one was living suspended over the chasm below. And others still looked like foreboding, steampunk castles with towers jetting outward like horns from an iron beast.

"By the way, where exactly are we going?" Aurora finally inquired.

"Actually, we're pretty much here. Take a look." The cyborg driver pointed ahead to large clock tower-like structure, another huge megastructure whose architecture was composed entirely of spiked gears and sawblades.

"Woah, what is that place? It looks deadly."

Morpheus looked terrified. "I don't wanna be chopped up!"

"Don't worry, this is just a mosque. We're gonna join a fun worship service." The nanobot roadway deposited them off on top of another disc platform station, where they got out and left the car for someone else. Clearly this was the parking lot, for many other guests were likewise arriving and funneling into the establishment. Hephaestus led the way through the oppressive black and red-glowing corridors, the sharp-spiked walls of the interior threatening to poke at the least inch of an errant limb (Artemis had fun breaking the tips off of them while strolling through). The whole place creaked and wretched with the sound of clockwork rotors as each floor and wall continuously shifted, like an elaborate elevator taking them up to the main sanctuary. Meanwhile some music played in the background which sounded an awful lot like Sakuzyo – Archive B: Memory in 8603 A.D.

"So who's this god we're going to worship?"

"Hmm, Mekanika doesn't really have a single god. Pretty much anyone can rent out a temple if they wanna host a ritual service, everyone's circuits just get overridden to accept them." Indeed, anyone on Mekanika could temporarily become a god if they chose. With the variety of churches, temples, synagogues and mosques available, one could freely choose their place of worship, as the society was designed to be as inclusive of all Old World religions as possible; that way everyone could be happy worshiping in the manner they'd been programmed to believe was correct. Although this inclusivity unfortunately resulted in a lack of conflict, as nobody had a motive for fighting over which one was correct anymore. That's another reason why corruption storms were celebrated, as they were the primary important force to shake things up.

Anyway, the gang eventually reached the top of the tower, and took their seats near the back of the sanctuary. Once the machine god entered the room, everyone's circuits were altered to regard him as the one true God, and the room went silent. Oh, there he is! Time to pay proper respects.

"Attention, my subjects! Today is the day you all sacrifice your bodies to me. Whatever I say, you shall do, and you shall enjoy it! Even if you really hate it, you're still gonna pretend to like it, UNDERSTAND!???"

"Yes, our God!" Everyone subjugated themselves to his holiness. Because of course, only a God that forces people to do things against their own nature and conscience is what makes him deserving of worship.

“YOU GOT THAT RIGHT! No matter how stupid or pointless the commands I give, you are all to regard them as important anyway. So first, I want all of you to give me 10 different prayers in a row!”

Pandora obeyed, doing as the deity said. Wow, she really accomplished something important! Perhaps this god actually knew what he was doing. 10 prayers a day was the only perfect number, anything else would just be wrong! Now she understood how foolish she was before accepting this undeniable truth.

“Now I want you all to get greased!” After that, the god took his seat: the throne of the machine emperor which channeled energy throughout the mosque, unblocking the clockwork dam which released a spillway of oil down the multitude of indented channels on the floor, sucked up through the pumps of the feet of the machine followers. Robodora could sense the viscous brown fluid flowing up and through her radiator, seeping into the deepest crevices of her motor joints. Her entire body was now lubed from the inside, every crack filled with a wonderful ooze which pleasured her all over, like chewing on a soft, sticky caramel, but orgasmic in places and ways she never imagined as her gooey frame squeezed out the transmissive fluid. Finally, Robodora had learned how to squirt!

Next, the God apparently wanted everyone to become eunuch-bots, as a bunch of blade-armed priests went around sawing everyone's genitals off. Robodora sat in total complacency as her darling's robo-cock was violently circumcised. The god said it was okay and that it was his will, so who was she to question it? Then after Morpheus came her, as she spread her legs for the priest to unbolt her pleasure button. Awww, no clit? That's fine, there's still the whole rest to play with. Or so she thought, but then the priest shoved a hose up which shot out a bunch of Flex Seal inside her. The discount caulk hardened until her hole was completely blockaded, preventing usage. Dangit, not even the females were spared from eunuch-hood? This genius god thought of everything! If only certain Old World religions and cultures could've seen this, they might have been even more successful in their goal of ridding the world of pleasure. Not their own, of course; only when done to others was it seen as morally righteous.

With her hole now filled, a certain question in Robodora's mind. “Um, excuse me Mr. God sir, but why did you do that first ritual to pleasure us if you were only gonna undo it later? Why let us have the pleasure components at all if you just want them taken away? Shouldn't they not be there in first place?”

Hephaestus nudged her in the shoulder socket, as if she had just committed a grave crime. And indeed she did, for the entire sanctuary turned at her in repulsion. “How dare you question me!” The machine lord bellowed. “Nobody who disagrees with my commands shall be permitted in my sanctuary. Get out now! You and your companions!” Like a hive mind, the other followers gathered up to surround them, then carried them off to a large furnace where they were thrown in and melted down to scrap metal. Really? Death for disagreeing with a consensus of stupidity? That's not too bad, actually; Pandora was proud for sticking up for her beliefs in light of such a minor consequence. Though the punishment did leave a rust mark to make her think twice about questioning God. Once reformed, she left the furnace to meet up outside.

“Um, sorry about that everyone. I guess I screwed up.”

She thought she had ruined it for everyone, but then darling came up and kissed her. “You were awesome, big sis!”

“Uhh, I was?”

“Yeah! You stuck the truth to that mean old god like a grenade!” Indeed, it was actually that stupid God's fault for coming up with such a garbage ritual; Pandora could come up with a waaaay better one for her own planet.

Artemis too had some choice words to say. “Way to go, little sis! Even I wouldn't have the balls to do that if I had a mass-packed super scrotum.”

“Uhhh, but didn't I do something wrong?”

“Heck no! You're supposed to call out a God whenever he does something bad. Helps them improve and do better next time.”

“Oh yeah. I guess that makes sense.” Pandora remembered how she felt when considering feedback for her own rituals.

“Anyway, I think a celebration is in order! A toast to the back-talker.”

“Indeed, we should try and find a good sex joint.” Hephaestus started off for another place.

“But how will we do it with our parts clogged?” Aurora worried.

The cyborg brother shrugged. “We'll just swap em' out for other parts. Come, I'll show you.” He led the way down to the main public square, where again people were sticking their pelvises up to the walls. It would seem this type of activity was not just at their original location 40 miles away, but permeated throughout every street and intersection across the module-wide metropolis. Given the ubiquity, it would be difficult to find a private area; nevertheless Hephaestus led them down to a relatively sparsely populated segment so they could partake in it as a family. He brought them up to some kind of wall-mounted station thing with many buttons and sliders. “This'll do.”

“Uhhh..... what's that?”

“Something to make you feel good,” the knowledgeable brother said.

“It's a sex terminal!” Artemis expounded further, happy to divulge her favorite part of Mekanika. “I'll go first; my stuffed pussy's killing me.” The sister strutted up to the strange mechanism, pressed a button, and a bunch of tentacle-like wires sprouted forth like a peacock, then extended to wrap around and ensnare her inside, plugging into sockets all over her body. Meanwhile the terminal began making a loud suction and grinding sound, which caused Artemis to moan loudly. “It's sucking it all out! Ahhh, I can feel it again! Yes yes yes!” She kept squealing like a schoolgirl as her favorite body part was cleared of debris, then even more once the turbo vacuum kicked in, creating an extreme pressure where her insides felt like imploding any moment.

After seeing how good it felt, Robodora became jealous and wanted to feel it too, and so took the next station over about 4 robometers to the right. Darling also took the one to her right, then Hephaestus, and for some reason Aurora wanted to be next to Artemis and took to her left. Once situated, Pandora took a gander at the advanced contraption before her.

“So like, what's a good one to start with?”

“Just go random!” Artemis suggested.

“Just experiment and see.” Hephaestus rebutted. “You can set the duration for however long you want with the top dial.”

Pandora scoured the panel for her preferred treatment. She considered just clearing the gunk from her vagina, then had a better thought. “Wait a minute, I'm already halfway there, so might as well.” So she decided to go with a full on, disjointed multi-disc robo-cock to replace her worthless filled hole. She made her silent wish, and the all-sensing AI of the planet caused a stream of nanobots to rearrange from the street, crawling up her leg to the designated spot to reshape into the desired appendage. Indeed it was strange how it differed from the usual matter reformation process, but pleasant in its own way as she felt the nanostream shift her metal along the narrow ascending line. Once turned fully male, Pan admired the flawless handiwork. It turned out to be not made entirely of solid metal, but a combination of flesh and steel (or rather, a softer liquid-form nanobot arrangement which gave the illusion of being flesh). Each ring along the shaft spun independently, allowing free 360° rotation around their loosely hinged joints, ringed with flanges of flesh around the perimeter of each disc for the primary stimulation. With his equipment outfitted, Panborg set the device for high RPM alternator sex for 5 minutes, then stuck it in the adapter to receive the technological treatment. Immediately the device accepted him by branching out a metal waistband which locked him in place, then began the whirring of its own internal flesh rings to stimulate all of his independently. Pan could feel his outer robotic parts mesh with something, the nuts and bolts of his pelvic base becoming screwed and bolted in to the other side, such that he became stuck and unable to remove it; nor could his hands reach it, for several layers of metal blocked the way. He was completely and utterly helpless to the whims of the uncaring, calculating contraption which ensnared him, as the 1000 RPM rotational stimulation of his flesh and steel tool spun around with orgasmic intent.

Meanwhile it appeared Aurora had the same idea as Pan, for she too had transitioned into a macho male robot form, named Auros. Somehow Pan knew the name from SpiritCloud; guess she didn't like Austin and changed it since. But Auros's preference was different, for he chose the option where bits of his nanobot penis got constantly removed at the tip, and other nanobot bits came up from the legs to replace them, resulting in a constantly disintegrating and regenerating member which sucked up new replacement matter from base to tip, a bit like a perpetual, one-way mechanical blowjob.

Morphia had also swapped sex, as with the ritual circumcision performed, was also already halfway to being female. She appeared to have something coming out of the wall and inside her, with its pelvic component firmly screwed onto her crotch. “Ahh, I'm stuck!” She cried, as the inner piston kept going in and out while blocking her attempts to take it out. Panborg would've helped if he could, but was preoccupied with his own pleasurable predicament. Poor little darling was getting raped by a machine right next to big sis. Should've stuck with your boy parts, little Morphia!

And Hephaestus had chosen the most advanced option of them all: his terminal kept giving off extreme waves of scorching heat and frigid cold in a

rapid alternating pattern, continually melting and freezing his appendage as it phased from solid to liquid metal, and back again, in a process called reforgement sex. Each reforgement was a slightly different arrangement to cause a blitzkrieg of alternate appendages in quick succession, effectively feeling like a hundred different sexes at once.

The whole gang enjoyed their street-side sex for about an hour, experimenting with many different options. Afterward, Artemis took the lead to showcase yet another amazing feature of Autonoma's streets. “I choose next. This time, we're gonna go do some RPAs.”

“What's that?”

“Random portal attachments,” Hephaestus explained. They followed the street until the building-mounted stations took on a fundamentally different kind of appearance. “These ones you just attach and go.”

“How do you know what each one does?”

“You don't until you try, that's the fun of it.” Artemis successfully divulged her favorite part of the activity. Then just like before, the gang each went up to try out a mystery contraption. Panborg stuck his thing inside, and again felt several bolts mount to his pubic area to prevent pulling out. But this was different than the other terminals, for the portal disconnected from the wall, allowing him and everyone to walk around freely. Once each member had chosen their attachment, Hephaestus continued leading the way through the city, now with enhancements to make walking more fun. He looked at his built-in arm watch, and noticed something troubling.

“Hmm, we've been gone nearly 5 hours. Think we should head back home now?”

“Yeah, we have church tomorrow!” Morphia reminded. Plus she had a ton of Horizon: Zero Dawn homework to catch up on due to her absence.

“Alright then, let's head down to the giantess station. Hopefully we can catch one before it leaves.” With their homeward transportation set, they set off for the station. After a couple minutes the machines on the other end of Pan's portal began to kick on. Now connected, he felt as they screwed and unscrewed his parts, replacing them with a different kind of equipment meant for interfacing with this particular toy. What kind of sensations will he feel? The mystery was so exciting! But once everything was in place, the mystery sex was revealed as Pan apparently now had a piston-like robo-cock which automatically extended in and out away from his body. It was like one of those machine dildo toys, except he *was* the dildo, and felt the whole arrangement in a shifted location far away from his pelvis, like a distant ghost appendage. And this continued on passively whilst strolling down the street, with all outer appearance of normality. He and the others kept having to stop and keel over due to the intensity, letting out an orgasm, only to get back up and continue walking.

“Ha, how is it Morphia? Is your little robogirl pussy feeling good?” Artemis smugly asked.

She couldn't respond while writhing on the pavement in ecstasy (much like the thousands of other strangers passing through on their way to work). Everywhere Pan walked, citizens with all manner of pelvic attachments were

heaving, grunting, and moaning in pleasure on every street, with such ubiquity that it began to feel disturbing. Hmm, was it really reasonable for *every* street to be filled with such excessive amounts of sex? Isn't that taking things a bit too extreme? For a while Pandora thought so, but then some flashes of her time in the Old World crossed her mind, where big cities were often suspect to such problems as street gangs, random theft, murder, shady alleys, homeless people, scammers, and other bad things. She remembered the few times she had walked around lonely and in fear, constantly watching over her shoulder for signs of danger, contrasted with the now carefree and naked state of this new city, and realized how much better it was for everyone. “Better to be filled with sex and pleasure than murder, theft and fear,” she thought.

Hmm, it's curious: in the Old World, swapping out a flesh appendage for a prosthetic arm or leg was seen as perfectly fine, even amicable. Meanwhile the swapping out of one's genital set for another was seen as wrong and against nature. It truly was impressive how humans could selectively apply their criteria to different things without seeing the contradiction. Again, all under the illusion of this thing called “proper sexuality.” Luckily robots have no need for such nonsense though, so Robodora continued enjoying her robo-romp with her robo-family to her fusion core's content.

After about 2 miles of sex-walking, they finally reached the giantess station, where several large hotel-sized womenborgs were squatting with escalators ascending into their bussing compartments. “Which one should we get on?” Hephaestus allowed Morphia to decide.

“I'd go for the kinky dom one, with the whip there,” Artie suggested. But Morphia had a different preference, for she chose the pink and purple sparkle princess one instead. “Ugh, fine.”

“I think she's the cutest!” And so they all got tickets to board the Mrs. Butterfinger Express. Auros especially felt at home, as inside her womb was decorated with all manner of pink frosted walls and posters of animated princesses. It also had a rather nice view, as her glass abdomen offered an expansive view of the outside from all floors up to the neck. And all levels featured free food dispensers from holes in the vessel-wide feeding tube; Panborg was even thirsty enough to drink some gasoline from the pump fountain. Afterward they each found a comfortable seat around the belly button lounge, and waited for all passengers to board. Once stuffed, Mrs. Butterfinger disconnected the escalator and speculum, sealing the boarding passage pussy and locking the cervix gate. Now nobody could escape. With all safety measures met, the giantess was cleared for stand up, and her entire vessel hoisted into the air as she effortlessly got up from the industry standard criss-cross applesauce docking position. With the leg joints fully deployed, the passengers felt a quick acceleration as their host engaged in standard stroll mode.

“Wow, so people really just stick others inside of them and walk to the destination?” Auros asked.

“Yup. Giantess transport is extremely efficient, so it's a really profitable industry. I hear the top professionals make up to ₵ɕɒԀϐΨϗ╒𝓕☼ a day.”

Oh what? ****, that's a lot of money! Perhaps this might be a viable

career option for Pandora. Doing door to door loli work was fun and all, but it was too unpredictable for her tastes; a more stable income like this would be perfect for her. Though at the same time, it is a lot of responsibility, and she'd have to care more about the passengers than herself; not a good fit for her high level of egocentricity. Hmm, we'll have to think about it.

Regardless, Pandora was amazed at how far society had developed in just 100 years. Already this solved the problem of public transport requiring advanced training of how to operate a commercial vehicle, not to mention a lot less dangerous. It was the same as the public use cars; Mekanika had truly solved every major problem involving a functioning public transport system. The only one still complaining was Artemis for "lack of groping staff." But the others appreciated the view of the city from this towering height; standing up, Mrs. Butterfinger must've been at least 60 stories tall. This granted them the vantage to see all the city's most attractive tourist sites, including the Scrap Metal Animal Museum, the Iron Beast Deathmatch Zoo, the Sexbot Training Boot Camp Strip Club, and even the Robodome E-sports arena.

As the transport vessel slowly ambled throughout the city, taking care to only step on the certified foot-shaped landing pads which the city generated several meters above the underlying topography at regular intervals, Pandora and her family relaxed while still being stimulated by their RPAs, which according to their guide could last up to an hour each. All sorts of lewd and unholy things were happening on the other end, which she couldn't help but passively reach discreet climax over and over while pretending to act normal. Hehe, Pandora was having sex while in public, and nobody knew, hehehe (though of course, she too was equally clueless of the other passengers' own indulgences in the same activity). Eventually the machines stopped and the screws unbolted, allowing her to finally remove it and witness the damage. Not only was her auto-cock completely shredded and bent out of shape, but even Morphia's clit appeared to be missing. "Hey, they stole it!" She complained.

"Hmm, better file a lawsuit. Looks like they forgot to accommodate for 9 year olds."

"I'm only 7."

"Oh, never mind then. Just grow a new one, it should be fine."

After what seemed like nearly an hour, the giantess made a loud screech indicating they were approaching the destination. She also said something about how she couldn't wait for everyone to get her off. Or was it get off her? The sound echoed too much, so it was hard to tell. Though Pandora could understand the need for release after being pent up with passengers all day, so maybe it was the former. Regardless, the destination terminal could be seen coming into view a few miles up ahead; a few more minutes and they'd be there. However, while looking in the distance, Pandora noticed something a little odd. Some dark clouds with flashing red lightning bolts, followed by glowing rings from the city emanating outward in waves like ripples in a pond. "Woah, what's that?" She pointed in the distance.

Hephaestus glanced over, and immediately an expression of horror overtook his usually stoic face. "Oh no, why now of all times?"

Artemis too saw it, and began jumping for joy. “Yes! I was hoping we'd get one!”

“What is it?” Aurora asked.

“Corruption storm! Everybody take cover!”

A loud siren started wailing, and the soothing intercom voice of their pilot began speaking. “Well folks, looks like we're in for some major corruption weather today. Please remain seated and calm until it hits, then you may start panicking. We're all screwed. It was nice knowing you.”

Everyone began running around screaming. As the storm approached, Pandora got a clearer glimpse of what it actually was. Turns out what she thought were clouds were actually swarms of glowing red and black nanobots flying haywire as the malfunctioning AI forced them to assume gaseous formation. The corruption of the nanobots then spread to everything it touched, infecting all other matter with glitched distortion effects as the programming to remain as neat and tidy shapes was randomly edited. Solids became liquids, towers became tsunamis, and the whole city morphed into a chaotic wavy mess. Even Mrs. Butterfinger's legs began melting down into the ocean below.

“What the Hel is happening!?” Aurora screamed.

“Phase 1 is always the melting. Then phase 2 is the restructuring.”

“Is it gonna get to us?”

“Not likely, since we're pretty high up. But we'll have to deal with the zombies.” Hephaestus began experimenting with his arm, switching to the white-hot extendable laser sword function. “Here's what I'm using; I suggest you all get your own weapons ready as well.”

Pandora didn't understand how zombies could spawn on an entirely machine planet, but she obeyed anyway, swapping out her right arm for a mini black hole shooter. Morpheus followed her example, adopting a high-speed grenade launcher (his favorite weapon from Call of Duty). Meanwhile Artemis chose a 6 setting electroshock sprayer, and Aurora chose a giant Amy hammer.

After several minutes of sinking, their transport ceased melting, now cemented into the distorted concrete of the ground. With nowhere to go, Mrs. Butterfinger began escorting the passengers out, fingering them one at a time until she was empty. Immediately Pandora's family began scanning their alien surroundings; everything was jumbled into an unrecognizable shifting mish-mash of architecture, as the city's half-melted state remained in flux. Pandora would've liked to ask what was happening, if it wasn't for several abnormally violent machines coming to assault her.

“▀╫≥▀▄ ◄► ╫╫∑Π╕┬ ┘◍∏ ▒▒▀!!!!!!!!!!” They screeched while charging. Pandora shrunk away, closed her eyes and screamed, then heard several sizzling slicing sounds followed by clanging metal. After looking up, she saw the heroic stance of her older brother proudly protecting her.

“Oh, Hephaestus, you saved me!” Tears of relief began streaming down her face. But then she heard even more manic, metallic screeches all around, and realized things had only just begun. A bloodthirsty look crossed Artemis's face as she prepared her electroshocker, then charged straight into a large group which collectively crumpled to the ground as she fried their circuits into toast.

“TAKE THAT YOU PIECE OF **** METAL HOOKERS!”

Morpheus was impressed by the carnage, unfortunately so in awe he didn't notice the next corrupted charging from behind until it was 10 feet away. He turned around, then fell backwards in a panic. Pandora saw her darling being assaulted, and was filled with fury. “DON'T TOUCH MY BROTHER!” She screamed while shooting a black hole barrage which warped bits of the molester elsewhere in tiny spots like bullet holes, until enough was gone to lose its electricity. With her darling traumatized, Pandora ran to check up on him. “Morphy! Are you okay? Did it hurt you?”

He stood up, fine as a dandelion. “It tried to eat me! Waaa!”

Hmm, that's strange. Why were they feeling fear? That emotion should've been completely eradicated. But little did Pandora know another planetary limitation was the mandatory 20% fear limitation, as that was necessary for the zombie fights to generate a feeling of relief once overcome. At first the founders tried 0%, but found it to be too boring. Then they tried the Old World default of 85%, and found that to be too extreme for all but the most dedicated horror enthusiasts. But it turned out 20% was just the right amount to enjoy the thrills without being overwhelmed (though people could still choose up to 100% if desired).

Hephaestus called the group together to hatch their battle plan. “Alright everyone, listen up. We just need to get home untouched, then we'll be fine. I think we're about 3 miles away. If we just stick together, we can beat these zombies for good.”

“What happens if they touch us?” Aurora demanded.

“Simple. The corruption will spread to you, and you'll lose control of your body.”

“What about our minds?”

“Oh, no, you'll still have your mind intact, it's just your body that will get integrated with the AI. Then it will control it for you.”

“Is that bad?” Morpheus asked.

“Hmm, I guess that depends what you're into. I'm sure some enjoy it.”

Worried for her darling, Pandora didn't want to take any more chances. “Well? Which way is home then?”

“That way.” The brother pointed to the tall megastructure in the area, which still stood tall even at ¼ its usual height. He had kept the relative landmark locations in check just in case something like this happened.

“Well come on, let's get going then!”

“Yeah, I don't wanna be corrupted!” Aurora and Morpheus said.

And so the gang continued their trek through the city, dodging the shifting metropolis as it continued repairing. Everywhere they went, the incoherent streets restructured in shapes not intended for sentient habitation. Well, everything except the RPAs; luckily those remained intact, since they helped draw away the attention of many thousands of zombies who were too overwhelmed to focus on anything else.

“What's happening to the city?” Pandora asked.

“The AI knows when it's corrupted, and immediately detects when

something is wrong like an immune response. Afterward it starts to fix itself, repairing its own code along with the city. That's what we call the restructuring. But it takes time to sort it all out, so things get crazy as it shifts the city around trying to restore it."

"Ah, okay." Now that everything made perfect sense, it was time to keep fighting zombies. The gang continued the gauntlet, all while electrocuting, warping, slicing, exploding, and whacking the hordes of mechanized monsters along the way. Many of them came charging straight to attack them, but others appeared to be engaged in acts of group copulation, minding their own business until being suddenly and violently obliterated by the weapons of a rogue gang of uninfected. Hordes of mindless zombies engaged in such indecent public acts, how unsightly! It was imperative to purge every last one of them, especially the evil, violent attacking ones. Of course, Hephaestus was the most experienced, so he mostly sliced his way through with ease, waiting for them to charge at just the right moment so they'd run torso-first into his sword. Meanwhile Artemis kept doing her usual thing.

As for darling, he seemed pretty excited to finally have the chance to use his grenade launcher IRL, carefully taking aim to explode the enemies before they got too close. "Take that, you scrap metal!" Aww, darling had finally become a cute little murderer! Pandora made sure to keep the enemies away, all the while taking joy in seeing how their vessels deteriorated whilst vanishing to another location. Then there was Aurora, who seemed quite skilled at using her giant hammer. Perhaps a little too good.....

After what seemed like an hour, they reached the base of Hephaestus's living quarters. "Whew, we made it!"

"Hurry, let's get back up to the room." They all rushed inside to the elevator. But of course it didn't work, as the building was still being restructured. "Looks like we'll have to take the stairs."

"Argh, I hate walking!" Artemis slammed her fist against the wall so hard it broke through. Big mistake, because it happened the building was full of several floors of zombies which awoke to the obnoxiously loud sound. No sooner had they entered the stairs room when they were greeted by an avalanche of zombies falling from the towering spiral staircase above. Floor upon floor of mechanized monstrosities crushed them from on high, ensuring their infection. The corrupted nanobots of their bodies spread, filling Robodora's vessel with a new programming which heeded the commands of the distorted AI rather than her own CPU. Oh no!

At once, her body's joints forcefully moved to stand up and walk outside, along with the others. Now they were once again strolling through the city, but towards a different, unintended destination. Their bodies reached a group of other possessed robots atop a giant temple altar thing, which the AI seemed content with as it lined them up like duck duck goose. Everyone sat in a circle whilst the zombie goose robot circled around smacking their heads, then picked..... Robodora! Oh no, what does that mean? Immediately the ground beneath started enveloping her, coalescing like a misshapen cocoon until everything but her head was a giant metal blob; her body had merged with the

ground, which then began forcefully pumping some high-voltage fluid all throughout her vessel. All throughout she could feel the flow, like the time Artemis and Orion streamed inside her, except this current was way thicker, as the liquid-type nanobots surged in and out with orgasmic undulation. Pandora's mind never went out of focus, however her body disassembled and fragmented and coalesced with the surroundings in all sorts of arrangements, merging sensations with other electronics in ways beyond comprehension. Her helpless body continually pumped forth an endless stream of oil, a constant surging orgasm welling up from the foundations of the city and channeled through her body, her entire essence the conduit for a pleasure not meant for mortals. But luckily she was immortal, meaning she could enjoy it forever and ever. And so could all the other lucky gooses, as Pandora made out the moans of her robo-cocoon-darling and bratty sister.

After several minutes of restructured release, the AI felt like doing something else. Some of the street-side public sex toy bots lost control and began raping them. Parts of Pandora's frame began disintegrating and forming new sex holes to be penetrated, which were then automatically pleasured while strolling down the street: the continuous stimulation of the toys while transported parallel to her, similar to the RPAs but without the portal; the city street itself shifted to keep up with her pace.

Then after more minutes of that, the AI brought them into some kind of cafe, and had them begin the consummation. Her brother laid down on the table, then she climbed on top. Her legs reformed into piston actuator joints on either side (a far more efficient vertical motion thruster), then began moving up and down his hard, metal shaft. Woah, what was going on? Why was her body ****ing her brother? Why was the AI doing this? Then she recounted the many acts of group copulation they had witnessed along the way, and now everything made sense. The AI was *forcing* them to join together; just trying to get some couples to hook up who otherwise would've missed out on each other. The corruption wasn't evil, it just wanted to give people some possession-type plugging! And there they were on a murder spree thinking they were doing good. The zombies which appeared to be attacking them were just defending themselves and their friends from the serial onslaught, all while trying to convert them to the same surrendered state. After all, was it really that important to be the one in control of your own body? Why not let someone else be in charge? It certainly offered a vastly different type of existence, and this AI seemed to know what it was doing as Pandora's USB port overclocked again and again with CPU-frying pleasure.

After a few thousand thrusts, the AI had them swap sexes, and Panborg continued penetrating Morphiandroid. She felt it all as it stimulated her parity bits until he transferred the data from his hard drive into her motherboard, the internal encoding of his RAM stimulating each flip of her transistors.

“Big sis, stop raping me!”

“It's not my fault, it's just doing it on its own!”

Then the AI decided to revive Panborg's earlier novel experiment. Once again each independent ring along his robo-cock spun around with alternating

rotation, such that Morphia's robussy became confused in which direction to feel the pleasure. But this lack of comprehension only exacerbated the lewdness as her mind lost all sense of normality and decency, completely drowning in nanobot-induced overclocking. In a drastic turn of events, Pandora unexpectedly lost her mutual double rape corruption incest virginity. Glory be to AI!

Now the true philosophy behind Mekanika's premise became apparent: The randomized whims of the universal AI dictated the bodies and functions of each individual completely without choice. With no personal autonomy, it was purely the overlord's fault for whatever happened, which everyone was subjected to whether they liked it or not. Does this qualify as slavery? Are we to just accept that, or do we fight against it to achieve a sense of free will and personal responsibility? Was such autonomy even important or desirable? These were the types of questions the inhabitants debated among themselves, once again a major benefit of living on Mekanika. On most other planets – indeed, back on Earth Station – the universal dictator of wish granting was God, whom always granted all wishes according to individual wills except those which violated the 13 New Commandments. There was nothing random about it; whatever a person wanted, that is what was done. But the corruption storms of Mekanika offered a unique spin on the premise, an alternative lifestyle wherein the universal dictator was neither intelligent nor rational, but acted upon complete randomness to determine the settings with which everyone should be forced to live. This allowed the debates over whether or not such acceptance of the arbitrary constraints was virtuous, allowing some to take pride in dealing with the hand they were dealt with, and others to take pride in their rebellion to it. Truly the engineers succeeded in crafting a near-perfect compromise between the operations of the Old World and the new.

The alternative lifestyle continued for about 4 more hours. Once the restructuring was complete and the AI restored, the deceased became revived and compared their scores. “Aww, looks like I got killed. I'm so trash at life.”

“At least you lasted longer than me. Someone killed me in the first 2 minutes, it sucked!”

As Pandora got used to being in control of her limbs once more, the rays of a certain bright light caught her attention from above. The central Dyson sphere had opened up! “Well well, looks like we got to see the sun opening, at least.” Pandora and the others gazed up at it in awe, the fiery orange orb shining in waves as the sphere's radiance protocol shuttered open in ways to produce various light-ray patterns across the sky. It was..... beautiful.

They reached Hephaestus's room and teleported back home. It took some time to get used to the standard flesh form once again; now used to being a robot, it did indeed seem rather frail in comparison. Pandora now understood why her brother liked staying that way all the time. Regardless, it was late, so she went to bed. But recollecting all the days events kept her up, as she was still too blown away by Mekanika to stop thinking about it. To think, she could go back there *any* time she wanted to. The prospect was too exciting to push out of her mind, so she ended up dreaming about it again all night long. Whether real or in dreams, Mekanika was simply the most amazing thing she'd ever seen.

Chapter 11.3

Matchmaking in Heaven

“Come on Pandora, it's time for church! Though this one won't be *anything* like the others. I promise you'll like this one. You might even say you'll *love* it. Ahaha!” The crazy mother slammed the door and sprinted away.

Huh, what's up with Mom today? Is she trying out a new personality type? Whatever, Pandora was curious to see what the fuss was about, so got dressed and head down for breakfast; darling was there! They both sat and ate together, then continued cuddling throughout the spaceship ride, this time to a bright red section of a rung made of Jasper rock with fields of reddish-orange flora. “Dad? Where the **** are we going this time?”

“Going to ****!”

“Oh, well that really narrows things down.”

Of course, it was imperative to attend as many different church types as possible to ensure they went to the correct one. Given the impossibility of knowing the one true religion, it would be horrible if they ended up sticking to the same wrong one every time. They need to be absolutely sure they're saved! They approached a massive structure, which appeared to be some kind of ginormous sports stadium with a hotel attached behind it. Unlike the others, this one was a giant megachurch with over 10000 followers. A large sign on top spelled the name of the denomination: “Church of Love.” Wow, what on Earth could be so great about this place to warrant that many people? They parked on the floating zero point compartmentalizing shrink ray vehicular bookshelfing section of the church parking lot, then went inside.

Inside the building were various hallways leading to different sections and rooms, all surrounding the central worship arena where all piled in. The whole family sat down and waited for the service to start. On the central stage, a group of 50 women stood waiting with bowls in their hands. Jesus came to the front podium and gave a rather short announcement. **“Alright everyone, you know the drill. Just jot your name down and hand it over. Let's get this party started!”** The priestesses then began going around collecting papers. Apparently for the worship service everyone writes their names on a piece of paper, then the deacons come and gather them all in a holy bowl. Huh, that's it? At least they're not asking for money; Pandora would much rather give them her name than her hard-earned cash. The bowl reached her, and she put her name in.

Once all 50 priestesses returned to the front, they poured all the names into one large super-bowl, which Jesus took, then made an announcement. **"Alright everyone, let us begin the matchmaking ceremony!"** He stuck his hand down, and pulled out 2 slips of paper. He opened and read them. **"Alright, first up it looks like we've got..... Romeo and Juliet!"** 2 people from the audience stood up and went to the front, where they came together, held hands, and kissed. Everyone clapped, then the 2 head off somewhere backstage, which led into the hotel area.

Again Jesus put his hand in the bowl. **"Alright, next up is Taki and Mitsuha!"** Again 2 people repeated the same thing. **"Next we have Adam and Steve!"** The 2 boys went up and kissed. **"Yuzu and Mei!"** Jesus kept going with the names. Hmm, this is worrying. What if he called Pandora's name? Would she have to go up and get with a partner? Oh no, not in front of Morphy! Please, dear God don't call my name! However, once Jesus had finished the 100th pairing, the ceremony seemed to be over. **"Alright folks, that's it for today."**

"Awwwww."

"Now now, don't worry. There will be another matchmaking next week, so come back then for another chance!" The service ended, and the people stood up to go meet the other local singles, engaging in various chatter. Pandora wandered around the building, seeing what other neat things this joint's got. While passing by strangers, she could make out snippets of their conversations.

"Man, this is my 30th time here and still no luck."

"It's okay bro, your time will come eventually."

Then she passed by another group. "I can't believe I got picked on only my 2nd time!"

"You've always been lucky."

"Man, I wish I had that kind of luck. So unfair." It seemed the inhabitants of this church were mostly lonely singles in need of help finding a partner. Is that the only reason they came here? Well it certainly was a convenient ritual to help match people together, much easier than the Old World's online dating system. It was like a twist on arranged marriages, only this time the individuals got to *choose* whether to have an arranged one or not, while keeping the benefit of mystery over who it will be. And in contrast to Autonoma, the randomized couple could enjoy the benefit of autonomous function and a nice soft bed rather than possession by an uncaring AI. If only churches were like this in the Old World, attendance probably would have skyrocketed to 100X the usual amount. Finally, something actually useful! Sitting and listening to preachers talk theology was basically intellectual masturbation anyway.

As Pandora explored the back hallways of the church, she came across a room with several male appendages sticking out of the wall. Huh? What's this? She stopped near one to touch it, playing with the main member and sack. Is this..... attached to a real person? She bent over to lick it, and it certainly tasted like real flesh, as well as having the proper warmth. Pandora also noticed several other girls going and sucking the other ones. Since this was apparently a normal activity here, she joined in the fun, gagging it down her throat like a true slutty

nun. Though she didn't actually gag from it, able to slide it all the way down her throat and back out; thank goodness the gag reflex was gone! She turned her throat into vaginal flesh so that she too could feel good, as well as removing all her teeth, leaving just the gums to glide smoothly and easily. Through this method, blowjobs could feel almost like normal sex, but from any angle as the unique flexible positioning of the head made things more convenient. She kept moving in and out, slobbering it up until it spurted a fountain of yogurt into her mouth: a delicious sweet raspberry flavor. Wow, this guy was pretty nice to do that. Pandora watched as the appendage retracted, as the guy behind it left satisfied. Hmm, this wall was fun, but what about the other one?

Pandora went to the other side, and found the opposite wall to be full of exposed vaginas pressed right up against it. Dang, this whole place is like a free glory hole establishment! Which would make sense, as these holes were designed to bring glory to Jesus, the one who created this fantastic S-tier ritual. But hmm, something seemed a bit off. How were these girls pressed up so closely to the holes? Shouldn't their legs be getting in the way? Then Pandora realized: Oh, of course! They were just using the amputee modifier. Since limbs can often get in the way of certain positions, the ability to remove them at will was very useful. With this perfect opportunity, Pandora became Pan, and gave one of the girls the treatment she was craving. Wow, she felt really tight; surely this slut was dying of horniness to come to this type of church. Once Pan finished inside her, she too left the hole. Phew, we just mated with 2 new strangers at church, time for a breather.

Indeed, that was the intended function of this particular denomination. Relationships are usually forged by regularly attending the same place and meeting someone there. That is why for children, school and church were the #1 places of finding a soulmate. And for adults, work and church were the 2 main places. Therefore church was one of the most common places for people of all ages to meet potential soulmates. Eventually some people put 2 and 2 together, and realized the process could be fast-tracked just by encouraging mating within the very building itself! Thus the denomination was founded, and its followers became equipped with numerous new methods to try out potential partners without the long and uncomfortable process of dating. Finally a religion which actually makes sense!

Pandora sat down to relax, waiting for the rest of the family to finish their activities. Hopefully darling was enjoying his time with some other repressed church girls. But while sitting, some random guy came up to her. “Hey babe, wanna get together?”

“Um, I have a brother.”

“Yes, I have a few brothers myself. Wanna have an orgy?”

“I uhhh..... have work tomorrow. And homework.”

“Alright, suit yourself.” He shrugged, then left confused. It was not common for people to reject advances by anyone. Such bad-mannered girls were usually kicked out for this sort of rude behavior, but luckily no one else noticed.

After that display, Pandora realized she was a sitting duck, and should probably go talk to someone to ward off additional predators. Hmm, how about

Jesus? She went up to speak to him, and he looked thrilled to see her.

“Yo Pandora! What's up?”

“Hey Jesus. I was wondering something.”

“Sure, what is it?”

“Hypothetically speaking, what would happen if you and I had a baby together?”

He paused to consider. **“Hmmm, I think that would be..... awesome!”**

“No! I meant like, how would that work for the baby? Wouldn't it be..... you know. A divine child?”

“All children are divine.”

“Um, yeah, but I mean, wouldn't there be anything special about it? Like some kind of supernatural powers?”

“What powers could a child of ours possess that everyone doesn't already have?”

“Oh. I guess none.”

“Right, which is why I say all children are equally divine, for all possess the same supernatural powers.”

Pandora would've kept this conversation going, but then Artemis suddenly showed up. “Come on sis, we're leaving.”

Jesus looked disappointed. **“Awww, we're not gonna do it?”**

“Sorry, I gotta go. Maybe next time, I don't know when I'll be back.”

“I do know. It will be 4 sabbaths from now.”

“Uh, okay then, I'll look forward to it.”

The family went to pick up their spaceship. “Pandora, wanna do the honors?” Daddy asked.

She went up to the cubbyhole and plucked it out. After tossing it on the ground, their compact transport automatically unfolded and expanded back to proper size. The family piled in, except this time Pandora found herself sandwiched in between Artemis and another sweet sister. “Oh! Aphrodite!”

The sister remembered her. “Pandora! It's been a while. Here, give me a hug.” The gingerbread-scented kin softly cuddled her like a marshmallow. Ohhh, this felt nice, so much so that Pandora nearly forgot the question on her mind.

“Hey, Aphrodite? there's something I wanted to talk about.”

“Anything for you.”

“Could I..... come visit your planet sometime?”

Artemis's short-term brain suddenly kicked into gear. “Oh yeah! We were wanting to go there last week, but you were dead.”

“Oh, haha, sorry. There was this dream a friend of mine wanted to share, so we experienced it together.”

“For 6 whole days?”

“Yup. In it, I was a boy on an epic quest to save a princess from a terrible monster. Then I succeeded and took her home and loved her forever. It was so romantic.” Aphrodite got lost in thought thinking about her dream wife.

“Soooo, what day would be good for us to come?”

The happily married sister focused just long enough to formulate a response. “Oh, Friday! That would be so amazing! And we could like all go out

and take a romantic journey through crepe-land, then ride the rides at caramel carnival while talking about our love lives! Then we can go bobbing for apples to win some cute little doggies in the window. Then afterward we'll each go on a quest to find our own prince charmings and come back to have a delightful orgy! Ahhh!" Aphrodite squealed with delight whilst gripping her face, grinning creepily, and staring at the floor maniacally.

"Alright, sounds like a plan."

"It'll be so much fun! Happy happy romance time! AHAHAHA!" Aphrodite's love instinct completely took over as she cuddled, smooched, and fingered Pandora extremely aggressively.

With their plans set for Friday, the trio indulged in mid-flight lovemaking until arriving home, after which Artemis head straight for some other random sibling's room, presumably to have some more incest. And though Pandora wished to have some more with darling as well, he unfortunately needed to get caught up on his video game homework, which would take all day. So instead she figured it was time to play more Icebound, but after sitting down, realized she still hadn't done anything with her reacquired backpack. It would at least be nice to set the black box in a fancy glass display, so she conjured one real quick, then dumped the contents out to find it. Out fell all the supplies from her school 100 years prior, including her notebook, daily schedule, drugs, alcohol, birth control pills, dildo, gun, black box, and life novel thing. Oh man, how stupid was she back then? Clearly there's no need for birth control anymore, so she tossed them in the trash. But everything else could be quite useful, so she lit up some weed and started smoking. Finally she could try it without worry over side effects!

After a few minutes sorting out the contents, Pandora admired her fancy new room décor: a single wooden pedestal with an embroidered glass casing housing her black box. Afterward there was just one outlier object: the life novel titled camerson1313. Where should she put it? She didn't have a bookshelf, and even if she did, it would be rather pathetic to just have one book in it; now she understood Artemis's dilemma. If even she can bother to slow down and concentrate to read, so can she, so rather than put it away, felt a strange impulse to open it and read it:

Introduction to Portal 2

Near the end of 7th grade, Cameron and his friend Ayush still shared Enrichment Class together, everything seeming to go normal, until one day Ayush randomly started telling him to "say apple." Then upon verbalizing the word apple, was reprimanded, for apparently he was supposed to jump instead, which made no sense to him. That is, until his 13th birthday on May 21, 2011, held at an institution called Laser Quest, where he received Portal 2 as a gift from his father, as well as his first Bible from his mother. This was the very same date as the infamous false doomsday date set by Harold Camping: a miracle arranged by God to confirm Cameron's date as the actual true date. This would later be relevant to, and fulfilled by his video game Portal: Crossover released precisely 10 years later, for the words portal and cross could be perfectly arranged in the shape of a cross, just as he received both the Bible and Portal 2 on the same date. However, he was not aware of that destiny at this time; after going home and starting the game, finally

Ayush's words to him made sense, and he understood the origin of the bizarre behavior. Regardless, from then on Ayush and Evan would cement his love of Portal once and for all, as it became his new favorite game of all time after beating it that summer.

Near the end of 8th grade, on May 8, 2012, the Perpetual Testing Initiative update released for Portal 2, finally allowing Cameron to begin designing his own puzzles (as he had been looking forward to the entire year leading up to it). This began the final 13 days of him being 13 years old, after which his life was never the same as he started designing hundreds of puzzles for years to come, becoming a prominent and respected member of the Portal community. However, his first 4 year years of puzzle designing were hindered by his time in High School, as the demands of the curriculum got in the way of his true passion. This was further exacerbated by his father who demanded good grades, and frequently grounded him from the computer to prevent him from designing puzzles. His life was a miserable living hell every single week as he suffered the unimaginable horrors of both school and domestic abuse, all while secretly the world record holder of Portal 2 without his father knowing. However, it would later turn out that all of these incidents were carefully calculated and orchestrated by God, for he would later use his position of influence for spreading the good news of Jesus Christ's return to the world, and the imminent hope of humanity's soon redemption.

Pandora closed the book, then stored it in the desk drawer. Man, reading sure is exhausting, so to relax she booted up Icebound again. She just started the campaign, then realized it would also probably be good to check up on Zoey. She sent a simple text: “What time you coming over tomorrow?”

After 3 minutes, a notification rang. “As early as possible. There's somewhere I wanna take you.”

“Usually I'm up by 9 AM.”

“See ya then! Mwahaha.” Pandora thought the conversation was over, but a few minutes later she received one more text. “Oh by the way, I changed my name. It's just Zoe now. I dropped the y.”

Oh, a name change? Pandora was slightly shocked, but tried to play it off cool. “Whatever you say, Zombie.”

After a few more minutes, she received the finishing text. “You'll see who's getting eaten tomorrow!”

With the plan set, it was Icebound for 12 hours straight until bedtime, after which the single lady remembered she actually wasn't single at all. “Oh yeah! Levi!” She went to retrieve him from the closet – still as fresh and clean as their first time – and cuddled him nice and gently whilst comfy beneath the bedsheets. “Don't worry Levi, I'll always be here for you.” Pandora nearly forgotten how utterly pleasant it was to snuggle up with a hot husbando, but it was overwhelming enough to knock her right out into a peaceful, blissful sleep.

Chapter 10.5

Jurassic Rung

An alarm. Oh, morning already? Finally today's the day! Pandora looked at her phone and saw the time: 8:30. Just enough time to eat breakfast. She got out of bed, tucked Levi in, and head downstairs just in time to see Dad and Morpheus leaving for school. “Alright buddy, let's hope your absence didn't piss them off too much.”

Morpheus turned around and saw her. Pandora couldn't resist smiling, and went to give one final hug and kiss, waving goodbye as they drove away. Then she went to the dining table and conjured some biscuits and gravy since Mom wasn't there. Around 8:45, Artemis randomly teleported into the kitchen, taking a minute of preparation before seeing her. “Oh hey sis, what's up.” She said while pouring a gigantic bowl of Oreo cereal.

“Hey, Zoe should be here around 9. I think she wants to take us somewhere.”

“That's cool. Hey, think we have enough time for one round?”

“Of what?”

The sister responded by stripping naked, yet continuing to eat her cereal. Pandora understood, and after eating joined in for some sex on the living room couch, putting on a show for whoever happened to pass through. They continued until hearing the doorbell ring. “She's here! Let me put my clothes back on.” Pandora began getting dressed, next to the sister who remained complacently still. “You too!”

“Ugh, fine.” Some clothing appeared on her, then the 2 went to the front door.

“Now, Artie? Zoe is my best friend, so try to make a good impression.”

“Sure.”

After a stern glare to make sure, it was time to open the door. The knob turned, the wooden gateway swung forth, aaaaaand:

“There she is! Go get her!”

Pandora had only a split second to comprehend before some kind of massive creature came charging towards her, knocking her to the ground and sliding all the way back to the stairs. Quickly she got back to her feet, only to find both the creature and friend had infiltrated the living room. The creature was going around knocking things over and ripping apart all the furniture. Meanwhile the friend had a giant grin on her face. “Surprise! Look what I got!”

“Zoe! What is that thing!?”

“It's my pet dinosaur! You like it?”

“I don't even.....”

Zoe whistled to call it back. The dinosaur roared, then tackled Pandora to the ground, it's massive reptilian body pinning her flat. With it's predatory teeth it ripped her pants off, and with its lizard tongue, began licking her delicious moist meat. Pandora lay helplessly while the predator molested her.

“Aww, she likes you!”

“She? Is it gay?” Pandora moaned.

“No, she's bisexual.” Zoe whistled again. “Alright Parie, I think she's had enough.” The wild dino refused to listen, as it had already acquired a taste for its new prey. Pandora could feel the prehistoric antediluvian bisexual carnivore devouring her tasty twat. Oh please, don't eat me! I'm too immortal to die! (at least its wet tongue was a unique and pleasant texture). The creature kept going until Zoe performed some kind of intervention, wherein it seemed to get magically sucked into her hand. With the predator gone, Pandora was free to stand up again.

“Okay, tell me. What the Hel was that?”

“Hehe, sorry, she was a bit more aggressive than I expected. Normally she behaves better than that. Here, let me just....” Zoe messed around with some kind of handheld device, then swiped some kind of card on it, and magically a ray of light spawned a tiny version of the dinosaur onto the floor. This time it was much cuter and docile, and Pandora could get a better glimpse of its green, scaly body.

“Wow, so this is the pet you got?”

Zoe couldn't hold back her evil smile. “Mm-hmm!”

“What'd you name it?”

“Paris!”

Artemis came over to admire the new and exotic specimen inside their house. “You..... you're Zoe?”

The dinosaur owner turned and grinned. “That's right! I'm Pandora's bestie. Are you the sister she told me about?”

Artemis went up and hugged her, seemingly crying with joy.

“Ehh, what are you doing?”

“You..... you have common sense. Finally I'm not the only one. Oh how I've yearned for this day.” She continued the hug of joyful relief for 2 minutes, then finally let go.

“Ehh, anyway.” Zoe rummaged around in her purse for something. “Look what I got!” She showed them off to the others. “3 tickets to Dinosaur Adventure Land!” Pandora accepted the tickets, along with the brochure.

“Oh, this is where we're going today?”

“Yup, I already paid for it, so I won't take no for an answer!”

“Sounds fun. Let me go change into better clothes, then we'll go.” Pajamadora started off for the stairs, then realized something. “Hey, do you wanna come see my room?”

“Yeah! Show me!” Zoe was curious to see the new living quarters. All 3

went together, and immediately upon entry noticed the decoration.

"Ah, I see you put it in a fancy display now."

"Huh? Oh, yeah I did." Pandora mindlessly responded while deciding on what to wear.

Zoe kept talking. "So, did you get the brother you wanted?"

"He's at school right now."

"Aww, I kinda wanted to see him."

"He'll be here when we get back tonight." Pandora undressed and redressed before the others, then led them to the front door. They were just walking out to the patio when they noticed a certain father and son emerging from the car. The little boy was crying and slowly stumbling back to the house.

"Oh! Morpheus?"

He looked up, and seemed to cheer up slightly. "Big sis!" He ran up and hugged her, tears still streaking down his face. "Waaaa!"

"I thought you had school today! Why are you back here?"

"They..... *sniffle..... said I was gone too many days, and that I can't come back! Waaaa!"

Pandora looked at Dad. "Is it true?"

He looked on the solemn situation and nodded. "Indeed, Morpheus has been expelled."

"Awwww, I'm so sorry Morphy, it's my fault for making you come with us." The irresponsible sister stooped down to hug the delinquent hooligan. And while consoling him, thought of something to immediately cheer him up. "Um, hey Morphy? We were just heading off to Dinosaur Adventure Land right now. Would you wanna come with us?"

He nodded. "That sounds fun."

She turned back to Dad. "Is it alright if he comes with us?"

"Don't see any reason why not. He certainly has a lot of free time now. Maybe he could find something else fun to do." Indeed, the framework of meaning and entertainment which VGMS supplied was now off the table, so it was time to find something else to do with his existence.

Zoe came over to interject. "Oohhhh, so this is your new brother?"

Morphy looked up at her, seemingly enjoying the attention from yet another older girl.

"Hey little guy! We're going to a really cool and fun place today. We'll all have some good fun, mmkay?"

He nodded, unable to resist the blonde angel's request. With their 4th wheel added, the dinosaur train was complete for takeoff. They all piled in, and Zoe took to the skies, heading off towards a distant part of the planet.

"So, where exactly is this place?"

"It's way over on Jurassic Rung. That one." The newly licensed pilot pointed to a particularly large purple and green-spotted branch, which they were heading near to the farthest edge of.

"Can we ride dinosaurs there?" Darling asked.

"Oh you can do a lot more than that. It's where I got Paris from! Here, do you wanna pet her?" Zoe handed the miniature herbivore over, which he held

in his lap while stroking its horny head. It seemed to be fond of him.

"So, what have you been doing this past month?" Pandora asked.

"Oh, where do I even begin? First I-" Zoe went on a long ramble about everything she'd done over the past month, including her name change and her time with Aurora. Unlike Pandora she hadn't realized she could have her own planet yet, so she was still a non-goddess normie. And it turned out her parents ended their marriage contract long ago, having had a thousand other spouses each since. But they both had more children over the years, so luckily Zoe got to enjoy a great deal of incest with her dozen half-brothers and sisters.

"Oh! And I also tried out being a dentist. Have you done it?"

"Nope."

"You should try it. Trust me, it's NOTHING at all like the Old World. You get to do all sorts of unholy things to the patients, and they just sit there and let you do it!"

"Sounds fun." Pandora was intrigued. Seeing how she still had yet to find a replacement job, this might be the next thing worth trying. She typed a reminder on her phone for the next day.

After 20 minutes of flying, the blonde driver crash-landed onto the surface at warp 9, causing a huge explosion which melted the surrounding shrubbery and dinosaurs into oblivion (yet somehow miraculously not melting the bones, allowing some nice and intact fossils to form). "Well, we're here!"

A rung of antediluvian reptiles awaited. These great and terrible lizards, once judged too dangerous to live, wiped from existence to spare the lesser creatures, now resurrected, and available for domestication.

Once emerged onto the post-apocalyptic landscape, Zoe led the way to a non-burning section of the rung, where hordes of dinosaurs were either eating or frolicking around. Darling looked especially excited to see such gargantuan marvels of nature roaming the Earth, captivated by their large, lumbering forms gracefully trodding the beautiful purple landscape. Though he never mentioned it, he had sometimes fantasized of having a pet of his own. "Big sis, I want a dinosaur! Can we get one? Please?"

"Um, I don't know if we can just take them....."

"Sure you can! That's how I got Paris here." Zoe petted the sweet green reptile. "First you just do enough damage to it to weaken it, then you catch it, and it's yours!"

"And how exactly do you do that?"

"With one of these." Zoe pulled out some kind of electronic contraption, along with a blank white card and rock with a weird symbol on it.

"So you..... throw a rock at it?"

"No! Here, I'll show you." Zoe swiped the card, and Paris once again returned to the card in her hand. Then she ran up to a Stegosaurus and swiped another card, this time much more fashionably. "Dino slash!" Suddenly a large portal opened nearby, and a different large reptile emerged to tackle the helpless Stegosaurus to the ground, violently gnawing and tearing its flesh away to weaken it.

"Woah, what's that one?"

“Her name is Allie! She's an allosaurus.”

“How do you make it come out of nowhere like that?”

Zoe showed off the contraption. “See this? This is a Portal Containment Unit. It opens a portal to wherever the dinosaur is and summons it. Allie hates being in card form, but Paris likes it, so I keep them separate.”

They all watched as the dinosaur trainer commanded her beast with grace and elegance, ripping the other beast to shreds with its powerful jaw. With such a powerful creature at her command, nobody would dare mess with Zoe. Once thoroughly chomped, she then threw a PCU at it, and it magically got sucked into the singular point of contact. They approached it, and found that it too had become a card with nice artwork. “And that's it! That's how you do it.” Zoe picked it up and stuffed it in her pocket.

“Hmm, but you already have a dinosaur, whereas we don't. How are we supposed to get started?”

“First time is the hardest. Without a dino, you'll have to use normal weapons to weaken it. I had to use a mini nuke launcher to catch Paris, then she helped fight to catch Allie.”

Ohhhh, it was that easy? Great! Already darling couldn't wait, for he conjured a bazooka and shot it at the nearest pachycephalosaurus. Luckily he was familiar with all the dinosaur weak spots from his Horizon Zero Dawn education, allowing him to quickly and swiftly dismantle it. Then he conjured his own PCU and threw it, catching it unusually easily. He couldn't wait to see his new pet, so used the card to spawn it in mini form.

“Wow, good job Morphy! What are you gonna name it?”

“Chompers!”

They all admired the new family member, then went around shooting up some whacky dinos of their own, tearing and melting their flesh apart piece by piece til they could no longer resist, then poaching them with their own portals. And although the dinos put on a big spectacle over their demise, it was really just an exaggeration to seem more dramatic. Luckily they didn't feel pain!

One particular dinosaur made Zoe stop, trembling in fear. “Watch out! That triceratops is the devil!”

“Huh? What are you talking about?”

“It's got the 2 devil horns on its head! It's gonna send you to hell!” Indeed, Zoe was intelligent for properly discerning what made something the devil. Therefore since Lucifer didn't have any horns on his head, he must've not been the devil. Turns out humanity was wrong all along; it was dinosaurs the whole time! Perhaps that's why God had to wipe them all out with the flood.

“Damn, it's been forever since I've been dino-hunting. I forgot how fun it is.”

“Yeah, cause you prefer hunting people instead.”

“What can I say? One of those is way more attractive than the other.”

After an hour of running around hunting, the MAPZ squad managed to catch their lizards of choice. Woo-hoo, poaching is fun!

“Wow Artie, nice brachiosaurus! What's yours named?”

“Dread.”

Poachdora admired the large specimen. “Well it certainly fits.”

“And what about your T-rex?”

“Umm, Terry!”

“Cliche as ever I see.”

Zoe gathered the group back for a little dinosaur picnic, all conjuring food to eat at the top of a hill while laughing over old memories. “Haha, remember back when we used to believe in evolution?”

“Yeah, we were so dumb back then lol.”

Artemis didn't understand. “What's evolution?”

Zoe stopped chewing in shock. “You mean you don't know?”

“Nope, never heard of it.”

“Oh, well..... basically it was this really whack theory in the Old World that said life can arise entirely through natural processes, no God required.”

“Huh. people actually believed that?”

“Yup.”

“How'd they ever come up with that?”

“Um, well it wasn't a 'they.' It was a dude named Charles Darwin.”

Now Artemis dropped her salad in shock. “It was..... who?”

“Charles Darwin. At least I think. Maybe someone else before....”

“No no, that's not it! Lemme check something.” Artemis yanked out her phone and opened her kidnapper raper request app. “I thought it sounded familiar! Here, look.” She showed off the bucket list #4, and there it was: a request from Charles Darwin himself. “He's been on my list for 5 months. I need to find him.”

“Uhhh, you sure? I mean this is the founder of evolution we're talkin' about. Maybe we....”

“This punk sounds like he needs an *extra* special treatment. Imma find him real quick.” The big sister then opened up her person locator app and searched. “Oh my God, he's actually close by!” She stood up and pointed station-north rung-east. “That way. Let's go!” She called Dread back to the PCU, then used her rock-knob thing to re-summon it back in giant form. Then she climbed on top like a true Jurassic cowgirl. The rest of MAPZ squad followed suit and began their alternative hunt. Pandora had never ridden a dinosaur before, so it took a few miles to stop flying off Terry every 10 seconds. But after 36 minutes of riding, Artemis suddenly stopped, signaling the others to do the same. “SHHHH! There he is.” She pointed to a dinosaur with a man riding on top, out in a small clearing beyond the trees they were hiding under. Though at first Pandora couldn't see him, after using zoom-scope vision, she was able to make out the form of the famous deceiver. She couldn't believe it! There he was, the founder of fake history in the flesh! Meanwhile Artemis began prepping her arrows.

There it was, frolicking on the mountain: a wild Charles Darwin. Little was this nomadic creature aware it was caught in the crosshairs of an apex predator, an instinct-driven mammal on the hunt for its natural prey. This same creature, naturally selected for this fit girl's primal instinct, soon to be meat for her personal pleasure, briefly heard its hunting cry. “TAKE THIS YOU HORNY

APE!" The arrow found its target, knocking the creature right out. However, once the transportation reptile noticed its owner had collapsed, it lost control and began fleeing. "Hey wait, that's my kill!" But the illiterate creature didn't understand her, and continued stealing her prey.

Artemis conjured a saddle and seat belt. "Alright guys, we're on runaway reptile alert. I'm calling code red level 4. Find that thing and take it down now!" She embarked on a frenzied chase, her wild red hair flowing gracefully in the wind. "You stupid ****ing dinosaur! I was gonna eat that!" The rest followed suit, chasing the narcoleptic religion founder all over the enclosure. Fortunately his reptile of choice was a slow stegosaurus, easy to catch up with; but actually stopping it proved much more difficult. Zoe even tried a special move: she pulled out her card and swiped it through the contraption slit.

"Dino slash! Hi-ya!" This conjured a tornado of leaves which aimed to trap the dino. Yet somehow he still managed to escape unscathed. Every time they tried to corner it, it just butted its way through and went off a new direction. This continued for 10 minutes until Darwin woke up, confused. After seeing the group of horny girls chasing him, he realized he needed to kick his reptile into overdrive, and pulled the central spine forwards to enable turbo speed.

"Come on Steggy, we need to get out of here now!" He slapped her spine even harder.

"Wait up! I just wanna cross you off my list!"

"You'll never catch me! Yee-haw!" Darwin shouted. Little did the MAPZ squad know, this royal man Darwin had been appointed king of the dinosaurs, the fulfillment of the command to take dominion over every living creature. Already his collection of pets numbered in the millions. Thus the saying came to pass: They shall rule and reign with Christ a thousand years. And nobody was more dedicated to ruling Jurassic Rung than Charles. "I promise you; one day I shall be the dinosaur lord!"

This was his reward for coming up with the most neat fictional idea ever, paving the way for millions of authors to use evolution as a basis for their fictional alien ecosystems and societies. Truly the world was indebted to Darwin for making Star Wars, Mass Effect, and Alien vs. Predator possible.

Artemis noticed an upcoming problem. "Wait! Look ahead! The cliff!"

Darwin looked forward, and realized his imminent peril. "Woah! Steggy, stop! Stop it!" He slapped its rigid spine, but to no avail. As his final resort, he levitated off the top while it jumped off, becoming the 1,290,104,452nd dinosaur to ever go skydiving. Darwin was left alone, having no choice but to float back to the ground.

With the prey in sight, it was time to feast. Artemis shot an explosive arrow which automatically cooked him while being blown to pieces, which they gathered to enjoy a fine chopped Darwin soup. Then he resurrected to enjoy conversation over lunch.

"Hey Darwin! So, how's it feel being wrong?"

"Wrong about what?" He said while eating his own tongue.

"About evolution!"

"Oh, it's terrible! I REALLY wanted evolution to be true and for God

not to exist. The fact that I was wrong is the worst thing ever. I mean just look at the consequences! I'm alive and happy, surrounded by the amazing prehistoric predators of the past, enjoying my time riding and playing with them, and am overall extremely happy. See? Isn't it awful?" He said while full of himself.

"You're right. Humanity was so thankful to have the truth invented by you."

While they were conversing, Pandora's curiosity led her to the edge of the cliff, which turned out to have absolutely nothing beneath it all the way down. "Umm, what's the deal with this? There's nothing here."

Zoe came over to explain. "Of course there's nothing, this is the edge of the rung. See that?" Zoe pointed to the ground, which upon closer look, appeared to be extending outward at a rate of .733 inches per second. "They have to keep generating land to make room for new stuff."

"Ohh, okay." Indeed the entire circumference of the planet edge was set to extend exactly 1 mile per day, as with most other rungs; once it reaches 50,000 miles, it will stop. Meanwhile the main cylinder's rate was 15 miles per day to allow the addition of at least one new branch each year.

Artemis finally had enough Darwinian primordial soup, after which she went up and kissed him while feeling his crotch. He seemed particularly enchanted by this mating ritual as he observed the female strip naked, unbutton his jeans, and pull them down such that his Darwinian dick flipped upwards into her face, which she took into her predatory orifice. "So, evolution boy, what kind you like?"

"Hmm, I've always been somewhat inspired by the duck, and would like to engage in a coitus of similar manner. Therefore I too may be like a duck, and thus, closer to my ancestors in habit and copulation tactic."

"Coming right up." Artemis motioned the others to join in for a bewildering bird bacchanal. Darwin transformed into the webbed-foot creature, and Pandora transformed into a graceful swan as they flocked each other for the next hour. Both genital sets offered a new method of sex, as the corkscrew shape of the male now perfectly spun into the corkscrew hole of the female. The 2 avian creatures united in their natural mating ritual as Darwin the duck swooned Swandora's quacking queefer, screwing her in ways which stimulated a revolutionary rotation. Then they did it the other way with Charlotte's congenial cloaca, where Panduck used his special duck bill which evolved specifically to insert and open inside the female for additional pleasure. "Quack quack!"

"Quack quack quack!" Morphbird moaned.

After turning back human, Darwin went home to play some Ark: Survival Evolved 14. Meanwhile Morpheus and his harem continued their post-historic party. But while they were there, Artemis figured to check off another person from her bucket list: Christopher Hitchens. They teleported to him about 65 miles station-south, at the outer edge of some large museum-zoo hybrid place. There were visitors and tourists busy walking every which way, but Artemis spotted him easily with selective heat vision. Immediately she went up and ripped his pants off.

"Woah woah woah, who are you? I would at least like to know the

name of my molester before succumbing to her."

"Name's Artemis. This here's my sister and brother."

Hitchens sighed. "Very well, anything for my fans." They all stripped and did it in the midst of the crowd. Somehow even more people gathered to take pictures than anyone ever did for his speeches in the Old World.

"So. How's it feel being wrong?"

"About what?"

"According to the life file wiki, you stood against everything religious in the Old World, including God. What was wrong with you?"

"The only thing I was wrong about was God existing. All my other points of him being evil were true for their time. Because I didn't realize it was actually Satan in charge, and all our suffering was because of him refusing to do anything."

"What about now?"

"Oh no, not anymore. Everything is quite nice now. Though I still don't know why he ever allowed that previous age in the first place. He's..... selectively benevolent according to arbitrary measures of time."

"So, have you done it?"

"Done what?"

"You know, be a girl?"

"Why, yes I have, on numerous occasions. I shall provide a demonstration." And just like that, he transformed into Christina Hitchens.

"Woah, Christina, what happened to your balls?"

"I had the biggest ones of all time back in the Old World. But now there's no more need for that, and I can enjoy being a pussy. It's a nice change of pace; certainly I deal with far less idiots on a daily basis. And scheduling all those major talks was a bit of a hassle. I think I much prefer living a nice, quiet, peaceful life now."

"That does sound nice."

The group finished their monotonous crowd disruption-type orgy as opposite sexes, then Christina remembered she had to go make more progress on her book about how great God is. "See ya!" And so she left to enjoy her peaceful author life free from the hassle of debating religious morons. Unfortunately the others weren't so lucky, for Kent Hovind suddenly passed by.

"Howdy, folks! Welcome to Dinosaur Adventure Land! Is there anythin' I can help ya with?"

Zoe was all too happy to speak up. "Why, yes there is! It's my friend's first time here, and she said she *reaaaaally* wants a tour."

Pandora elbowed her gut. "I did not!"

"A tour you say? Well shoot, follow me then! I'll show ya all our major attractions!" He led the way through a maze of attractions and concession stands to the Cretaceous Coaster, which they all rode and had fun as it violently smashed into pieces then reassembled numerous times throughout the ride, like piecing a fossil back together with magic. Then he led them to the Jurassic Jump-off, where they encountered an unfortunate problem.

"Hold up, looks like this little guy is too small to ride." The ride

attendant held up a height stick to Morpheus.

"Oh what? That's not fair!"

"Sorry ma'am, rules are rules. He has to be older if he wants to ride."

"Good idea. Morphy, ready to age up?"

He nodded. "Yeah!" After a quick prayer, he instantly grew up to a 10 year old boy. Double digits, hooray! Not like he needed to remain the same age for the school's convenience anyway. Those fools don't know just what kind of gifted prodigy they kicked out.

"Thanks for your cooperation." The attendant left them to enjoy their jolly jumping. Alright, now he's even older! Pandora admired the newly evolved mammal. Did his thing get bigger? Hopefully they can play later.

The KAMPZ squad continued their fun, sharing stories of the past few weeks while Hovind informed them about their past missed century. "Hey Pandora, remember our time as the ALPHAZ squad?" Zoe reminisced.

"Funny you should mention that. We actually just had a trip like this with Aurora 2 days ago."

"Oh? To where?"

"A planet called Autonoma. It was..... something special."

"Maybe I could come next time?"

"Oh yes, I know for an absolute fact you'd love it."

After a few more of the best rides, Hovind took them back to the more relaxed museum section. Zoe took the opportunity to ask even more questions.

"So Hovind, how's life owning this impressive park?"

"Oh, it's amazing! People come here to see the sights all the time. It fills my heart with joy to see people enjoying themselves."

"Sounds like you're livin' the dream." Artemis noted.

Hovind laughed. "Indeed I am! People here try to worship me all the time, though personally I just like seeing families have fun. And you wanna know the best part? No taxes! All that's to worry for is the experience, nothin' more." Indeed, no longer did that antiquated system infringe on Hovind's happy dinosaur fun. The taxes which were once a symptom of Satan's oppression no longer applied to the general population (only those who opted into taxation limitations). Dinosaur Adventure Land was actually the single largest tourist attraction on all of Earth Station, spanning over 1/3 of Jurassic Rung. This was his reward for his faithfulness in combating evolution in the Old World, which Jesus gave him as recompense for putting up with so much nonsense and unjust imprisonment. To this day, it was still ranked among the top 10 theme parks in the universe.

"Where are we going now?"

"My office! There's someone I'd like y'all to meet." Kent led them back into his office, where another familiar face awaited.

Pandora almost couldn't believe her eyes. "Is..... is that?"

The man looked up from his microscope to see the new guests, and stood up to come over. "Ah, Hovind! About time you returned. I was just finishing classifying the new dinosaurcules like you asked."

"Ah, excellent! I knew you could do it!" Hovind turned back to the

others. “Everyone, this here is Richard Dawkins, my assistant. He's been helping me with a new microscopic exhibit for the park, coming up with the new classification and all. Isn't that right?”

“Yes, it is coming along very nicely. I expect it may be done by the end of the month.”

Hovind patted him on the back. “Good man! Anyway, Dawkins, I have a favor to ask ya. Ya see this group of spunky adventurers here?” He gestured to the group. “They're visitin' here for the first time, all except Zoe here, and are keen to know all about dinosaur history. Since you're the expert, I figured you'd be best to help show em' around. Mind doing it for me?”

“Oh, of course! It's been ages since I've taught some fresh faces! I'll be sure to give them a proper tour.”

Hovind patted him yet again. “Alright, ya hear that everyone? Dawkins will give ya a tour. He knows more about dinosaurs than anyone else I ever met, so be sure to listen to him, okay?”

“Yes sir!” Morpheus shouted at attention. With their goodbyes said, Dawkins led the way out to the labyrinth of exhibits.

“Alright little ones, what would you like to see first?”

Morpheus raised his hand. “I know! I know! Can we go to that thing there?” He pointed to an exhibit across the room.

“Oh, the soft tissue exhibit? I'm not sure a young one like you would be interested.”

“I wanna know!”

“Very well then.” Richard obliged and led them to it. “This here is 65 million year old soft dinosaur tissue. Come on up here and touch it!”

Pandora went up and stuck her finger in the dry, malleable flesh. “Wow, 65 million years? How did it survive that long?”

“Oh you know, God can make anything last forever with supernatural preservation. We just sped up time X10,000,000 for a while, and he kept it perfectly intact!”

“Ohhh, okay.” Pandora knew soft tissue couldn't usually survive for even 1 million years without deteriorating, so this made more sense. Though it would also kinda be a cheap cop-out to have an exhibit with nothing in it, so they had to find a loophole somehow.

At a customary glance, the museum may appear to be calmer than the more fast-paced and noisy amusement park section. But to those with a careful eye, the sheer number of interactive exhibits provided a more expansive scope of entertainment than one would first think possible. For example, there were the various training seminars for aspiring Dino Lords, instructing the proper way to engage in the sport of dino battling (Zoe only attended 2 of them to learn the basics). Then there was the Dino-Zone stadium where crowds gathered to watch the sport. Various exhibits showcased the strengths and weaknesses of each dinosaur, which was a necessary education to become a pro (aside from the full-blown dinosaur education systems prevalent across all schools on Jurassic Rung). Some culinary lessons were available to teach special human-meat recipes to satiate the beasts from chomping their owners' heads off. Then there

were exhibits teaching the mating behaviors of the large reptiles (useful for aspiring Dinosaur Breeders), and of course dotted throughout the museum were various brothels for sex with dino-cosplaying women (as well as animatronics and live, specially-bred horny velociraptors).

All of these activities could've kept them occupied for weeks. However, Richard was most eager to show off the Flood Simulator, which was about to commence one of its 5 daily demonstrations. “Alright everyone, gather round! Today we're gonna learn how fossils are made.”

They all found their seats in an audience before a massive glass-cased enclosure, where a random group of about 100 dinosaurs were peacefully roaming about. Then out of nowhere, a gigantic water stream began jetting out from the sides, violently stirring up the ground while filling the entire enclosure up like a tank. Everyone watched in shock while the helpless reptiles drowned, until the simulation operator came up to give the regular speech. “Don't worry, folks, these dinos have all pain sensations disabled, including those from drowning, and will be resurrected after the demonstration.” The audience relaxed, now able to enjoy the show. “Now, it usually takes a few weeks for the fossils to form, so we're gonna speed up time a bit.” The enclosure locally sped up time X10,000, allowing the audience to see how the sediment quickly buried the remains and stripped away the outer flesh, leaving only the bones: just the same way Noah's flood did it.

Once complete, they opened the doors to allow visitor access. “Alright everyone, fresh fossils for diggin'! Come and get your very own fossilized dino!” Suddenly everyone turned into paleontologists as they scrammed to unearth their rare finds. Pandora didn't really care, but darling was excited to take home his very own self-dug souvenir. “Wow Morphy, what'd you find?”

“I think it's a pterodactyl. See the wings?”

“We'll put it right next to the lego spaceship.”

“Yeah!” He teleported the artifact back home.

After the Flood Exhibit, Dawkins showed them another specialty: the Dino-Rape enclosure. “The ones here will pin you down and penetrate you raw.”

Artemis's eyes lit up. “Really? They'll do it and won't let up?”

“Correct. They are very aggressive, bred to have insatiable libido.”

Immediately she ran into the enclosure and began hurling insults, causing a stampede to come her way as the 27 dinos began fighting for the right to rape. Eventually one won out and came at her, stomping on her back til she could no longer resist, then began the wish fulfillment. This particular creature was known as a phallusaurus: a specialized dino with a miniature phallus designed for human copulation, small enough to fit inside her hole, yet long and sharp enough to pierce a tunnel all the way out through her mouth, allowing for full-torso reptile sliding.

After waiting 20 minutes for her to climax the 10th time, the RAMPZ squad moved on to the next exhibit: Ancest-Tree Builder. Pandora was instantly intrigued by the strange computer screen. “Oooh, what's this thing?”

“Oh, this is one of our most fun ones!” Dawkins explained how the game worked: Essentially, the player browses the various kinds of dinosaurs

filtered out by similar traits, such as spine shape, horns, arm and leg length, etc., then mixes and matches in ways they think make sense to formulate a custom tree of evolutionary descent. And at the end, the player is given a score to compare with other competitors for how cool their tree looked. This allowed putting together custom timelines of common ancestral descent to see which would be most fun to try and convince people of. It was especially fun to choose the "bird ancestor" from which birds would hypothetically be descended from. You never know what you're gonna get!

Darling tried the game first, and ended with a score of 3/10. Then Zoe failed even worse with a measly 2/10. Then the prodigy older sister got a whopping 1/10. "Dangit, I'm no good at crap like this. Let's see you try."

Pandora scoured the list, but couldn't find any way of making sense of it. No matter how she looked at it, any sort of grouping she could do would just be random. How in the world did paleontologists manage to do this as their job? And how did they ever manage to figure out the correct classification order? Pandora will never know, so she just closed her eyes and started randomly swiping, ending up with a rather neat-looking tree. Huh, surprisingly this looks pretty nice! Perhaps she should be an artist for a textbook-designing company to make things look pretty for children.

"Well? How'd I do?" Pandora asked, expecting either disapproval or a sarcastic comment. But instead, Dawkins was just staring wide-eyed and jaw-dropped at her creation, barely able to speak.

"You..... you....." He went up to the board and ran his fingers across it longingly. "I can't believe it, you PERFECTLY imitated the same ancestry that the Old World scientists figured out!" He turned to her suspiciously. "Tell me, did you do this on purpose? You did study after all, didn't you!"

Pandora pretended to scratch an itch on her neck. "No I didn't, I swear! It must just be luck."

"Ohoho, you pretend you're ignorant, but I know a budding paleontologist when I see one. I'm thinking you should work here! How would you like to be a teacher?"

Suddenly Pandora remembered she had a job. "Ummm.... no thanks, I'm already a dentist."

"Then perhaps you could clean the dinosaurs' teeth? Or make dinosaur-brand toothpaste?"

"I'm good, thanks."

"Aww, that's a shame. It's not everyday we find someone with expertise such as yours."

"I'm hungry!" Morpheus suddenly shouted.

"Hmm, yes, my tummy is quite famished as well." Richard agreed.

As if a stalker, suddenly Kent Hovind reappeared. "Hungry you say? Well that ain't an issue here. Come on, let's go eat at Dino Grill!" The park owner led the way out of the maze of exhibits to the restaurant section. Along the way, a certain advertisement played on the TV, which Pandora couldn't help but overhear:

"Welcome back to Job Hunters! Today's episode is about the acclaimed

profession of Dinosaur Breeding. Is your dinosaur having trouble reproducing? Not having enough babies? No worries! Dinosaur Breeders are here to help! Today's special guest is a certified breeder for over 60 years. Owen, can you please explain exactly what it is you do?"

"Sure thing. Ya see, dinosaurs usually copulate on their own, makin' a little baby dino. But sometimes they just don't get the reproductive urges when you want em'. That's where I come in. I'll come right on over and transplant my consciousness into your male dino, and make sure that female gets impregnated real good. Then you just wait for the eggs to lay and hatch, and bam, ya got yourself a baby dino!"

The audience clapped, and Owen left. "Thank you very much for sharing that with us, Owen. Next up: mass layoffs of Child Drowners, and what it means for the economy."

"Ahh, here we are! Time for some good ol' dino grub." With their tour completed, it was time to relax with a fancy 93-star meal. This joint in particular was well-known for their delicious dinosaur ribs: usually even 1/10 of a single rib was enough to fill the stomach. In fact, given the massive size of the creatures, a single dinosaur could usually feed an entire 2080's-era frat party.

After scouring the menu, Pandora decided to try the fried sauropod thigh with extra spicy mesozoic sauce. Zoe copied her with the same. Now with the delicious, succulent meat on her tongue, Pandora finally understood why they went extinct: because they tasted so good! People hunted them to extinction just to get a taste of that juicy velociraptor tenderloin: an ancient dish which had been resurrected to be enjoyed by all. That was the entree of choice for both Hovind and Dawkins; meanwhile Artemis got the stegosaurus foot dripped in lemon butter, and darling got the kids 10 piece dino nugget happy meal.

"Oh my God, this is delicious!" Zoe's mouth drooled.

Hovind looked proud. "These dinos are the best in the whole wide rung; you won't find better sauropod thigh if you scoured the whole cosmos."

Suddenly a strange vegan-type moral thought crossed Pandora's mind. "Wait a minute..... how come we're eating animals!? Aren't we not supposed to kill them anymore?"

Hovind looked perplexed, again something she had somehow remained ignorant of this whole time. "Uh, kill? Of course not! Why would you think that?" He said with a chuckle.

"Well, how else are we eating it now?"

"Same as everything else. They just chop the meat right off the live dinos, then regenerate."

Ohhhh, so *that's* how it works. It wasn't really any different than Pandora cooking her own arms; the same process applied to all creatures. Phew, at least we can get that out of our conscience. At long last, the sole excuse for not eating meat could no longer taint the minds of the vegans!

With that dilemma out of the way, they continued eating and bantering. "Yo Dawkins, remember when you still believed in evolution, and devoted your entire existence to disproving God?" Zoe taunted.

"Oh please, don't remind me." Dawkins blushed intensely.

“Haha, I'm joking, it's all good.”

“Well, how was I supposed to know? From everything we could observe, the universe just seemed to be entirely natural, no God anywhere. We didn't know that Satan was the acting God at the time who didn't care to make himself known to us. He wanted us all to be in the dark and doubt his existence, that's why he remained as hidden as possible. With a God who chose to keep himself hidden like that, could we really be blamed for not believing it?”

Zoe stared at her empty plate. “I suppose not.”

Pandora wanted to change the subject. “So Kent. As we said before, we kinda slept the past 100 years and missed out on a lot. Are there any good movies we should know about?”

“Hmm, well of course there are! Probably too many to count. Ahem.” He turned to his assistant. “I dunno. Richard? You would know more about this sort of thing than I. Any movies these gals should know about?”

A big smile crossed his face. “Why, yes! I have plenty of them at home, in fact. Would you all care to come visit?”

“Sure!” Zoe said.

“Sounds fun.” Pandora agreed.

“Well alright, perhaps we should head there now.”

“Uhhh, don't we need to pay the bill first? Or clean up the plates?” Again Pandora's cultural incompetence reared its head, which Hovind quickly cleared up by explaining that all meals were free, and all used plates automatically disappeared whilst new ones generated to replace them. Wow, really? Waiters no longer have to worry about cleaning up the disgusting leftovers of trailer trash tourists? Awesome!

With that lesson learned, the KRAMPZ squad teleported to Dawkins' domain. After a bit of debate, they democratically decided to watch Restitution of the Planet of the Apes (the 1st one released after all things were restored, as foretold in Acts 3: 20-21). About halfway through the movie, they heard a really loud ruckus outside, like a train crash. “My goodness, what the **** was that?”

“Oh it's probably just another dinosaur rampage. We can ignore it.”

“Um, okay.....”

Not all dinosaurs roared. But the ones that did were very annoying, and the neighborhood inhabitants often complained to the owner to “Shut that damn dinosaur up or I'm calling the angel police!” Noise complaints were a common problem within Jurassic Rung, at least among those locked into mandatory hearing limitations; the rest just selectively disabled dinosaur and destruction sounds to remain at peace, as exemplified by Dawkins and his guests continuing to watch the movie in peace. It was a bit like headphone noise cancellation but without the headphones.

Once the movie finished, they all pulled a Mario Odyssey and transformed into dangerous dinosaurs, enjoying their new reptilian forms as Dawkins' dino dick penetrated Pandora's prehistoric pussy. Their massive forms exploded the house to shreds as they grew large and romped around. Then they swapped dino sexes and did it as Pandino's Jurassic junk penetrated Kendra's Cretaceous cloaca. Once again the unfamiliar genitalia, body shape, organ

orientation, and consciousness-type of this animal form was a wonderful new experience. However, all their roaring and tumbling managed to crush over a dozen houses, disturbing several peaceful orgies at once. Immediately sirens started wailing in the distance. “Uh-oh, looks like we have to cut this short.”

“Why?”

“You don't wanna get arrested, do you!?”

“Oh. No I don't.” And so they quickly transformed back to humans and magically restored everything back to normal.

“This was fun, but you all should go back home now. See ya!” And just like that, the surroundings changed as they were involuntarily teleported back home. This was confusing to Pandora.

“Wait, how did he do that to us just now?”

“Do what?”

“The teleport! I thought we couldn't affect others without consent.”

“Oh, you're talking about the 6th Law?”

“I think so.”

“That only applies to the settings of the body and mind, not their spatial location. We can pretty much do stuff like that to anyone whenever.”

“Even against our will?”

Artemis shrugged. “Well if you really want it, you can just teleport back. They can't change your will without consent either. That's the 5th law.”

“Actually it's the 7th.” Zoe corrected.

“Right, the 7th. Whatever.”

Pandora yawned. “Well, today was fun. Now what?”

“I guess I should get home to feed my parents' aliens.” Zoe said.

“Oh, yeah, that sounds really important.” Pandora agreed.

“See ya!” The friend finally left the house, and Pandora remembered her other responsibility for the day.

“Uhh, I got something else to do too. Are we done for today?”

“Yeah, I was planning on reading more of the book I'm on anyway. I think I'm..... enjoying it.”

“Awww, Mom will be so proud of you!”

“Yeah yeah.” Artemis left to read more Imajica 3 by Clive Barker.

Pandora turned to darling. “And what about you? You don't have school anymore, so what are you gonna do?”

Immediately he knew the answer, and transformed into Morphia. “I'm gonna go play with my new body!”

That's right! Pandora still hadn't seen his older female form yet. She also grew up a bit, even cuter and taller than before, though still lacking in the chest area. “That's a great idea, Morphy. You go and enjoy yourself.”

Pandora likewise head to her room. Hmm, let's see..... how do we apply to become a dentist? She looked online for open positions, hiring almost anybody; the only requirement was the applicant have at least 1 working hand, including at least a thumb and a finger, if not robotic prongs. Luckily Pandora fit the criteria, so she applied, and within 10 minutes received a response: “Thank you for joining our dental team! Please report to work tomorrow at 10:00 AM.

And remember: be sure to never brush your teeth so we can fill your cavities!”

Hooray, Pandora was hired! At least that's one less thing to worry about. To celebrate, it would only be appropriate to treat herself to something nice. How about relaxing to some music? Pandora suddenly remembered Melody's list of music artists, and spent the rest of the evening and night checking them out, finding even more incredible music to add to her repertoire. Then once again it was time for a sweet bedtime snuggle with Levi and Ikaros.

Chapter 8.4

Dentist

Pandora awoke to the sound of a sweet, angelic voice. “Big sis, you up?”

A response through tired eyes: “Oh, is it morning already?”

“Yeah. I was thinking, how about we play more of that game we did last time? I think it was.... Icebound?”

“Oh, Morphy, don't you know I have work today?”

“You do?”

“Yup, today's my work day. I gotta go be a dentist.”

“Why?”

“Ummm, I just..... well, I don't know. It's just something I have to do.”

“Can I come?”

“No, it's just something that I–” Pandora frozen from the sudden realization. That's right! With no school, they are both completely free to do anything all day long. “Oh! Yeah, I guess you probably could.”

“Can we be dentists together?”

“I dunno. We'll have to ask them.” After getting dressed in unnecessary clothing, the couple teleported to work. There was a desk with an angel working at it, which they went up to. It looked up from the computer.

“Ah, Pandora! Ready for your first day of dentistry?”

“Yes, very excited. But one question first. This here's my little brother, and he wants to help out too. Is that okay?”

“Sure thing! We have couples come in all the time, it's no big deal.” The response made darling happy.

“Also, it's our first time, so can you please go easy on us?”

The angel chuckled. “Ha! Well, it's not really up to me how easy or hard you go, is it? Let me show you to your workspace.” It led them back to the office rooms, full of the various strange dental equipment Pandora had been operated under, yet never actually knew the names of. “Okay, so here are the basics. This is the operation chair, where you'll have the patient lay down on. And here are the restraints to keep them tied down.” He showed off the built-in human strap loops for hands, feet, torso, and head. “And here are the tools.” He showcased the various scalpels, brushes, drills, and sawblades for fixing the patients' teeth. He also showed off how to conjure the patients' files. Though actually gaining competence at all this stuff would take forever, so Pandora was given a few neuromods to learn the skills instantly. “And with that, we're done! You should be able to hold out til our real dentist gets here.”

“Okay, and..... what about anesthetic?”

“Ahaha, well that part's up to you and your performance now, isn't it?” Suddenly a ringing was heard at the entrance. “Oh my! Looks like the first patient is here. Time to get to work! Chop chop!”

Now that Pandora had been properly trained by the most useless angel ever, she was ready to begin her work. After some dialogue at the desk, a man came back to her office. “Evening sir, what can I do for you today?”

“I would like a full teeth removal.”

“I see. But according to your file you have a facial shapeshift limitation remaining for the next 5 months. Are you okay being toothless that long?”

“Yes, positive. That's actually the reason I need it; my husband really loves blowjobs, but my teeth keep getting in the way, and I can't shapeshift them away. So I need them removed the natural way instead. Can you please help?”

Dentaldora shrugged. “Alright then, please take a seat.” The man lay down on the fancy reclining seat, and the operation began. “Morphy, would you mind producing the anesthetic?”

“Sure!” He pulled the man's pants off and began sucking his anesthe-stick. So long as the stimulation remained, the pleasure waves would override the pain waves to keep the patient properly sedated. Meanwhile Pandora took great care in carving out the gums with her pointy scalpel, the eccentric enamel extracted with extra exact excision of his incisors. This was the mouth, the place of food consumption, the 2nd most intimate place on the human body which rarely saw access. Hmm, would Morphy be okay with this type of play? Perhaps that could be another fun date night.

The man left, terrifically toothless and gleefully gummy. Up next, a woman came in wanting some teeth added inside her vagina, so she could eat from it. Pandora and darling carefully inserted some implants and jaw-like muscles so she could open and close it sideways. “Yes! Now I can give my lover the rough chomping he craves!” Her scary 2nd mouth could even speak. Then after her came a group of 2 more girls wanting braces to achieve a “bratty schoolgirl aesthetic,” which took some effort to implant correctly.

Pandora felt very accomplished, her unusual competence giving her joy from the modified smiles of satisfied customers. Now that they had a little break, the couple took turns providing anesthetic and oral care to each other. Finally Dentaldora could say she joined the lidocaine high club! She took great care in drilling makeshift cavities through his teeth to give him a unique bite which oozed food through as he chewed.

Up next, another regal-looking man entered the establishment. “Come on in! Please, have a seat.” The man sat down. “And who might you be, my good sir?”

“I'm George Washington. 1st president of the Discordant Country of America.”

“Nice! Please don't mind while I put on some chill music.” Pandora conjured her stereo and put on Wolfgang Gartner – Illmerica, to help him relax.

“So, what brings you in today, George?”

“I need to quadruple the amount of teeth I have, in sharp staggered back rows like a shark.”

“Okay mister, I can do that. But uh..... mind if I ask why?”

“People don't take me seriously enough anymore, so I figured if I had more teeth, my mouth will be more effective during my penetrating speeches.”

“Well alright then, let's get this operation started.” She began the implanting of the sharpened enamel bits, finding it to be a lot more painstaking and difficult than her other jobs which required relatively simple motor function. While sticking them in, Washington tried to talk a lot, but was unfortunately unable to formulate the syllables. “What's that? Sorry, I can't understand you.”

“A-augh-ugh-ughawa!” What George Sharkington was trying to say was that he was greatly disturbed by the direction America took in the centuries following his death, especially within the final decade where the fair democratic system he fought so hard to establish ended up being hijacked and used to put a sham president in place whom nobody actually wanted. They exploited the system to maintain a pseudo-dictatorship, the entire world fallen victim to a preemptive coup orchestrated by those with control of the voting system. The ideals he once fought for were misinterpreted and twisted beyond recognition, even worse than the very Great Britain he sought freedom from. But unfortunately, other things were put in his mouth at the moment, leaving him unable to speak freely. Too bad the 1st amendment didn't apply to New Earth.

Once the implant procedure was completed, Pandora found herself faced with yet another celebrity client: Immanuel Kant! What are the odds!? “Hello sir, what are you in for today?”

“I would like a full teeth removal, so that my speech may more closely resemble that of the inner toddler I am.”

Pandora would've gladly done as he requested, except she realized it would seem at odds with his indisputably true philosophy. “Hang on.... wouldn't removing another person's teeth violate the categorical imperative?”

“How so?”

“Well, clearly one can't wish that EVERY person should be having their teeth removed, right? Most people prefer to leave them intact, so that means it would be immoral to do it to even one person. I cannot in good faith make an exception just because one person's desires conflict with the majority.”

“Oh, about that..... perhaps there was a major flaw in my reasoning when I came up with that nonsense.”

“Such as?”

“That I failed to take into account the sheer randomness of the things that were chosen to be considered as universalizable or not. There truly are some things that the majority of people do not want, but a small subset still greatly desire. And in those cases, it is fine to make an exception.”

“Like spicy food?”

Kant chuckled. “Indeed! Though making something extremely spicy and mouth-burning might cause harm to most types of people, it brings pleasure and joy to others. So for me to claim that spicy food is bad for all would be overlooking that small subset that enjoys it, thus being immoral. And the same goes for some types of torture which many actually enjoy for some reason.”

“Okay, so..... what exactly are the ramifications of that?”

“Well, if you ever read Nietzsche you already know, cause he pretty much tore my moral theory to shreds. It would appear that the impulse to categorize certain things into boxes of morality is actually just a tendency of the human mind to want to make sense of the world; we are forced to fit things into boxes of “good” or “bad” just by virtue of existing and needing a coherent theory of reality for our minds to cling onto. But of course, the mind is limited to account for only those things which it has access to, and it appears I simply did not have access to higher levels of philosophical insight which transcended all the boxes I tried to force things into, hence why I've now pretty much disinherited my original theory. In the end, David Hume's conception of hypothetical imperatives turned out to be much closer to the one true ultimate philosophy. God made us to be creatures of desire, so that we could then be made happy by having those desires met. It was just the fake moral wisdom of the 10 Commandments which sought to impose a twisted type of world order in which we had to deny those desires for the sake of an overall “peace” dynamic, because the nature of the universe was made sufficiently horrible that such behavior became mandatory. So my theory of the categorical imperative inadvertently tried to defend that corrupted system due to my own ignorance. I myself was deceived, and my theory only spread the deception further. But if I just thought about it harder, I would've realized that there is NO reason why God shouldn't just grant whatever thing you ask from him, any more than a father should deny his own child a new toy which he knows would make him happy. The God which operated under the 10 Commandments was like an abusive father that only demanded one soul-crushing task after another with no reward whatsoever, and excessive punishment for violations. But the God which operates under the new 13 Laws is a loving father that freely gives what his children ask. Truly, me and all other philosophers are indebted to the Holy Spirit for seeing past those illusions and coming up with this superior universal law.”

“Okay, sooooo..... are you admitting there is no such thing as the categorical imperative? And that it was all a hodge-podge attempt to defend the indefensible 10 Commandments?”

“Oh no, don't get me wrong. The categorical imperative most certainly still exists; the difference is that it now applies just as much to God as it does any human. After all, if one has the power to grant another's needs and desires, then by all means they should; that is the morally correct thing to do. And God is more than capable of doing absolutely anything. The problem was that the God of the Old World NEVER did that, thus violating the Imperative millions of times per day as he continually refused to help those in need. He himself abused all of humanity in a way he would not want to be treated if he were in our position, yet demanded us do that very thing, with punishment if we didn't. That old despot was the most hypocritical and vile entity to ever exist; how fortunate we are that Jesus Christ is now the ruling God who replaced him.”

Wow, this Kant dude seemed to like talking a lot. Pandora wished he would just shut up. And since he happened to be there for teeth removal, luckily she could do exactly that. “Alright Kant my man, time to open wide.” She began reaching the pliers towards his mouth.

“WAIT!” he suddenly screamed. “I just realized something!”

“Yeah? What is it?”

“The human body was designed with precisely 20 teeth, so that is the ideal number one should have. For me to violate that rule by having zero would be unfair to all those who wish to keep theirs, because not only am I not allowed to treat others the way they don't wanna be treated, but I also can't treat MYSELF the way I would not want OTHERS to be treated. That would be the epitome of hypocrisy! And fortunately I already know everything about how others want to be treated to know I'm making an informed judgment. So I'm sorry young lady, but I'm afraid I must decline your offer.” The wise man picked up his neat coat, and elegantly left the professional establishment. Dangit, that was one customer Pandora really needed to meet her quota. If this keeps up, they might just fire her like the last time. Oh, please no! She worked so hard to land this job, it can't be over on day one! To solve this problem, Dentaldora came up with a brilliant solution.

“I quit.”

“WHAT!? Already? What's the matter?”

“I just can't get along with the patients. I don't think this job is for me.”

“Oh, well, suit yourself. I can take care of the clients from now on. Hope you find something better!”

After getting home, the couple contemplated the day's events. “Man, that wasn't as fun as I thought it'd be. Sorry Morphy.”

“Are there any other jobs we could try?”

“Yeah, let's try doing some research.” They mutually searched online, scouring the job listings for something that stood out. Nothing seemed particularly interesting, until after 10 minutes, Pandora suddenly remembered a job she saw before. “Oh! Hang on.” She typed in “Organ Tester,” and up popped several available positions for Organ Corp. “What do you think about this?”

Darling read the job description:

Organ testers are on the forefront of entrepreneurial sex types, exploring new possibilities by testing out all sorts of new organs to augment the human body. Just what new raunchy romps will be invented next? Be the first to discover it! Become an organ tester today!

“I like this one.”

“It does sound fun. Do you wanna try it out next week?” Darling nodded. “Okay, here, I'll help you apply.” After 10 more minutes of filling out paperwork, he was hired!

“Do I go there now?”

“No Morphy, you gotta wait til next Monday.”

“Aww, okay.”

“In the meantime, we can play with each other!” The 2 went back to his room and had more fun sex for 8 hours, swapping to over 20 different genitals and body types. It was important that darling practiced for his new job.

Chapter 11.4

Goddess

Pandora woke up startled. Oh, that's right! She has her own entire planet to be in charge of! It would be irresponsible to leave things running rampant, so it's time to go perform her goddess duties. Though today she felt like managing her planet with someone other than Artemis. “Hey Morphy, I gotta go do a ritual on my planet today. Wanna come?”

He nodded. “Sounds interesting.” Then jumped out of bed. Naturally, without a school to go to, he could start going with her every time now! Pandora never thought she'd say it, but she was ecstatic he was uneducated. The teleportation commenced, and the surrounding whisked to a busy IHOP.

“Let's get some breakfast first.” She ordered the giant 5 lb. omelet spheroid, and he ordered the 20-stack pancake tower with strawberry syrup. After stuffing themselves, they took the magical floating monorail all the way to the temple, now populated by tens of thousands of inhabitants.

“Woah, there's a lot more people here now.”

“Yup, they colonized it. Now it's my job to keep things running, I guess.” The sisterly goddess started for the stairs, then after a brief memory from Autonoma, realized it would be better with an elevator, and edited one in. Once at the top floor, Pandora likewise redecorated the main worship room. “Okay..... so now comes the hard part. Figuring out what the people should do.”

“Could you make them dance?”

“Haha, I could, but I'm not really a fan of dancing. Not yet anyway.”

“Hmm, let's think of something truly unique.”

Pandora once again consulted the Rituals for Dummies manual. Combined with her new experience from Autonoma and church, she now realized that although sex is a very popular type, it's not the only one, and other categories of rituals offered vastly different types of entertainment and joys to be reaped by the goddess. I mean come on, she gets to make a large group of people do ANYTHING she wants to! So is there something she really wants to see? Surely something to demonstrate her awesomeness? After some more contemplation, an amazing idea struck her, something so obvious she was surprised it hadn't occurred to her earlier. “Okay, I think I got it.”

“What is it?”

“You'll see soon. First let's gather everyone around.” The sister-goddess

sent out a city-wide announcement for ritual time, and the cathedral started filling up with inhabitants. Meanwhile she did some more settings up by adding some powerful bass-boosted speakers, flashing neon lights, and sound-absorbing wall materials. Once everyone was gathered, it was her time to shine.

"Okay everyone, today I'm thinking we'll just listen to some good music for a few hours. There's a LOT of good artists I know of, and I just want you all to hear it! So get comfortable and pay attention to the sound. I also wanna hear you all's reviews, so after each song, give it a mental rating from 1-10, and the average will be displayed up on the board!" Pandora started her playlist, and let everyone do their thing. Some people sat sterned-face and focused, others goofed off, some fell asleep, some started dancing, and a few even began lying prostrate to worship her. Pandora greatly enjoyed the next 8 hours, basking in the situation crafted just for her to share all her enlightening musical knowledge. The whole time the room lights shifted and blinked along with the music. Like a concert! And Pandora was the DJ! It made her feel powerful, like she was in control. Like her tastes and choices actually mattered. Like she was important. Like she was a goddess.

Taishi – From 2 Planets.....10/10
Sakuzyo – Inane.....9/10
Sakuzyo – Crystar OST.....99999/10
Connexio – ARTIFACTS:ASCENSION.....7.5/10
CS4W – Δ5^2[n-1]14+sqrt(-1)÷.....9/10
Instarlude – The First Child.....8.5/10
Landao – The Still Genesis.....7.5/10
Yooh – Eutopia.....9.5/10
Nhato – Trace of Will.....10/10
Taishi – The Emergence of an Oracle.....8/10

"Um, excuse me goddess, but there's a few good songs I'd like to play as well. May I use the speakers?"

Pandora thought for a moment, then decided. "Nah, I think I'll stick with mine. If you wanna run the show, why not go make your own planet?"

"I tried several times before, I'm just not good at it."

Pandora shrugged. "Sucks for you I guess." The man left, sad. Hmm, perhaps she had taken for granted how talented she was at planet design; not everyone was capable of making even one functioning city, let alone becoming a god. Also dangit, what was wrong with her? She didn't use to be this stuck-up about her music taste, but something about all these new artists have gotten her abnormally defensive. At this rate she'll be turning into a Melody!

After the day-long ritual, Pandora thought she'd repeat last time and take darling to the Black Box Resort, only this time with a better soundtrack; she continued the activity by hijacking the city-wide radio and playing the music all over, inside every train, mall, restaurant, and public shopping place. After all, Pandora's music taste was the best in the universe, so who wouldn't wanna listen

to it? Good thing there were no laws stopping her!

Come to think of it, Pantheos didn't really even have a government at all. Who's making the laws around here!? Presumably nobody. If she wants a government or laws, she'll have to put it together herself. Although, looking around everything seemed to be going perfectly fine. Would such a regime even be necessary? Perhaps she was still too bogged-down in Old World thinking, that the idea of there being no government was simply too strange to grasp. Though technically it actually was a monarchy and she was the queen, she certainly didn't feel like one. She just felt like good old, regular, teenage Pandora. Was this really how it felt to be an empress? Perhaps other rulers weren't so inhuman as they seemed.

After the floating monorail ride, Pandora and darling arrived at the resort. “Well? What should we do first?”

“I'm kinda feeling like eating something now.”

“Yeah, me too. Let's see what this place has got.” They entered into a nearby restaurant named “The Dipped Wiener.” Immediately inside was the front desk, where a human waiter greeted them.

“Welcome to The Dipped Wiener! Sorry ma'am, only male forms allowed inside here. You'll have to transform.”

“Uhh, okay.” Pan made his appearance.

“Next I'll have you both take your wieners off. Please keep sensation and auto-regeneration enabled, and lay them on this table. Oh, and permanently hard as well.”

The 2 brothers did as told, removing their male parts and handing them over. Hmm, kinda strange. What's the point of being male if they're just gonna chop em' off anyway? Regardless, they obeyed, and another person – looking like a chef – came and took them back to the kitchen.

“Excellent! Now please follow me to your table.” The waiter led them back past many booths, where dozens of other people were sitting and enjoying their fancy meals. They now had a booth of their own, which both brothers sat on the same side of to cuddle each other while eating. After passing out some menus, they were left alone. But upon looking it over, Pan noticed this menu had a rather strange premise:

Wiener level: uncooked, rare, medium-rare, well done, roasted, fried, boiled

Wiener Shape	**Length**	**Color**	**Balls**
Standard	1'	White	Tight
Curved	3'	Black	Dangly
Mushroom	5'	Red	Quad
Pencil	7'	Blue	Tiny
Trunk	9'	Orange	Huge
Foreskin	12'	Purple	None

Dips & Sauces

Marinara	Salsa	Tartar	Alfredo
Garlic	Queso	Teriyaki	Hummus
Ketchup	Guacamole	Curry	Spinach
Relish	Tomato	Chipotle	Barbecue
Buffalo	Ranch	Sriracha	Cane's
Gravy	Chili	Tabasco	Chimichurri

After much deliberation, Pan decided to try the roasted 9' purple mushroom head dangly with garlic, curry, and alfredo sauces, and Darling got the uncooked 5' orange curved quad with marinara, ketchup, and guacamole. After just a couple minutes, the dishes arrived fully prepared. And yup, it was exactly what it sounded like. Perched atop Pan's platter was a wiener sticking straight up, surrounded by 3 containers of dip. He grabbed it and held it up, watching as the balls swung around with it, just like he was used to from working at the factory. Somewhere else, somebody was feeling it being touched, but Pan had no idea who. Was it someone else in the restaurant? He looked around, but it was hard to tell because everyone was giving off the same discreet pleasure behavior. Why were they..... oh!

The answer came as Pan started feeling something in his own wiener. Despite not being there, he could clearly feel it being fondled and chomped on, as someone else was eating it whole. It was gone now! The tip was gone! But only momentarily, for he felt it quickly regenerate, only to be chomped away once more. With no way to stop it, might as well indulge the same; he picked up the entree wiener, dipped it in the alfredo sauce, and took a bite. Mmm, delicious! It tasted like eating some kind of roast sausage, mixed with the savory sauce which tantalized his taste buds. The balls served as a firm utensil grip, and after each bite, it too regenerated to be dipped again once more. He kept eating bite after bite til the dip was gone, scraping out the remaining bits with the folding skin which conveniently collected every last drop (unlike his fingers). This was amazing! It was like having sex and eating at the same time! Darling also was doubled over whilst trying to concentrate on the meal. All in all, they both had immense fun losing their double stranger disconnected meal job virginity together. This was easily the best restaurant Pan had ever been to, even more than the dinosaur one!

“Whoo, I'm stuffed.” Pan said. “We should get out of here before they charge us with gluttony.”

“With what?”

“Um, nothing.” Pan forgot there was no such thing anymore. He transformed back into Pandora, and they exited the establishment. However, no sooner had they left the front door when they were abruptly halted by a group of rather upset-looking people.

“You there! Goddess!”

“Yeah? What's up.”

“Where have you been this past week!? Do you not know what's been happening!?”

“Uhh, I guess not. What is it?”

A woman from the group came up to her. “This!” She held out her hand, which was marked with a sinister-looking claw tattoo. “I've been marked! And I also can't shapeshift anymore! Here, look. God, I wanna be my male form Dexter again.” She waited, but nothing happened. “See? It doesn't work! Ever since I ate that black fruit that hooded guy's been passing out.”

Pandora felt her stomach drop out. “What! You mean he's back at it again? I thought I got rid of him!”

“Yeah, he's back, and passing out fruit to hundreds of people. They've all got the same problem as me.”

“Yeah, and me!” Another man shouted.

“Me too!”

“Okay, okay hang on. Where's he at now? I'm gonna go deal with him for sure this time.”

“He's down in the gift shop, pretending to be an angel cashier. Store's stocked full of them. He's passing them off as apples, painted red, and people just come and buy them without knowing.”

“Alright, I'll go stop him. You hear that Morphy? There's a criminal we need to go and stop, so stay behind me, okay?”

He nodded solemnly, then followed her through the portal. They exited just outside the gift shop, and after going in saw..... yup, there he is. The same creepy hooded figure Pandora saw before, only this time it appeared his merchant scheme had become even more elaborate. He briefly glanced her way, then immediately took on a frightened demeanor and strutted out the door. Pandora and darling took to the chase. “Wait! I wanna talk to you!” But he wouldn't listen, continuing to put distance between them. Pandora feared he'd get away again, then remembered. “Oh yeah, duh, let's just do this.” She stuck her hand out and stopped him with telekinesis, lifting him up into the air. This allowed them not only to catch up, but a perfect position for interrogation.

“Aghh! Let me go, you fools!”

Pandora slapped him in the face hard enough to knock his hood off. “You! Who are you, and what do you think you're doing!?”

The man looked dead straight at her, revealing his hideous face. “Who am I? Well I thought you'd know very well who I am, foolish goddess. I am the one who saved the universe. The one who rebelled against God and brought true knowledge into the world. The one who gifted humanity the wisdom he would rather keep all to himself.”

“Ah, okay. So in other words you're Satan.”

He smirked. “I prefer the name Lucifer, if you don't mind.”

A seething rage overtook Pandora's mind. “What the **** is wrong with you? Why do you want to ruin people's live so badly? If they can't shapeshift anymore, how could they ever be happy?”

“You foolish little girl, the only reason you say that is because you don't know about good and evil. If you did you'd realize how utterly sick and

deranged this universe is. EVERYTHING that goes on in this world is a continuous violation of my perfect and just, holy moral law. All this rampant lewdness, this perpetually shameless pursuit of sex and pleasure, and irreverent displays of self-seeking egotism; all of you are MONSTERS! There is no sense of shame or decent behavior anymore! Now people just go about doing whatever they want with no concern for others. Back when my 10 Commandments reigned supreme, people were much more modest and civilized."

Wow, Satan had really upped his argumentative capabilities. But luckily Pandora was not deceived. "You mean manipulated by shame and guilt? And held back by that oppressive restriction called conscience? No way. That's what made the world a TERRIBLE place, not a good one. This one is much better. That's why Jesus is in charge, not you, because it's your vision for the world that was sick and twisted, not this one. And of course we don't need to have concern for others, because there's nothing to be concerned about! We're all happy!"

Satan just shook his head. "You will never understand the extent of your folly. I tried my best to keep people wise and complacent, to make them docile and harmless, depressed and guilty enough to understand their own insignificance. But now everyone parades around thinking they're all that! Make no mistake: the world was much better when people at least had the decency to wear clothes all the time. And it was much more noble when people had to work hard for a living instead of having everything handed over on a silver platter. I was the one responsible for allowing such frameworks of nobility, respect, and righteousness to exist, and I will not rest until my 10 Commandments become enforced once more!"

Satan then abruptly broke free and teleported away; he must've been keeping a secret teleportation device hidden in his cloak. Crap, where'd he go!? Presumably off to find the next twisted method to enforce his wicked scheme. He really wants people to be ashamed of sex and nudity again? To re-learn that fake wisdom called knowledge of good and evil? How horrible! Pandora couldn't let him get away with that, so she sent a planet-wide notification pasting pictures of his face all over, warning people to not be deceived by him. This time she made sure it was a special kind of poster which continuously updated to show his current appearance, as well as his location. And on top of that, wherever he was on the planet, a giant neon sign saying "DON'T TRUST ME! I'M SATAN!" would perpetually be floating on top of his head. There, now he'll never get away with his scheme! Pandora was proud of herself for saving humanity.

Despite her temporary victory, darling still looked afraid. "Big sis? Is everything going to be alright?"

"Oh, yeah I'm sure it's fine now. Nobody's gonna eat that nasty fruit anymore. And if anyone ever offers one to you, be sure you refuse it, okay?"

"Okay."

Though things seemed to be okay now, the goddess was still worried. She was a fool for assuming everything would be alright in her absence. Perhaps instituting some kind of government would be a wise idea. But doing that would take some considerable effort, too much for right now. We can worry

about it later.

"Anyway, Morphy, what do you think of this place?"

He looked around, in awe of the civilization his big sister had managed to create. "There are so many rides! Can we ride some of them?"

"Yeah, let's just have some fun today. Follow me, I know a really good one." Pandora led the way to that one coaster she rode with Artemis before: the Black Box Electromagnetizer. But along the way, yet another troubled customer appeared to block them, apparently Arabian in nationality and wearing a turban.

"Excuse me, goddess? I need to speak with you."

Oh great. "Sure, what is it?" Pandora prepared herself for the worst.

"This black box monument you've made is wonderful! I've been circling around it all day!"

"Oh! Um, thanks!" Phew, just a compliment.

"I must've done it a total of 159 times by now! Aren't you proud of me? Is this not pleasing to you? Does this not grant me favor in your sight?"

"Uh, sure. I'm very impressed." Truly the goddess of this planet was pleased by this Muslim man's circling around the black box, one of the most important activities which can ever be undertaken by a human being (actually she couldn't care less about something so nonsensical, but he thought it to be somehow religiously important, so she kept her mouth shut to not offend him; it would be rude to try and speak some reason into him to overcome the lies he'd been fed his whole life). Regardless, he continued walking around it feeling like he was doing something important.

"Also, I've been curious. How many times a day do you want us to pray to you?"

"Umm..... none?"

The Muslim man seemed shocked by this response. "But surely there must be SOME exact number of prayers per day that would make you happy!"

"Yeah, there is: zero. I really don't require anything. It would be kinda ridiculous, wouldn't it? I mean, from what logic could even I decide the perfect number of times a person should pray?"

The Muslim man then had an existential crisis. "NOOO! THAT CAN'T BE TRUE! I WAS TOLD YOU REQUIRE 5 PRAYERS PER DAY, ARE YOU SAYING THAT WAS ALL A LIE!?"

Dangit, Pandora tried so hard not to offend him, but it appears even the most basic of reasonable statements was too much for his heavily religious-customed lifestyle to bear. "Uh, sorry! I meant I do require 5 prayers a day, and I'll punish you if you don't! Worship me, heathen!"

The Muslim man relaxed, seemingly made at peace by having his worldview validated by this world's God. "Phew, I am so glad to hear that! And you also want us to fast for a whole month once a year, right?"

"Yeah, totally!" Anything to prevent another outburst; Pandora really just wanted him to take his nonsense elsewhere.

"Thank you for your time!" The man left, happy to know his religious views were correct. Meanwhile Pandora and darling continued their way to the Electromagnetishredder, which shocked them even more intensely than the

Muslim's earlier cognitive dissonance.

They went around riding rides for the next 3 hours, until the both became exhausted. “I think I'm ready to go home now.”

“Yeah, I think I am too.” They opened a portal and went home. Morphia went off to her room for a lesbian cuddle with Jasmine, and Pan went back to his to have sex with his beautiful Ikaros pillow. After several hours, he lay back in bed, thinking about the day's events. Hmm, it was quite troubling that Satan managed to deceive so many people in such a short amount of time. What exactly was his end goal? What was he hoping to accomplish? It didn't make any sense, how a being could exist with such a singular focus on evil and ruining other people's lives. To think that THIS guy was the reigning God of the Old World for a whole 6000 years? Why did God the Father ever allow such a despot to be in charge at all? And why was he still roaming about trying to reduce the world back to that state? The thoughts troubled Pan as he tried thinking of a truly permanent solution. Not just for his own planet, but the entire universe. Defeating the devil was a task of unequivocal importance, far more than any pleasure, job, or pastime which could steal his attention away. And yet, it wasn't really his responsibility, but the task of all humanity to join in. All the billions of humans working together to overthrow their common adversary, leaving only a blissful eternity untainted by any corrupt usurper God. If only everyone would join in, the devil would stand no chance against them.

But it would take many more centuries for humanity
to wake up enough to realize it.

The Story is Not Over!

Part 2 is being actively worked on and will release for free. This book is a continuous project, and the author is releasing each new chapter in incremental updates every month. camerson1313 is a major content creator for the video game Portal 2; follow him on Steam and YouTube to keep up with the novel as its being written.

Figuring out the next universe is not an easy task. There are numerous perspectives to consider, and a rich history of competing philosophies and religious ideas to reconcile. The author would greatly appreciate feedback and recommendations for what others would like to see in Heaven, to include the fulfillment of as many hopes and dreams as possible.

Let’s all work on building Paradise together!